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AUTHOR IN HIS TRAVELING ATTIRE.

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THE MEMOIRS OF AN EXPLORER

By A. HENRY SAVAGE-LANDOR

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME II

910.4
L23
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NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
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VOLUME II

CHAPTER XXXII

IN THE PHILIPPINE ARCHIPELAGO

I SETTLED down for some months in a flat at Whitehall Court, London, where I wrote, in great haste, the two large volumes entitled *Across Coveted Lands,* published by Macmillan.

I had hardly recovered from the fatigue of producing that work on Persia and Beluchistan when I was ready to start on a fresh journey of exploration in the Philippine and Sulu Archipelagoes. I understood that one could find hundreds of islands almost or altogether unknown. It was Colonel George Harvey (afterwards United States Ambassador in London) who first gave me the idea of going there.

"You are so fond of risking your skin," said he one day to me, "why do you not go to the Philippines, where you will find plenty of savages—even cannibals and head-hunters? I shall see that you get every possible facility from the United States Government."

I said I would go with pleasure. Shortly after I left for the United States. In Washington I was received amiably by all the highest authorities, who seemed enthusiastic at my plan of visiting the most unknown islands of their newly acquired archipelago. That marvelous man, Secretary of War Elihu Root, was particularly interested, and furnished me with invaluable recommendations. So did Colonel John Hay, Secretary of State, and a very old and valued acquaintance of mine. Colonel C.

R. Edwardes and General Weston "hustled" things on in Washington so that in one day I was laden with introductions and credentials of all kinds which would open every door for me in the islands. I had brought over from England all the cameras and scientific instruments necessary on such an expedition. I left the following day by the picturesque Sunset Route (Southern Pacific) across the Arizona Desert on my way to San Francisco.

I stayed only two hours in San Francisco, as my train arrived one day late. I was just in time to go on board the good old ship *China* (Pacific Mail), crowded with missionaries on their way to the East. On the twenty-seven days' journey we touched at Honolulu and at Yokohama, Kobe and Nagasaki in Japan. Then at Shanghai and Hong Kong in China. At the latter port I was just in time to transship to a Japanese mail boat, the *Kumano Maru*, a smart, spotlessly clean ship, which brought me direct to Manila. Thus ended my break-neck preliminary journey of 15,626 miles separating London from the capital of the Philippines—a group of islands of enchanting beauty, full of weird surprises, magnificent scenery and ideal vegetation, and with an assortment of people, Christian and non-Christian—some truly mischievous and savage, others with piratical habits, others with cannibalistic tastes, or given to collecting human heads in order to adorn their huts.

I was disappointed in Manila itself. There were churches galore, chiefly of mediocre Spanish architectural merit. Of convents there were a goodly number, and an excellent Observatory and Museum. Then the historical "Intramuros," the walled city with its bastions, bulwarks, moat and Fort Santiago, at the mouth of the Pasig River.

I had gone to the archipelago to see Nature and the natives, not the work of the Spaniards or of the Americans. I lost no time and went immediately to call on the Civil Governor General, the Hon. W. H. Taft, and on General G. W. Davis, Division Commander of the military forces. Governor Taft offered me every possible facility and assistance in my work while in the islands. General Davis kindly placed at my disposal any means of transportation which I might require on sea or land.

"Tell us where you want to go, and we will send you there," said jovial Governor Taft. "We have a fine fleet of new coast-guard cruisers. But you know we have cannibals and head-hunters, and fanatical Mahomedan tribes. Surely they will kill you?"

"I want to go everywhere, as I particularly want to meet all your interesting wild tribes. I shall stay in the islands until I have seen all."

Taft looked at me in amazement. Most people who came to the Philippines, and were not compelled to remain, ran away at the earliest opportunity.

"When did you arrive?"

"This morning."

"When do you want to leave for the wilds?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Well," said the Governor, "I will plan a trip for you to the Calamianes, the Cuyo, the Cagayan and Linepakan groups of islands, and to the weird, elongated island of Palawan. You will find there, I am told, some strange aborigines."

Governor Taft summoned by telephone Commander Marix, in command of the coastguard fleet, and then the captain of the cruiser *Balabac* (256 tons); whom he or-

dered that I should be allowed to see anything I wished in those islands.

"Good-bye!" said the Governor; "do not let them kill you."

Apart from his kindness to me, I was impressed by the alertness of Governor Taft. Perhaps no one could have disentangled the Philippine imbroglio quicker and better than he, at a moment when corruption and demoralization were rampant. Taft had with him a staff of highly efficient men.

It was a privilege meeting General Davis, a man whose name was rightly honored in America—a valiant soldier, of undoubted genius and extensive technical knowledge. The work accomplished in the islands by the military under him reflected infinite credit on the United States.

At 3:05 p.m. the following day I sailed for the Cuyo group on board the handsome little coastguard *Balabac*. We were tossed about in a merciless manner. The sea was never smooth in that region owing to the trade winds or monsoons which blew incessantly, either from the north-east or the south-west. We passed close to Fortune Island, its chief fortune consisting, apparently, in its being uninhabited. As we were speeding our nine knots an hour we passed the Verde Islands, the seven islands of the Lubang group, the Cabia Island, with its lighthouse 217 feet above sea-level.

Traveling under the lee of Mindoro, we entered an intricate sea full of islets and rocks—Dix, Marakanao, Agutaya, Siulibo and Kanipo Islands. We dropped anchor in front of a pretty little Cuyo town, semi-hidden among coconut groves.

The entire population turned out to see the arrival of the *Balabac,* and followed us to the Governor's palace,

where Captain William Phillips (10th Infantry) resided with his charming wife and daughter. Nearly all over the Philippines houses were built on high supports and had floors of split bamboo or *palma,* in order to let in air from below as well as from the windows. That was the outcome of centuries of experience, which had taught the natives that in order to avoid contracting malarial fever it was necessary to sleep above instead of in the stratum of poisonous miasma, which hung directly over the damp soil, principally at sunrise and sunset. There were also other advantages. An elevated house could be made inaccessible to rats, snakes, scorpions, and giant centipedes.

In one single hour I rode across the entire width of the island.

On board the *Balabac* I sailed, in a diabolical sea, for Agutaya Island. The President, or head of the municipality, who had seldom seen a stranger, tremblingly came to meet me, while the population fled in terror, after lighting big bonfires along the coast. That was a superstition against evil spirits or a precaution against the importation of cholera—I never knew which.

Next I visited the much-eroded island of Los Tres Reyes on my way to the island of Culion, my object being to investigate one of the most magnificent harbors in the Philippines—Halsey Harbor.[1] We landed in the southern part of the harbor in order to select a spot for the establishment of a Government stock-farm and a leper colony.

I next proceeded to Peñon de Coron. Against a golden sunset sky stood the gigantic volcanic wall of rock rising vertically to 1,200 feet. In its hollows and caves in the

[1] See *Gems of the East,* chap. ix, Vol. I.

face of the wall were found birds' nests in profusion. We entered Coron Harbor by moonlight. The high vertical rocks assumed all sorts of fantastic forms—savagely beautiful.

The next morning, in a row-boat, accompanied by a native who professed to be on friendly terms with the aborigines, I went towards the western point of the island, where I was promised a wonderful spectacle. Some huge blades of rock as sharp as knives projected considerably beyond the plane of other rocks, leaving large spaces between. On striking them with a stone they produced soft, melodious, deep notes, like bronze bells, vibrating intermittently, getting of their own accord louder and softer—perhaps due to the sea waves reaching higher or lower upon the rock. My native guide called them "God's bells."

I discovered in a cove a Tagbanoua hut and some implements, but the natives had fled. I made the ascent of the almost vertical rock—a risky work. Had I slipped—and nothing was more probable—I would have dropped down several hundred feet. With bleeding hands I reached the summit, some 1,200 feet, where I found myself on the sharp edge of an extinct crater, 150 yards in diameter, with a salt lake in the center. The descent was ever more difficult and dangerous than the ascent, and occupied several hours. Six similar lakes in other craters were said to exist in the interior of Coron. I identified only four. In the largest lake were said to live four or five monster octopi with tentacles 8 yards long and body 3 feet in diameter, but I did not see them, and I doubted whether anybody else had actually laid eyes upon them.

The aborigines had a special system of signaling the

approach of strangers by tapping on trees, hollow bamboos or rocks. Timid to a degree, it was impossible to catch them.

I landed on Busnaya Island, the largest of the Calamianes group. Agriculturally, it possessed fertile soil and plenty of good water. It was thickly wooded in parts.

Sangat Island, close by, was as rugged as Peñon de Coron, a high, rocky, central mass with a cluster of tall rocks projecting into the sea on the west side.

My next cruise was to the desolate twelve islands and many rocks of the Linepakan group. We had heard that there must be a town on the largest island, but we did not know its exact position because the Spanish charts were incorrect. After a good deal of careful navigation we anchored in the most northerly of two bays on the north-west coast, where I discovered hidden away an elaborate furnace—erected possibly by some pirate ship which had called there—for smelting stolen treasure. I could not force my way inland through the dense vegetation from that spot, so I had again to take to the boat and try further up the bay. It was my object to climb to some high point from where I could discover the whereabouts of the town. I hit upon a faint trail, and came to a clearing with a Tagbanoua hut. On cautiously advancing, I met a group of natives. The women fled in terror, while an old man seized a *bolo* (a large knife) and stood in a defiant attitude in order to protect the flight of his family. I eventually succeeded in smoothing his wrath, and assured him that I meant no harm. About a mile farther Governor Phillips and I arrived at the "town"—half-a-dozen huts among coconut palms and an ancient Spanish fort commanding the western bay.

The people lived by gathering and preparing *trepang* and trading in tortoiseshell, mother-o'-pearl, and birds' nests, sold to Chinese traders.

We left the Linepakan Islands, Double Island, the quaint "Church rock," and passed Aijara Island, Patoyas, and the four rocky Kurianas, of no great beauty, but rising from 300 to 400 feet above sea-level. Then, having cleared a dangerous maze of islets and rocks, we came to the Kabuluan group of five islands, inhabited by a few *trepang* fishermen and birds' nest collectors.

I visited the island of Palawan five or six times, and crossed it at several points. On my first cruise we were caught in a violent gale, which forced us to put into Kasian (or Collinson Island) for shelter. Ships never touched at that place. On landing and searching for some living soul, we at last discovered the schoolmaster—a trembling youth—who was deliciously vague as to the ownership of those islands. He had heard that there had been a war between Spain and some other country. He eagerly inquired whether the Spaniards had won. The captain of the *Balabac* proudly informed him that America had won the war. The schoolmaster, with a ghastly grin on his face, said he was very glad indeed to hear "Merica" had won; and, after a pause: "Where was Merica?" Collapse of my American companions.

I went across the island and back while the captain and crew were busy purchasing provisions from the natives. The island was three miles in circumference. The sea was so heavy, even in the bay, that one of the ship's boats capsized. When we returned to the ship at night, it dawned upon the American captain and the chief engineer that that particular day, February 22nd, was Washington's birthday. Such a day must be celebrated in some

form or other. After dark, signaling roman candles and rockets were brought out. In a moment the ship flared up in blinding vermilion and green lights, while loud explosions made the ship quiver every time a rocket was shot skyward. The searchlight was made to play on the village, some 150 yards off. We perceived the natives stampeding in all directions. When all was over, and we had settled down to converse, a native boat approached the ship. In it the schoolmaster, trembling all over, had ventured out to inquire whether ours were signals of war or distress. Captain Schoon, a typical jolly German-American, reassured him, and explained that all he had witnessed was merely in honor of Washington's Birthday. Blank expression on the schoolmaster's face, as he gazed speculatively at us one after the other.

"Which of these gentlemen is Mr. Washington?" he was about to ask us, when Phillips hurriedly took him away to see the wonders of the ship, the engines, the electric light, which he had never even heard of! His awe was such that he was hardly able to speak.

During the night the gale blew fiercely. The next day we put off again in a formidable sea to Taitai, in Spanish days the capital of Palawan; then along the Palawan coast, with its many islands and volcanic rocks. A great granite mountain, Katoas, rose to 3,350 feet above sea-level on Palawan. The weird Iguano Island resembled in profile a magnified lizard.

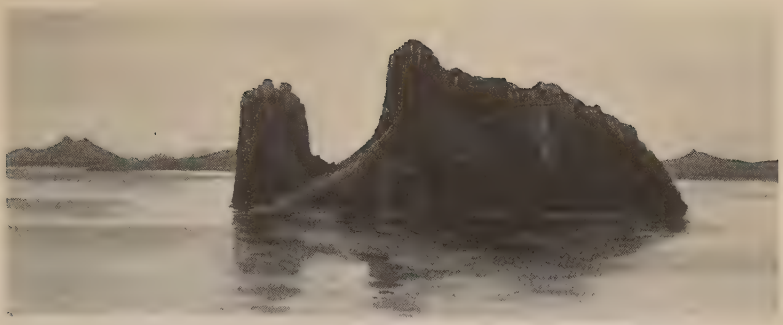
The captain, who was ever in fear of uncharted rocks and reefs, anchored seven miles from the shore. That involved a rowing journey of four or five hours in the heavy swell to reach the town. On a previous occasion I had made a similar landing there in the middle of the

night, near the old Spanish fort. Taitai Bay was known as a place famous for its man-eating caimans. That same evening a man had his hand and the greater part of one leg bitten off by one of those brutes.

It was on my third visit to Taitai that I took an expedition across the island, by a Tagbanoua trail which had never been followed by a European, from Pallarakin, in the northern part of Taitai Bay, to Old Bakit on the west coast. I reached Pallarakin in a rotten and leaky old local boat rowed by Filipinos. When we left Taitai at 5:30 p.m., in a heavy swell, our boat kept filling with water. We kept close to land. The wind was howling fiercely; we were drenched by the constant spray of the waves breaking over us. Our creaky craft came near getting smashed to pieces several times when we struck rocks or reefs. We had drifted into a regular maze of boulders and sand mounds just under the water surface.

The men struggled on bravely hour after hour—at times, in shallow water, they carried the boat bodily. In the Pallarakin Bay, eight miles from Taitai fort, we stuck for good on a coral reef. It was only at 11 p.m. that, aided by natives who came to our help with torches, we landed and made arrangements for the trans-island journey the next day.

The vegetation was so thick and entangled that I sent natives ahead with *bolos* in order to clear a way large enough for me to pass through. By keeping most of the time in a stooping position, I avoided the heavier and entangled branches, pushing out of the way overhanging vines or clusters of bamboos, now squeezing between solid tree trunks close together, then climbing over or crawling under gigantic fallen trees; afterwards creeping, snake-like, close to the ground, forcing one's body through re-



IGUANO ISLAND
(*From a drawing by Author*)

NORTH PALAWAN ISLAND. MOUNT KATOAS IN BACKGROUND.
(*From a drawing by the Author.*)

calcitrant vegetation. After some miles, and with excruciating pains in my back, I eventually reached a Tagbanoua hut of primitive type. The natives bolted at my approach. I had trouble in coaxing them back, and more trouble still in persuading them to undergo anthropometric measurements with a caliper.

In the virgin forest one got simply bewildered by the incredible variety of trees and the dense mass of them, as well as by their gigantic height. Orchids and other parasitic plants were uncountable. Numberless creepers and fibers of astonishing toughness seemed to hang from everywhere. In the darkest parts of the forest, where the sun never penetrated, the air was moist and suffocating. It seemed almost incomprehensible how the luxuriant undergrowth could not only exist, but flourish under those conditions.

I arrived with an aching back and sore knees at Old Bakit, an abandoned place of some five huts and a few coconut palms on the banks of a stream. In a borrowed canoe I traveled along the coast until I reached the Bakit Bay. Four giant rocks rose vertically above the water. One resembled a tower, another was just like a dome. The Bakit Bay was nine miles long and three miles wide. We rowed steadily for five hours in order to explore the entire bay. Large caves, 120 feet above the level of the beach, were found at New Bakit. They were used by the natives as shelters during insurrections and attacks by pirates. Access was only practicable by means of bamboo ladders and ropes. Pearls and birds' nests were found in the Bakit Bay.

At midnight a native undertook to navigate me to the Malampaya Sound, which lay south-west of Bakit Bay.

We came in for a bad time when we got off the lee of the land. We shipped any amount of water.

I entered the Malampaya Sound through the narrow Endeavor Channel, the chief entrance being through the Blockade Strait.

The Malampaya Sound was one of the most magnificent anchorages in the Philippines. From north-west to south-east it stretched for a length of 18 miles, and was from 3 to 6½ miles wide. On the east coast the Sound was screened by a mountainous mass with peaks varying from 1,043 feet to 1,436 feet high. Large and small, there were altogether in the bay thirty-seven islands, the highest of them rising between 300 and 400 feet.

We traveled all day among those islands. In the afternoon the wind rose to a gale, getting up a heavy sea in the bay. The view of Mount Katoas (3,350 feet) to the southwest was stupendous, with its high waterfall between the central peak and the eastern shoulder of the mountain. At sunset we entered the Malampaya River, swarming with man-eating caimans. On an islet, only a few yards off, a huge monster was fast asleep. One of my men sent a bullet into him. The caiman, startled by the explosion, dashed towards us and nearly leapt into our boat, almost capsizing her. Night was coming on fast. At nine o'clock we landed, and, by the light of torches made of dried grass and reeds, we came upon an old Spanish trail. I re-crossed the island eastwards, only three miles wide at that narrow neck, and arrived again at Taitai, having traveled continuously seventy-eight hours with only six hours' rest.

I predicted in those days (1903) that the Malampaya Sound, the most magnificent harbor in the Philippines, would one day be a harbor of great naval importance,

because of its geographical and strategic situation, equidistant from all the important points in the Archipelago, its immense size, its exit direct into the China Sea, plentiful timber, excellent drinking water, good anchoring bottom, and innumerable other resources. My prediction, I believe, came true. I understand the Americans have since made full use of their opportunities.

At Taitai I learnt that the S.S. *Balabac,* owing to the fierce gale, had been compelled to leave and seek shelter under the lee of an island ten miles off. The next day I saw her try to come and pick me up, but finding it too risky, she steamed back to her sheltered anchorage. I decided to go out to her in the same rickety row-boat, 14 feet long, in which I had traveled to Pallarakin. Lieutenant Boren, with eight of his Filipino constabulary men, volunteered to row me out—a risky affair even in a good craft, much more so in one so unseaworthy and in so rough a sea.

There was a strong hurricane blowing with heavy head sea when we started at 4:30 p.m., and no sooner had we launched the boat than we shipped several big waves which nearly broke our craft in two. The men rowed on bravely, but we made little progress. After terrific efforts in attempting to round a rocky point, a strong current caught us and brought us back almost to our point of departure. We spent two tantalizing hours trying to round that cape, tossed up and down by huge waves which nearly swamped us every time. Once or twice things looked bad. We pushed on. We came to a second point we had to round at the entrance of the bay. Again we encountered a strong current in the channel between the point and Ikadambaunan Island. Three hours of superhuman efforts and we had only advanced

200 yards. When on the crest of the waves we could see the ship's light, but the howling wind made it impossible to signal, and we had no lights to burn. Drenched to the marrow of our bones, we felt cold and miserable. After frantic struggling against demoniacal sea and wind, we at last were alongside the *Balabac*—3:30 a.m., or exactly eleven hours' desperate rowing. The endurance and pluck shown on the part of the Filipinos was praiseworthy. I got the men on board, and insisted on their taking some refreshment and accepting a handsome reward, but they modestly declined all, saying they had only done their duty as soldiers. They were splendid little fellows. They got into the boat again, and, having the wind in their favor, put up a sail and disappeared in a whiff.

We went on to Arareli, on Dumaran Island, a little town with a convent and church upon a white sandy beach literally covered with coconut palms. When I arrived the place was in a state of demoralization. An American steamer—the *Fanny*—had put in there and deposited on the beach two men infected with cholera. The natives nursed them, with the result that within the next few days 240 died of cholera in the village—the population, almost entirely of fishermen, being estimated previously at 300. No wonder the remaining few were sulky when I landed.

I returned to Palawan. It was a peculiar island, quite unlike the others of the Philippine group. Its fauna and flora were similar to those of Borneo. The scaly *balenton,* or armadillo, the long-nosed ant-eater, was to be found there, also the *pantud*—a pig-like animal which, when attacked, exhaled noxious gases in its own defense. There was also a great variety of other animals. Re-

markable for their plumage were the birds, and numerous and of all sizes the snakes. The sea and rivers abounded in fish, caimans, and giant turtles.

Palawan's chief interest to me consisted in its diversity of tribes. First of all the Batacs—possibly of Sumatran ancestry, with marked Papuan characteristics and nomadic habits. They possessed a language of their own, unintelligible to the Tagbanouas and Cuyonos, and they practiced both polyandry and polygamy. They used blowpipes in their hunting expeditions. I got on well with Caijetano Igao, the chief of the Babuyan tribe of Batacs, and obtained from him much valuable information.

Up the Ihuahig River I found a tribe of Apurahuanos, people closely allied to the Tagbanouas. On taking a photograph of one of the ladies she was so terrified that she fainted. In my photographic career it was quite a novel experience to see a lady faint while being portrayed. Men and women went about naked, barring a small loincloth. Unlike the Batacs, they never practiced polyandry.

While the aborigines of central Palawan were unreliable and superstitious, but quite generous with anything they possessed, the Quency tribesmen of South Palawan —a cross-breed of Tagbanouas and Batacs—were extremely savage and cruel, and refused to have any intercourse whatever with strangers.

On the small island of Balabac, south of Palawan, lived some Mahomedan tribes which paid allegiance to the Sultan of Sulu. Balabac was chiefly known for its dwarf mouse-deer, only 1 foot in height, and for its excellent resins, fibres and precious woods, coal and mercury.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE CAGAYANES ISLANDS—THE SULU ARCHIPELAGO—A STRONGHOLD OF PIRATES—BASILAN

MY next cruise was to the Cagayanes group, in the Mindoro Sea. In a heavy gale we drifted fifty miles out of our course. With great difficulty, after struggling for several hours, I landed on Cagayan Island, the largest of the group, and where ships had not called for many years. The population —scared beyond words—had taken refuge inside the fort, and for love or money could not be induced to come out.

It would not be easy to say a good word about the place, except that the climate was healthy; the best proof —the longevity of the natives. An old lady whom I photographed was, according to local church records, 124 years of age. She did not look a day younger. A neighbor of hers had just died at the age of 126. The lady I photographed seemed anxious, as she feared her turn might come next!

Cagayan de Sulu Island—not to be confounded with Cagayan Island—was delightful for its climate, its luxuriant vegetation, its three pointed peaks, and small freshwater lakes filling extinct craters.

Having seen all I wanted in the province of Paragua, the *Balabac* brought me to Ilo-ilo, where another coast-guard boat, the *Tablas,* called in order to pick me up. In her I went on a long cruise to the Sulu, Tapul, and Tawi-tawi Archipelagoes, Pearl Bank, and the Pangu-

tarang group. Dr. Barrows, of the Bureau of non-Christian tribes, was on board. We touched at many islands never before visited by a ship, where lived fanatical Mahomedan islanders and seafaring pirates.

We proceeded to Zamboanga (Mindanao Island), and on March 11th left again for Jolo, the chief city of the Sulu Archipelago. The natives were fanatical. On landing we heard that an American soldier had just been gashed to death by a *juramentado,* or religious maniac, who, after certain exorcisms in the local mosque, sought —according to his religion—a happy existence in Paradise by first killing a non-Mahomedan, then committing suicide. Those fanatics amok were highly dangerous. I could speak of one who, single-handed, attacked an entire troop of American cavalry, while all soldiers fired at him with their carbines. Three of those fanatics caused quite a commotion by slashing a number of people with their sharp swords. As I rode with an escort of cavalry through the more troublesome villages, the natives, with their polished swords and spears in hand, were unpleasantly sulky and quite ready for a fight.

On another visit to Jolo I was present at a conference held by the American General Sumner with the Sultan of Sulu in order to pacify the population and endeavor to put a stop to the constant murder of American soldiers. I admired General Sumner's tact and patience in trying to avoid a conflict. The Sultan and dattos, or chiefs, had come in great pomp, all heavily armed with murderous-looking swords, spears, Remington rifles, and various types of antiquated firearms. The contrast between the business-like ideas of the American General and the puerile, childish answers and excuses of the fanatical Mahomedans was interesting. The same ques-

tions and answers were repeated endless times. Finally all left, seemingly in a happy mood. The Sultan departed under an umbrella held over his head by a slave—a sign of dignity—while other slaves carried his sword, betel-nut box, some spare clothing, etc. His son followed humbly behind. There was considerable friction between the Americans and the Sultan and the dattos. The Americans invariably behaved with generosity and patience, and eventually signed a fair agreement in order to temporarily conciliate those fanatical Mahomedan tribes and prevent their rising.

I rode across the island in order to pay a visit to the Sultan at his residence near Mabun. About a dozen Americans had been murdered by the natives in the few preceding days, and grave fears of riots were entertained. The natives looked nasty. Cholera was raging in the villages on our route. Captain Marshall, Dr. Burrows, and I started early one morning, and some fifteen miles beyond arrived at the palace, a two-storied rambling wooden house with corrugated iron roof within a wall of earth and rock. Many feminine faces besmeared with white paint lined the windows of the upper story—the Sultan's harem —while a swarm of children rushed to watch our arrival.

The Sultan—a depraved, weak, sullen, contemptible individual—received us in audience with an air of mixed superiority and boredom. He yawned whenever an American spoke to him, and copiously expectorated reddened saliva, stimulated by the betel-nut and lime-chewing mixture of which his mouth and lips were reeking in a disgusting manner. He treated us as if we had been a band of robbers. He occasionally turned round to his followers and made remarks about his American guests, which, judging by the hilarity they caused, cannot

have been flattering. I felt somewhat relieved to think that this inexcusable rudeness was not intended for me. The Americans, as I have said, had been most generous, but their experience of Eastern natives was crude. With the best intentions in the world they unfortunately offended the fanatical natives, who did not understand the ultra-democratic ideas and swift commercial notions of the United States of America. The insatiable curio-collecting mania, for instance, was responsible for much scorn. I have known of people who were entertained by proud chiefs and who insisted before leaving on purchasing as mementoes the cups and coffee-pot, or even the chief's sword and turban. Rapidly increasing sums of silver dollars were shoved under the potentate's nose by the tactless curio-collectors, who mistook the chief's scorn for a refusal of inadequate offers of money.

The Sultan of Sulu was under the impression that he was living in a luxurious, up-to-date European house. The most prominent articles of furniture in his audience-hall were a number of spittoons of all sizes and shapes—much needed, indeed, for natives and Americans alike spat profusely within and without the appointed vessels. Then one noticed an American sideboard, a wooden bedstead, a writing-desk, seven folding chairs, and a few kerosene lamps.

The Sultan wore a white turban, a short violet zouave, with a double row of gold buttons and some embroidery on the shoulders. His trousers were tight-fitting, and held up by a crêpe kamarband. His gold-embroidered slippers and the handsome pearl rings around his fingers took away one's attention from his smallpox-marked face.

Much amusement was caused by the sight of lumps of ice which we had brought from the ship, and which the

natives of so tropical a country had never seen. Shrieks of terror came when they handled them. More astonished still were they when they saw them liquefy. The Sultan and all displayed eagerness to know how to preserve them, so as to set them in finger-rings like precious stones.

I found in the most remote parts of the Sulu Archipelago Mahomedan priests and missionaries from Arabia, Asia Minor, Afghanistan, and even from far-away Bokhara, showing praiseworthy enterprise on the part of preachers of the Koran.

Pearl-fishing was the most remunerative trade in the Sulu Islands, and was carried on chiefly by Chinese.

From Sulu I went to the island of Siassi, in the Tapul group, landing at the Spanish settlement established there in 1865; then to Laminusa, with its large settlement of Bajaos and its houses built on piles upon the sea. The graves on dry land were elaborate, constructed of walls of coral and adorned with upright wooden pillars. A native fort, 90 feet square, existed there, with a coral wall around it. I went to call on the chief, Datto Pangiran, a miserably depraved creature, half-dazed through opium-smoking. Even his followers seemed ashamed of him.

From that place I went to Kabingam Island, to pay a visit to Amir Hussein at his capital, Tamkapan, with a population of 1,800 souls. Hussein was intelligent, wide-awake, and shifty. He had built himself a fortified abode on the summit of a hill. The datto was just recovering from a bad attack of cholera when I called on him, and complained that the scourge had killed many of his countrymen.

In a row-boat I crossed over to Lapak Island, meaning to traverse the island while the coastguard *Tablas,* which had conveyed me there, was sent to pick me up on the

opposite side of the island. I discovered a former geyser, called by the natives a "ghost hole" (*Lungæp galap*). At Lapak I was attracted by the handsome graves made to resemble the shape of a boat. Formerly the natives placed dead bodies in real boats, elaborately carved. Near that spot was a ghost tree, against which the natives burnt *camanian,* a kind of incense, and offered gifts of food. The natives professed to see ghosts dancing around the tree, but I saw nothing.

I visited the chief, Maharaja Adinda Mohammed Aranus Puyo, a pleasant old fellow.

Manakobat Island came next under my observation; then Bubuan, Magpeos, Tagao, Bintulan, Nusa, Tabawan, Kinapusan—the last four of coral formation. We steered for South Ubian Island, where I expected to find large settlements of Samales. As soon as we dropped anchor swarms of boats came alongside to inquire our intentions. Urankaya Sanani and Panglima Tattan came on board with a number of armed followers. Others hastily climbed the side of the ship. In a moment the small deck of the *Tablas* was swarming with pirates. Highly explosive bottles of ginger-ale and soda-water which we produced caused excitement and admiration among them, and they greedily accepted cigarettes, cigars, etc., which we offered them. There was no fresh water on Ubian Island. The natives had to procure it from neighboring Tunbagam, fifteen miles off. When Dr. Barrows and I started to walk across the island, the natives entreated us not to continue our trip. We found two large settlements on the opposite side of the island. The natives were sulky and suspicious. At our approach most of the islanders had taken to their boats, and as a precaution remained tossing on the waves during all the time we stayed on land.

The Samales possessed scientifically designed boats with picturesque colored sails on bipod masts. Those boats attained a great speed and seemed to slide on the water easier and faster than any other sailing craft I had ever seen.

At the settlement of Sullugan I found a different style of single and composite family graves, in which the corpses were preserved above ground. The graves of the better people were adorned with sunshades of white cotton and banners. Burial was made as convenient as possible. Each house had its adjoining grave close by. Coral-walled forts stood along the coast to protect the settlements against attacks of other tribes.

We steamed away to Tawi-tawi Island, the home of pirates, visiting several islands *en route*. On Tandubas Island we found a foreign ship's boat wrecked upon the beach—probably stolen by the pirates from some ransacked vessel.

Above a mass of reefs on Tawi-tawi rose the three-humped Dromedary Peak, 1,941 feet high—a great landmark. We halted at Bilatan Island, feeling our way among innumerable and dangerous reefs. At sunrise we went on to Simonor, where hundreds of white flags flew gaily in the wind in order to scare away the evil spirits which brought cholera. The natives adorned their arms with cicatrices caused by fire, and filed their teeth for beauty. Men and women kept their long finger- and toe-nails beautifully trimmed. At Simonor we met four settlements—Tubiggindannan, Tungaran, Tampakan and Obol, with two imams, two dattos, and four panglimas.

Maharaja Ismail and others with many followers came on board. Their manner was overbearing. They behaved rudely to the Americans on the ship, who showed infinite

patience and forbearance. They swaggered as if the vessel belonged to them. Night had come on. I led Chief Ismail and several of his men to my cabin where, being very dark, they saw nothing. Having explained to them that by snapping my fingers I had the power of producing a light and also of doubling the number of people who had entered the cabin, they received my statement with undisguised merriment. The roars of laughter in the obscurity were changed into exclamations of terror when, on turning the switch, the electric lights flared up and they perceived in a large mirror before them as many again of their people, as I had promised. Those fellows had never seen or heard of the electric light, and they had never seen a large mirror. I snapped my fingers again with one hand and simultaneously turned off the light with the other, then snapped again and relighted it several times in succession. My Samales visitors slammed the door open, dashed out, scrambling over the sides of the ship pell-mell into their boats. When we landed next morning the Samales, armed to their teeth, went near the American officers and were quite cheeky, but not one would approach within many yards of where I stood. When I pretended to snap my fingers they all bolted.

We proceeded to Bongao, the lonely, most southerly point in the Archipelago occupied by the Americans. There were only fifty-three inhabitants. A swarm of boats lay scattered in groups along the entrance channel into the harbor. They were the floating homes of the nomad Samales. They appeared or vanished at a moment's notice, and no one could tell where they had gone. The natives refused to accept American protection.

After Sanga-Sanga we went in search of the stronghold of the Celebes Sea Pirates, who were known to attack even

foreign sailing-ships, and carried on raids upon neighboring islands on slave-capturing or looting expeditions. No small sailing-ship was safe in those waters.

We found the stronghold at a place called Balambing, an almost inaccessible spot among reefs and islets on the south coast of Tawi-tawi. We went as far as practicable on the *Tablas*. A number of boats crammed with pirates came out, but kept a distance off. One boat came forward. A man called Avela, a Sulu by birth, who understood Spanish came alongside, and was of great assistance to me. He acted as intermediary. He carried in his hand a white flag of truce, which he would on no account lay down, even when I assured him of our friendly intentions. In order to visit the stronghold I landed with him, passing through intricate channels in the extensive coral reef.

In the settlement the thoroughfares were formed by a narrow scaffolding of shaky horizontal bamboos, resting upon lofty posts and well above the water. It required a deal of careful balancing to prevent an involuntary plunge into the sea. The houses—also built above the water—were large and beautiful. A whole fleet of swift boats was in the bay, and many other vessels along the coast. Those boats—some over 40 feet long—were admirably constructed on lines similar to, if not more elegant than, those of our fastest modern racing yachts. An outrigger, cleverly designed on highly scientific lines, added safety without interfering with speed. I went out once or twice on those boats and was amazed at their marvelous sea qualities in the roughest sea. The pirates on board spoke of a "one-man breeze, two-men breeze, four-men breeze," and so on, according to the number of the crew who were required to sit on the bamboo outrigger in order to balance the angle of the boat caused by the wind.

The chief of the pirates was Panglima Jeimal—a fellow of undoubted magnetic powers and ample lack of conscience. He was haughty, but civil, and received me in his beautiful home, filled with men whose faces did not inspire confidence, and women of doubtful morals—the latter with faces smeared with white, rice paste.

I went from house to house, balancing myself on the creaky bambo bridges, preceded and followed by a rabble of pirates, each carrying a sharp sword upon his shoulder, ready to strike under the slightest provocation. The pirates did not yield allegiance to the Sultan of Tawi-tawi, but recognized the authority of the Sultan of Sulu.

I left Bongao in the afternoon of March 19th in order to inspect the Sibutu group, composed of a few worthless islands, rocks and reefs, which, through an oversight, cost the American Government one hundred thousand gold dollars. In the Paris Convention those islands had been left out of the demarcation line. It was subsequently discovered that they had formed part of the former Spanish dominion. Uncle Sam ratified the treaty by purchasing them from Spain. They were the most southerly and unmistakably the most forsaken islands of the Archipelago.

We landed at several Bajao settlements on the north coast of Tawi-tawi, such as Teclena and Butun. At Butun, Datto Maolano, who had never seen white people, treated us haughtily, almost with contempt. I was anxious to get some anthropometrical measurements of those pirates, and for the purpose entered the house of one of the leading men, followed by a considerable crowd of natives. My American companions, who had remained outside, had the unfortunate idea, just at the moment I was placing the plated steel caliper round the chief's head, to shout that they were tired of waiting, and would go on board. In a

childish mood they counted "One, two, three!" and started on a race down the hill, on the summit of which stood the chief's house. That was mistaken by the alarmed, suspicious natives for a signal of treachery. In a flash the Bajaos had drawn their sharp swords and brandished them over my head and hand in which I held the caliper. They meant, without doubt, that if I hurt their chief they would slash me to pieces. The chief's son was in a dangerously excited mood. I motioned them to keep their blades over my head and to strike me if I hurt the chief, but not otherwise, and went on taking the measurements. After a while they became friendly enough, and all submitted to have their skulls and bodies measured.

I next landed in the Bay of Dos Amigos, in the northern part of Tawi-tawi, where I found plentiful rubber trees (*ficus elastica*). The bay was awarming with caimans.

From there a five-hours passage, pitching in a heavy sea as only the *Tablas* knew how, brought us to Pearl Bank, a row of some sixteen tiny low islands, each one of which was encircled by an immaculately white sandy beach. Taya and Zan Islands stood over a circular reef. We waded on shore, leaving our lifeboat a distance away, and found ourselves on a beach of white coral dust strewn with beautifully colored shells and fragments of coral. Enormous blocks of red coral attracted the eye, and also delicate branches of white coral, sponges, etc., which had been thrown on the beach. The vegetation on the island consisted of one solitary palm, 20 feet in height, with spiky leaves growing in a spiral and overlapping one another. Wild pineapples were plentiful.

The islands of the group formed a circle upon the reef, leaving a patch of placid water in the center. I came upon fresh footmarks of several men and women and a child.

In the center of the island I found a clearing. Then I discovered a well, strangely devised—a cylindrical shaft with a horizontal tunnel dug in the coral rock, and near it a mat, a primitive basket, and the remains of a fire. I crossed the island in seven different places in order to search for the inhabitants, but I was unable to discover the hiding-place of the phantom people of Pearl Island. How they got there was a mystery, and even more so how they could live there.

In a howling wind and a heavy swell we went on to Laparan Island. Pearls were plentiful near that island.

North Ubian in the Pangutarang group was the next place we visited, a long flat coral island peopled by Samales. Cholera was raging, notwithstanding the high pyramids of white flags which the superstitious natives had erected at the entrance of the bay in order to prevent the disease approaching.

Cruising close to fascinating islands, such as Tikul, Kunikulan, Urada, Pangutarang, Kapul, Butinan, Guyangan, Balod, and others of the Pangutarang and Samales group, and then Lampinigan and Malamani, I finally landed at Port Isabela on the island of Basilan—the largest of the Samales—a strange island with a romantic history, and with curious inhabitants under a remarkable chief.

Port Isabela interested me less than the natives, so I left the S.S. *Tablas* in order to visit the Yacanes, a wild tribe living in the interior of Basilan, and also to go and visit Pedro Cuevas, a great chief who lived on the opposite side of the island. The Yacanes, who possessed Malay features, were treacherous and unreliable, much given to pillaging and murder. Their haunts were high up on the mountains.

In a native boat, and traveling from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., I

arrived at Bato-Bato, and then by trail at Lamitan, the residence of Datto Pedro. The chief seemed sulky and worried, as he had been ordered by the American General Sanger to make a census of the population. In fits of laughter, he exclaimed:

"You Americans are curious people. You will next try to count the birds in the forest."

I explained that I was a Britisher, not an American, and did not care at all how many people or birds were on Basilan Island. He was greatly relieved and became friendly. In fact, although ill, he proceeded to tell me the long story of his adventurous life, his wars against the Yacanes, and how he—a Tagalo—had subjected twenty-six villages, all previously under Sulu chiefs.

"I rule over them all!" he exclaimed proudly.

Athough Pedro Cuevas was formerly a Christian, he had turned into a fervent Mahomedan. When young he was captured by the Spaniards with a band of robbers and conveyed to the Penal Settlement of San Remon. He escaped and subsequently made prisoners the soldiers and spies who were dispatched by the Spaniards to capture him. With a daring companion he went to Basilan, where he succeeded in conquering village after village. He afterwards saved Port Isabela with its garrison during a fierce attack by the Sulus, and was then pardoned by the Spaniards, whose staunch friend he remained ever after.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A WAR ON MINDANAO ISLAND—CAPTAIN PERSHING

I CHARTERED a native boat at Bato-Bato in order to sail to Zamboanga, fifteen miles away in a direct line. The sea was high, the wind contrary. At midnight, after six hours of lively navigation, I arrived at Zamboanga on Mindanao Island.

In Spanish days Zamboanga was a flourishing town. It was set ablaze when the Spaniards evacuated it during the Spanish-American War. Barring the fort and a few houses, little remained of its former grandeur.

I was the guest of General Sumner, in command of the island.

Mindanao was the second largest island of the Philippine Archipelago, with an area of 45,356 square miles. With the exception of a few coast points, it was a *terra incognita,* with high mountain ranges and impenetrable forests in the interior. The tribes all over the island were savage in the extreme.

I wanted to take a journey across the unknown and wildest parts of the island, passing by Lake Lanao, where the natives were described as barbarous. The day I wanted to start a war broke out in that region.

General Sumner conveyed me in his own ship to Malabang, a military port in Illana Bay, the base of military operations against the Malanaos, or Mahomedan tribes on Lake Lanao. He also allowed me to accompany the expedition as a guest of the commanding officer.

The Spaniards had since 1577 had constant trouble with the "ferocious Moros." When the Spanish-American War broke out, the Spaniards withdrew, and the Malanaos were left in undisputed possession of their country. It was not until 1902 that the Americans were able to advance as far as Camp Vicars on the heights above Lake Lanao.

The Malanaos had constructed around the lake forts of great strength, such as Bacolod and Calahui, where the two principal Sultans, believing their strongholds impregnable, had become most impudent. In 1903 an expedition on a large scale became necessary.

The Sultan of Bacolod and his adviser, the Panandungan, sent insulting messages to the American commander.

"You are marauders, and we do not want to follow your religion. You eat pork. . . . If you do not wish to leave this religion, come here and live under the Sultan, who will practise circumcision upon you. If you do not come, we will come to you."

Captain John Pershing (who afterwards became the Generalissimo of the American troops in the Great European War) did everything to conciliate the fanatical hatred of the natives, and used unbounded tact and forbearance. More insulting letters followed, so that the Americans could stand the offense of the Mahomedan chiefs no longer.

Captain Pershing was entrusted with the command of the punitive expedition, which consisted of troops A, G, L 15th Cavalry, four companies 27th Infantry, two Vickers-Maxim sections of 25th Battery, with a pack-train of mules and ponies for transport purposes, and a hospital corps.

An April 3rd, with Captain Pershing, who had come for

orders to Malabang, I rode to Camp Vicars, some twenty-four miles away, arriving at our destination late at night.

On April 5th all arrangements being completed, and the troops having been reviewed by General Sumner, we moved out of Camp Vicars. The lake (1,500 feet above sea-level) was situated to the north of it. We marched in single file, pushing along a narrow and slippery trail through high stifling grass—higher than my head, although I was riding a tall American horse. The few natives we passed were busy waving large flags over fields in order to drive away grasshoppers, clouds of which filled the air. Cholera had raged in their region, and now came an American invasion. They seemed quite concerned.

We encamped on the ridge of Madumba, near an abandoned fort. Dr. Patterson and I rode alone to the fort and were ambushed. Patterson drew his revolver, and we managed to get away. Personally, I had no weapons of any kind on my person. We heard the distant fanatical yells of the Bacolod people, chanting war-songs. Suddenly in the sun glittered along the lakeshore hundreds of brandished *kris* and *campilan* blades. It was a challenge to come on.

The Americans had made their camp in a cemetery. The corpses of the freshly deceased of cholera were only a few inches underground. The place was therefore unpleasantly smelly—all the more as our restless horses kicked the soft earth away, leaving portions of the decomposed bodies exposed. Daring attacks were made on our outposts. We continued towards Bacolod.

Our artillery occupied a position on a height 200 yards behind the Bacolod fort, and began shelling its bomb-proof roof. I was sitting against an ammunition box watching the proceedings, when an enemy Remington bul-

let grazed my arm, and recoiling from the iron case behind me went through a soldier's leg. The American officers jokingly remarked that the Malanaos must have had a particular grievance against me, as that was the first bullet which came to us from the fort.

The Panandungan appeared several times like a Jack-in-the-box through the roof of the fort, waving his sword in defiance. Every time one of his war-banners which flew on the roof was knocked off by an American shell he appeared again, shouting to us to come on.

A heavy rainstorm burst. Horses and men tumbled over one another as we tried to cross the great escape trench, 1,800 feet long, from the fort, leading up to the hills, constructed by the natives, and in which we sank deep in slush and mud. As we advanced, keeping a fusillade on the loop-holes of the fort, the natives answered briskly with excellent rifles of various patterns, including modern Mausers. We were practically surrounding the enemy's position, barring the lake side.

At night, adventurous Dr. Patterson and I, in order to inspect at close range, crept down to the edge of the immense trench which protected the fort on three sides. The long escape trench (14 feet wide, 25 feet deep) was protected in its turn by a shallow trench running parallel to it. It was in this minor trench that we two proceeded until we reached the edge of the big trench of the fort. We were then only 15 yards away from the stockade of the fort on the opposite side, when from the loopholes a brisk fusillade of Mauser rifles was opened on us. For twenty minutes we lay flat and motionless at the bottom of our trench (only 1 foot deep), bullets whizzing past over us in profusion. At last, under a parting volley, we crawled back uninjured.

A flag of truce was waved from the fort on April 8th. The Panandungan, or general, appeared on the roof of the fort and anxiously inspected the damage done by the American shells. He then hailed us to come near. The interpreters approached.

First of all, the Malanao chief wanted the American commander in person to come under the fort; then, as this was deemed an excessive demand, he yelled excitedly that if the Americans wanted to fight they must fight like men, and not go and eat up all his coconuts by the waterside. That was infamous robbery, and not war at all. He quickly hoisted another great war-banner and disappeared.

At 2 p.m. up came on the roof another white flag. The Panandungan appeared annoyed, and said it was unfair for the Americans to attack his fort from behind instead of from in front, where he had placed his artillery!

We had cholera in camp, notwithstanding that the Americans, who were punctilious on sanitary precautions, were only allowed to drink boiled water.

After three days' siege an assault on the fort took place. We encountered obstacles in the way of treacherous pits and a maze of pointed stakes. Then came the difficulty of crossing the big trench, 30 feet wide and 35 feet deep. A shaky bridge of bamboos was hastily constructed and thrown across; three men reached safely the other side, but the bridge gave way and a number of soldiers who followed were precipitated to the bottom of the trench. The besieged dashed out with their sharp blades. Sergeant Hafer had one arm cut clean off, the other arm was smashed by an American bullet from behind. Sergeant Marik was severely wounded, and Lieutenant Shaw slightly; others, including the chaplain, had narrow escapes. I was just in time to photograph the latter at the

moment that a native was slashing at him with a sword. Dr. Patterson, who was nursing a wounded man, narrowly escaped being slashed by the Panandungan himself. From the top aperture in the cupola of the fort soldiers were shooting the fanatics hidden in the interior. Lighted grass and wood were flung inside to asphyxiate the survivors. The fort was ablaze. We retired across the trench. The powder-magazine exploded.

That was the end of impregnable Bacolod, with its old *lantacas* or Indian cannon and artillery taken from the Spaniards. The construction of the shell-proof cupola was highly ingenious. It was made of several alternate layers of matted bamboos and mud. It had highly resisting qualities to shell-fire. It was interesting to note that savage natives of distant islands had preceded highly civilized European countries in constructing shell-resisting cupolas over their fortresses.

We destroyed the obsolete pieces of ordnance captured, to which the natives had for luck tied astride live goats and other animals.

There yet remained other forts to capture; first of all Calahui, three miles distant, also considered of great strength. We shelled it with mortar fire and Vickers-Maxims for twenty consecutive hours. On April 10th two cautious parties approached us with American flags carried by children. They said the fort was empty. Dr. Patterson, myself, Leon the interpreter, and Lieutenant Gracie went to the fort, preceded by the gay procession of natives. There, too, as at Bacolod, we came to an immense trench, 30 feet wide, 45 feet deep. The Malanaos were held as hostages while we entered the fort. The natives laid two long bamboos across the broad ditch, a third bamboo being held as a handrail by men at the two

ends. Going over that impromptu bridge was not an easy balancing feat. We found no one inside the fort. In the meantime, a pack-train was "jumped" by Malanaos and several soldiers were terribly slashed by native swords.

With the surrender of Calahui the victory over the Malanaos was complete. We continued our triumphant march as far as the most northern point of the lake. At Malaig we had an interesting time with Datto Amai Bunenrung and his charming daughter—charming only when she kept her mouth closed, for when she opened it the inside looked like a miniature coal-cellar, her teeth were so black. Pershing held a conference with several chiefs—a bright assemblage of strange types dressed in all colors, yellow and red predominant.

Via Marahui we completed the circle of the lake—the first time in history that white men had succeeded in doing so.

I was permitted to continue the journey across the island to Iligan, where I had the unusual experience of having to sleep in a room with a boa-constrictor hidden under its wooden floor, from where it could not be driven out.

The following day, by a different route, I rejoined Pershing's expedition at Marahui on the lake. Cholera had by then developed badly among the Americans, and there were as many as fourteen cases. Eight proved fatal.

Varying somewhat our route, occasionally sniped at, we arrived again, on April 16th, at Camp Vicars. An amusing incident happened. On reaching the place the victorious force, being cholera infected, was requested to remain in quarantine outside its own camp. But as we were the more numerous and more in need of rest, we requested those who were healthy to move into quarantine

quarters while we triumphantly occupied the comfortable tents.

The Americans were punctilious at sanitary precautions, especially in infected zones. I must have been a nuisance to them, for I held different views on how to keep healthy—chiefly by disregarding what doctors call "precautions."

On that expedition I ascertained how much sounder than the American my theories were. Every precaution was taken to ensure the health of soldiers on that campaign. The water was daily boiled in big metal cylinders which, while on the march, were used for storing soldiers' dirty clothes, stinking muddy boots, etc. Such a thing as washing the cylinders before they were filled with water for boiling never occurred to the scientifically-cared-for American soldier. The soldiers were fed entirely on ham, bacon, and a mysterious acid deadly mixture labelled "Canned Tomatoes."

We were in a damp tropical climate, hence no surprise that officers and soldiers, so fed, suffered from dysentery, stomach-trouble, fever, skin complaints, while many succumbed to cholera. Being a guest of the commander, I had thought it impolite to bring provisions of my own. So I preferred to live the entire time the expedition lasted on hard biscuits alone, rather than touch food which would have undermined my constitution. I freely drank the unboiled water from the limpid lake and from the crystal-like streams. The result was that when the expedition ended, of the seven hundred men who took part in it, I was the only one who returned to our starting-point in excellent health—which would rather go to prove that my way of living was not far wrong.

My journey across the island from the south to the

north coast and back, 170 miles, had proved so interesting that I next contemplated crossing the island from west to east, and then from south to north, on a more easterly course, traversing country absolutely unknown to Europeans.

When I spoke of this to General Sumner, he deemed such an expedition so risky that he offered me a large escort of soldiers. As I intended to travel alone—the only way to see and study the natives properly—I declined the kind offer. In order to safe-guard the responsibility of the general, in case a disaster happened, I accepted, taking with me not more than four native scouts.

I went from Malabang to Parang-Parang, and from there to Cottabato at the entrance of the Rio Grande. I halted there to study the Tiruray tribe, people who were to be found all along the west coast of Mindanao. They called themselves Dulangan. The Mahomedans called them Manobos. They believed in a heaven specially reserved for all their own tribesmen, and absolutely barred to all non-Tirurays. Not a bad idea. They never addressed prayers to their deity, but prayed fervently to devils and evil spirits in order to conciliate their anger and avoid receiving harm.

CHAPTER XXXV

EXPLORING THE CENTER OF WILD MINDANAO ISLAND

ON May 2nd I started on my expedition across Mindanao. Colonel Noble, the commanding officer at Cottabato, sent a launch to convey me as far as the Rio Grande was navigable.

From Tumbao we proceeded, partly by launch, then by canoe, to Datto Piang's stronghold. I had been warned by the Americans that I should find that Chief troublesome; that he would never supply me with men, and that he would never let me proceed inland.

I entered the stockade surrounding the Chief's palace, and found Piang in the center of a crowd of slaves and followers. The great Chief was busy making the blade of a sword, filing the metal with vigor. He wiped his dirty hands upon his trousers, and shook hands in a cordial manner. He seemed pleased to hear I was English. He had heard that Englishmen, like the Chinese, never broke their word. I came in for a piece of luck. His priest and chief adviser, Sherif Afdul, from so distant a country as Bokhara, was surprised, even enchanted, when he discovered that I could converse in the Pahari (Hill Hindustani) language, and that I knew many places familiar to him in Asia. We instantly became friends; all the more when I added that, like Mahomedans, I never touched pork in any shape or form, and never drank intoxicants. He spoke highly of my geographical knowledge and of my principles to the Datto,

who gazed upon me open-mouthed. When the discourse was over Piang despatched a slave into his palace. The man presently returned carrying a beautiful sword.

"I give you this sword," said Piang courteously to me, "because you are my friend. You have only to ask what you want and I will do it for you. I also wish to present you with a brass cannon. . . ."

I interrupted my generous host. Taking a brass cannon weighing four or five hundred pounds across trailless virgin forest was a luxury I could not afford. I persuaded the Chief to send the handsome piece of obsolete ordnance down to the coast, where my American friends would ship it home for me. I would always keep the sword as a remembrance of him, but hoped I might never have to use it. I asked him to give me twelve faithful men, whom I would pay, feed, and reward well. Datto Piang promised all, and kept his word.

Piang and the Sherif took me to inspect the palace, strangely imposing. Antiquated brass guns and some large steel cannon captured from the Spaniards were mounted on the veranda. Under a shed was Piang's gala boat, 70 feet long, scooped out of a single giant tree. That boat had a crew of seventy oarsmen. It was only used on grand State occasions.

From Piang's place I walked to Reina Regente, the last and handsomest Spanish fort in the interior. The American garrison consisted of eighteen Filipino scouts. It was from those men that I was given the four scouts who were to accompany me—excellent men, who did credit to their country and to their officer, Lieutenant B. Stark, who had trained them.

In a few hours I had made all arrangements. The next morning (May 3rd) I made my departure in canoes,

traveling up stream in a south-easterly direction. The American military and civil authorities had been surprised to see how well I got on even with the most savage natives. They had asked me to allow one of their officers to accompany me to study my method. Lieutenant Cooper, a West Point man, was for that purpose instructed to accompany me as far as Davao.

Cooper was an agreeable companion, who found, perhaps, my kind of traveling rather rough, but he bore it throughout like a man. My twelve carriers were Mahomedans, and were under a head man called Bilanan, who spoke Spanish. That man was a perfect treasure. After going steadily some hours we left the Rio Grande, 120 yards wide, and entered the tributary Butiran, only 20 feet wide. The water was literally covered with lotus-plants, the *cayopo*. The Liguasan Lagoon was nearly dry, owing to the great drought. Only some narrow channels allowed our canoes to get along. Thousands of ducks rose as we went on, and beautiful, long-necked, black cranes—a peculiar bird which did not float on the surface, but traveled entirely submerged, keeping only the head out of water.

The luxuriant aquatic vegetation greatly impeded our progress. At sunset, when we halted for dinner, my men in a few minutes caught with their hands a number of ducks, so plentiful were they. Millions of mosquitoes rendered life unbearable. We continued our journey by moonlight along a tortuous narrow channel of the almost dried lagoon, and halted at 10 p.m. for rest.

In some places the lotus bulbs were so thick on the water surface that it was almost impossible to cut our way through. At 4 a.m. we started off again along a narrow channel. On several occasions the boats had to

be lifted bodily out of the water and carried. The water was filthy, with a thick layer of guano on the surface, mixed with a dense accumulation of putrid vegetation. Millions and millions of ducks, geese, black cranes and gray pelicans rose in the air when we approached.

We finally emerged into more open water in a most poetic lake, with floating islands upon it. The largest, called Bang, was one-third of a mile in diameter, and had upon it houses, trees and agriculture. That island shifted its position to the south-west side of the lake during the north-east monsoon, and moved over to the north-east side when the wind blew from the south-west. When you walked upon it you occasionally went right through the island into the water below; otherwise it was an enchanting place.

On leaving the Liguasan Lagoon we entered the Buluan River—a solid mass of dead snails which filled the air with a sickening odor. At Buluan we abandoned our canoes in order to travel entirely over land. For want of any other water we had to cook our food in the concentrated essence of putrid snails from the Buluan River. Of all the digusting meals I have ever had that was certainly the most memorable. Snail tea and coffee were nasty beyond description. But we were dying of thirst, having been all day in the sun. Yet, if extract of snails proved unpleasant to drink, it was not unwholesome, at least we suffered no ill-effects from it.

I had stopped at Datto Maurarato's place. The chief Datto Bayumul came to pay me a visit. Sulky at first, he became quite friendly at the sight of some presents I offered. He supplied me with the number of extra men I required. I visited Lake Buluan with its twenty villages around the lake.

It was pleasant marching on foot after having been cramped in the narrow canoes. On the march I led with two scouts; the baggage carriers came next. Lieutenant Cooper with two scouts remained in the rear to prevent straggling.

At 4:30 a.m. we left Buluan, over desolate country covered with tall grass which made marching stifling. Clouds of locusts passed, each male carrying its wife upon its back. My men ate quantities of them raw. They said they were delicious. I took their word for it.

The following day I suddenly came upon a crowd of Bilans holding a market. They jumped for their spears, but I pacified them instantly, and no harm was done.

Mindanao Island was remarkable for the great number and variety of tribes and languages. The Bilans (of Indonesian type) were fine-looking people. They had a language of their own, of which I made a vocabulary.

Cooper, who arrived later, was greatly excited at coming in contact with a tribe never before seen by white men. He was anxious to know whether the Bilan chief had heard of "the great country called America." This question, translated by me into Spanish to Bilanan, and by Bilanan into Bilan to the chief, set the latter thinking deeply.

"Merika, Merika," he repeated like a parrot. No, there was no such *tribe* in the neighborhood!

"Ask them if they have ever heard of Spain," put in Cooper, terribly put out, as I exploded with laughter.

The name of Spain, too, had never reached the Bilan's ears.

Near their houses, perched on stilts 20 feet high, the Bilans placed sharply-pointed bamboo sticks in order to injure incautious enemies approaching at night.

On leaving that place we followed chiefly the stony bed of the Alep Stream, walking for miles in the water because cutting one's way through the dense vegetation involved work too hard. We came to the scene of a battle, judging by the bleached skeletons which lay strewn about.

We had halted by the side of a magnificent *langban* tree with its contorted roots, and had placed two scouts on guard—the natives of Central Mindanao having a special fondness for "jumping" the enemy at night. We had lighted a huge fire. We heard a noise through the high grass. Suddenly, a picturesque savage on a restless pony galloped, brandishing defiantly a spear, into the middle of my camp. He was Datto Ghioladin, who wished to know whether we were friends or enemies? I admired his pluck, and requested him to get off his steed and be entertained like a friend, but he would not hear of it, and kept brandishing his spear ready to strike. I presented the chief with sundry pieces of red cloth, beads, needles, looking-glass, etc. With loud and weird cries he called his tribesmen, who, he said, were hiding all around in the grass and in the forest. But they, more timid than their chief, did not appear. All of a sudden and without warning he bolted off the way he had come.

We proceeded over hilly country, marching in the Sinapulan River. We ascended the steep Mantalangan Pass, and then over a second ridge, through devilish woods and over slippery volcanic boulders. We then descended to the head waters of the Alep River, where grew *babian,* or fan palms of colossal size. In the river we were winding our way through a dense, dark forest. We arrived at a clearing made by Bilans, who rushed out, spear in hand, to attack us, but on perceiving people of a "tribe" they had never seen they bolted in due haste. From there we

followed the bed of another stream. The moisture of the atmosphere was stifling in the forest. This river disappeared through a subterranean passage for over 200 yards.

After leaving the river we proceeded through dense forest of giant trees, 150 feet high, and of great age. We arrived at Datto Inuk's home, Latian, from whence we traveled over grassy open country. To the north was the great mountain mass with Apo, the imposing volcano; then another magnificent forest of giant trees on the banks of the Balatucan River.

There I found another tribe, the Calaganes, akin to the Bagobos. They were beautiful people, with well-chiseled features and extraordinarily supple bodies and limbs. I have seldom seen more anatomically perfect specimens of humanity than the Calaganes and Bagobos.

Having gone some 200 miles from Cottabato in eight days—or at the rate of twenty to thirty miles a day—I reached alone, late at night, the Christian village of Santa Cruz, on the coast, where I had hastened in order to prepare for my party food and comfortable sleeping quarters. The remainder of my men were a long way behind owing to one of my carriers having been taken seriously ill.

I went to call on the native *Presidente* of the place, a semi-idiot, to whom I presented my credentials from the Governor-General and the Division Commander. Called in due haste, an American appeared, attired in pyjamas of dubious cleanliness, who—after reading the letters—said I had no business to enter the village, and most offensively ordered me to recross the river at once and remain in quarantine on the other side for twenty-one days. He was in command of the place (he was a mere corporal), and would turn out his soldiers and the native police to drive me back—a challenge I joyfully accepted.

I went to the river to wait for my men. In the meanwhile, the American force stationed there and the native police had been hastily brought out, and also a few American civilians—some fifteen in all. As usual, I was unarmed. I went towards them. They were in a great state of excitement as I advanced, and rushed up to me, placing the muzzles of their rifles right against my face, saying they would shoot. I smiled and calmly used as pretty language as possible, the only language understood by United States citizens of that particular class. Unless you used a lot of bad words they did not know you were talking at all. They climbed down somewhat, and eventually even made condescending offers of hospitality, which I refused. After our severe strain we needed rest and good food, but not pity. I warned the town people that if they impeded my progress I would the next day fight my way through and hold them responsible for the consequences.

When my party arrived some two hours later we made our camp on the bank of the stream. A guard of American soldiers and Filipino police was placed over us, the American soldiers apologizing for having to obey such silly (they used more forcible words) orders. The soldiers, indeed, behaved charmingly and sensibly—quite unlike their chief. A storm of unprecedented violence, with rain in buckets, soaked us during the night. We were lying in water six inches deep, but our pride was not diluted. My men were anxious to fight, but I held them. I paid them off the next day, and was sorry to part with such gentle, devoted, honest, hard-working, jolly fellows, who had been described by those who did not understand them as "barbarous fanatics."

A mounted messenger had been dispatched to the Davao Commanding Officer, thirty miles off. Instructions hastily

arrived, ordering to let me proceed at once. Undisturbed, and even revered, I continued along the coast, notable for the number of tribes of Indonesian and Malay origin, some with cannibalistic instincts. Principal among them, the Bagobos, the Manobos, the Tagacaolos, the negrito Atas, etc.

On the ninth day after leaving Cottabato we arrived at Davao, which I had visited previously, approaching it from the sea, when I obtained a splendid view of the Matutun Volcano, and Mount Apo, said to be 10,130 feet high—an inaccurate measurement, I thought.

Davao itself was one of the usual old Spanish settlements, somewhat tumbling down, with a church, a convent, and many drinking saloons established by the Americans. I said good-bye to my traveling companion, Lieutenant Cooper, and left behind one of the scouts who was not in a condition to continue.

I took along the three other scouts on the second, and more difficult, part of my journey overland from south to north, across the island. The number of different tribes I met was bewildering. Guiangas, Atas, Bagobos, Tagacaolos, Mandayas, Tagaods, Mansakas, Mangoangans, Tagalinaos, and the warlike cannibals the Culamans.

I followed the coast at first up to the Hijo River at the head of the Davao Gulf. I started in canoes up the Hijo River, 30 yards wide, with seven Mahomedan carriers. I needed a great many men, and endeavored to obtain them at Mandayan villages, but, on my landing, the natives, scared, bolted in all directions. My men were getting anxious as we neared the mountains. They said we would all be murdered by the ferocious Mandayas. At night we slept in a hut on stilts 30 feet high, abandoned at our approach by its proprietor.

Again we continued on the water the next morning, and late in the afternoon entered the narrow tributary Manab. We had to cut our way through entangled vegetation and fallen trees. Eventually we reached a spot where we had to abandon our canoes and proceed on foot through the forest. That day we walked most of the time in the Rivers Manab, Linda, and Tagnanaga, the tepid water of the stream reaching often to our waists. Our skin got tender, even sore, from the continuous immersion. One's hands and face were constantly injured by thorns and by the sharp-edged leaves of reeds through which we had to open our way.

It was then the wet season, and rain came pelting upon us. The vegetation above us was saturated with moisture, letting the surplus water in regular streams down on our heads. One of my scouts was stricken with fever.

I discovered a white tribe. I came upon a Mansaka settlement, the Mansakas being an extraordinary race of people, absolutely white-skinned—people never before seen by Europeans or Americans. I surprised them while they were manufacturing earthen pots, and watched them for some time unsuspected. They chatted prettily with delightful, soft, melodious voices. I entered their settlement in order to study them. The terror when we appeared was intense. Many, taking their spears away with them, managed to escape; others found refuge inside their huts. The latter were made prisoners within their high dwellings, 30 feet above the ground. As we proceeded to ascend by the primitive ladder—a mere long bamboo with notches in it—there was a pandemonium in the eyrie. I had no small trouble to make them lay aside their spears. The Mansakas, although of Papuan origin, had skins even whiter than Europeans—

the ivory-white of Latin races but not the pink complexion of Anglo-Saxons. This decoloration of a former yellow skin I attributed to their living constantly in the dim green light of the dark forest, to their vegetable diet, and their continual immersion in water. When moving about they traveled in waterways—the only routes by which traveling was comparatively easy in those regions.

The village I had discovered possessed ten houses and thirty souls. It was called Panter. The Mansakas were beautiful people, with finely formed, graceful arms and legs of great muscular strength. They possessed well-chiseled features. The women had sweet sentimental faces, white, just like wax, and deep brown eyes, most magnetic. They spoke in a soft sing-song, and sounded just like birds, with which, indeed, they had many other points in common. The men wore lozenge-shaped bark hats, held on the head by means of strings, and adorned with long feathers. They spent as much time up on the summit of trees as on the ground, which rendered them extraordinarily light and quick in their movements. In the forest they squeezed through thorny places unscathed, where we, in trying to do the same, had our clothes torn to pieces.

I spent the night in the Chief's house. The natives were constantly signalling to neighboring tribes by strange cries and ululations. They produced fire by friction of two pieces of wood. We became great friends. Next day they took me to visit another settlement, an hour distant, under Chief Tilican.

We continued our journey along the muddy Kandagawan River, a troublesome region of tall bamboos so interwoven that our hands were constantly being cut by the razor-edged leaves, our faces hit and repeatedly

wounded by released bamboos we had forced back. We were in a virgin region, never before traversed by a European. I discovered another Mansaka settlement. I first found a long severed bamboo with notches cut into it, a ladder. I climbed it. When on the summit I found a succession of sets of two bamboos, each laid horizontally on the top of the vegetation and forming an elevated path. Balancing myself—it was quite a feat—I proceeded carefully until I emerged over a clearing where four huts stood, bridged together. The bridge on which I stood ceased to rest on the tree branches and foliage, and there crossed on high supports the open space. It led direct to the principal house. Having removed my shoes, I balanced myself across as best I could.

I had got as far as the center, the most unpleasantly elastic portion of the bridge, when a Mansaka gave the alarm. Piercing shrieks echoed on every side. Two arrows passed within a few inches of my face, others a little farther away. At the doors and windows stood shrieking males and females, brandishing spears and knives. It was a diabolical scene. A decrepit old woman crawled out of the house on to the shaky bridge on which I was and proceeded to throw stones at me. She had an armful, and flung them with alarming force and accuracy. She shrieked angrily, advancing all the time, followed by other equally reckless tribesmen. The narrow bridge shook so that I had to get on all fours and hold firmly with my hands or I would have been precipitated below. Through one of my native carriers, who understood Spanish and the Mansaka language—and having in a moment of armistice regained an upright position—I explained that I was a friend and not an enemy, and would injure no one. The fellows behind the old

dame were raising a regular hullabaloo, and brandished their spears alarmingly.

The old lady, the Chief's wife, was brought to reason. When I approached and carressed her gently she seemed to like it. She seized my hand and pressed it to her chest. In a previous fight she had received a bolo gash right across her breasts. We had been mistaken for slave-hunters. She led me by the hand inside the house, the men still clinging to their spears, knives, and bows and arrows. At the sight of several presents I gave her she became still more friendly, and even asked me to remain as chief of the tribe—an honor gratefully and promptly declined. Her name was Buddao; her husband's Amaniaban.

Those people had an irresistible craving for salt, which they could not procure so far inland.

Having retraced my steps four miles to the Kandagawan River, and marched all day across troublesome country, I proceeded, as usual, most of the time in the streams. We halted for the night at another high-perched settlement, fifteen miles away. As a protection from enemies, the natives had a way of sticking bamboo spikes in the ground, which were most dangerous on night marches. We found quantities of them near settlements.

On leaving the Mansaka country we partly followed the Dilawan Rivulet. In that region the land was low and marshy, and we suffered much from leeches, dozens of them clinging continually to our arms, legs, and even our faces. The more we removed the more we seemed to have on us. The brutes had a wonderful knowledge of anatomy, and generally jumped direct on arteries or veins. The

bleeding was sometimes difficult to stop. My carriers, who were naked, were constantly streaming with blood.

At the abandoned village of Tud, where I halted in a large hut for lunch, we were suddenly swarmed by thousands of cockroaches. In taking refuge in another house we were in a few seconds literally covered with ants! For weeks after I had my baggage full of cockroaches and ants, and was powerless to exterminate them. Those were some of the delights of traveling!

After marching all day through forest and dense growth of immense bamboos we came to the Batuto River, a tributary of the Agusan.

While sleeping on the grass I was bitten by a deadly, small, green snake. Fortunately, the snake's fangs caught the hard knuckle-bone of the second finger of my left hand, so that the tiny aperture of the fang pressing against the bone only a small quantity of poison was injected—insufficient to actually kill me. It caused me, nevertheless, intense sleepiness and exhaustion, terrible cramps in my limbs and excruciating pains in my spine and head, with high fever which lasted ten days. The hand itself remained swollen for three months.

In intense suffering I eventually reached Old Compostela, a quaint Visayan abandoned settlement of six or seven houses. Having procured a canoe from New Compostela on the Agusan, I paid off my Mahomedan carriers and proceeded down the Agusan by water.

New Compostela marked the limit of Catholic influence up the Agusan River. From Compostela, I lying half-dead at the bottom of the canoe, while two of my scouts were seriously ill with fever, we floated down stream, passing Pungo, Iligan and Tinghi. At Pilang I halted to meet Chief Pilis, a man who displayed an antiquated

bowler hat. He respectfully kissed my hand, while Benito, a *conseljales,* shook hands—his, a horrible bundle of crippled fingers. On examination I saw he was a leper.

That night I reached Tativa (forty miles from Compostela), a settlement of 600 people. Notwithstanding fever at 105 degrees and the intense pain I was undergoing, I pushed on, trying to reach the coast 200 miles off as soon as possible. We were traveling through the Manobo country, whereas the previous day we had been among Mandayas.

On the tributary River Davao gold was said by the natives to exist in large quantities. Manobo houses built on tree tops stood as high as 50 feet above the ground. Again, we traveled forty miles that day. The next day we went through a fairy-like lagoon, the Dagum, with reeds, and on its coast wonderful ferns and palms. We came in for a typhoon, which nearly swamped our boats. We had to beach them, and fasten on each side large bamboos acting as air chambers before we could proceed. I had to lie several hours immersed in water up to my neck in the canoe, as I was unable to sit up. I was still burning with fever, and aching all over. The skin all over my body peeled off in large patches from the constant moisture.

After fifteen hours of steady traveling in continuous torrential rain I arrived at 9 p.m. at Talagocon, a place of 3,000 souls. I was in luck. A small gasolene launch had been sent up by Macleod & Co., an English firm which attempted to develop the trade of the lower Agusan River. The engineer, a Mr. Mack, nearly fell from the clouds when he saw me arrive from up river. He entertained me to a welcome supper of tinned delicacies, and, what was more, the next day he took us down in the launch,

going our twelve or thirteen miles an hour—infinitely preferable to the slow progress of rowing crafts.

At 6 p.m., on May 31st, I arrived at Butuan, having completed a trip of no less than 800 miles in the most difficult and unexplored parts of Mindanao, journeys which had all been deemed impossible to accomplish owing to the severity of the climate, the natural difficulties encountered, the ferocity of the natives, fever, and a few other such drawbacks.

There was nothing of interest at Butuan, barring the church and convent. Mr. Campbell Dauncey, agent for Macleod & Co., nursed me tenderly, but I insisted on proceeding at the earliest opportunity for Sebu, where I could discharge my three native scouts, Miguel Montero, a Tagalo, Balvino Enriquez and Cipriano Anastasio, two Zamboangans. They had proved themselves splendid in every way. Sober, obedient, uncomplaining under most trying circumstances, and brave.

The launch *Holdfast*—a well-deserved name when you traveled in her on the open sea—with a cargo of hemp, took us over to Sebu Island, first down the river, then skirting the wild coast of Bohol Island, of Lapinia, Tunobo volcanic rock, Olongo Island, and Maktan, a low, flat island, the death-place of Magellan.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE ISLANDS OF SEBU, NEGROS, PANAY, SAMAR, MINDORO

SEBU, with its great backbone of mountains forming a broken skyline like the teeth of a saw, was a handsome island. Sebu town, one of the largest in the Philippines, had a considerable export trade of hemp, sugar, and copra with Manila, Hong Kong and Singapore.

I proceeded (on June 6th) to walk, without an escort of any kind, across Sebu Island—at that time much disturbed by bands of *ladrones* (robbers) and insurgents, from rebellious Samar Island, Leyte Island, and the Surigao Peninsula, who had taken refuge in those mountains. Two Americans offered to accompany me part of the way, as far as some gold washings on the mountains.

I started on my walk across the island from a place called Naga, on the coast. Traveling north-north-west by a faint trail, we marched in a drizzling rain until nine o'clock in the evening, when we reached the gold mine up on the mountains. The miners, six quaint characters, had seen no one for several weeks. One of their companions had died a day or two before. To relieve their sorrow they had all become dead drunk. They had buried their companion just outside the front door of the shed. On his grave they had placed a rough wreath of wild flowers.

"There he lays under that heap of earth! We made that cross, we did!" exclaimed in a hoarse drunken voice a burly fellow, who had taken me to see the grave by the

light of the moon just peeping out of a cloud, and of a lantern he was carrying. "He is dead, he won't speak no more! Say!" he continued, "last night—no, two . . . no, three nights ago we killed a boa-constrictor in the chicken coop. We got in a circle and all shot at him. . . . It is a marvel no one was killed." The snake, naturally, got away.

A miner discovered we were wet all over. We must change our clothes, and to please him we did change once, twice, three times in succession, the drunken fellow, with his hazy brain, believing all the time we were still in our wet garments. Then, another fellow took it into his head that I wanted to wash my face and hands. After each wash he went out to throw the dirty water away on his companion's grave and returned with the basin full of clean water, insisting that I must wash again. One had to use a great deal of patience and tact to avoid a row. I washed my face and hands not less than eight times in the space of one hour.

It would have been impossible to meet more good-hearted devils than those rough creatures. It was a pity they were not sober. Stranded upon those mountains, their only resource was drink. And what drink! Excited at my arrival, they had all got up, more or less unsteadily, from their bunks to prepare dinner, a meal sufficient for twenty times as many men as were there. Mountains of corned beef and rice, mustard, pickles, tomato ketchup—and numberless cups of coffee—I must perforce gracefully accept and swallow, or else enter into an interminable argument. It was a long and trying meal. Fortunately, they had finished their supply of whisky, or else it might have been worse.

The next morning I left the miners and the two Amer-

icans who had accompanied me up to that point. I started alone, with merely three native carriers, and climbed to the summit of the ridge forming the backbone of the island.

In rounding a sharp corner I came face to face with a band of insurgents armed with Remington rifles and with *bolos*. They sprang to their feet, believing they had been surprised by Americans. In my best Spanish I wished them good-morning, and told them how glad I was to see them in good health.

"Pray sit down again," said I, sitting by the side of the most respectable-looking fellow, whom I took to be the chief.

Such politeness took their breath away.

"But you have no soldiers with you—you carry no revolver?" they exclaimed, looking me all over.

"I do not need soldiers and firearms," I interrupted, "when I am traveling among good people."

They offered me exquisite mangoes to eat, for which they would not accept payment. They were polite insurgents—who had probably become *ladrones* (brigands) through misunderstandings with the Americans, for whom they seemed to have no special love. More groups of "insurgents" with their wide-awake hats were met lower down, who, surprised at my unwarlike appearance, saluted respectfully, and gave no trouble whatever.

At two in the afternoon I reached the west coast of Sebu at Toledo Town—an industrial center where tobacco, hemp, and *magai* (a fibrous plant) were grown in considerable quantities. Within an hour, although it was Sunday and the sea rough, a boat and men were ready to take me across to the island of Negros.

The sea was dashing on board when I pulled out of

Toledo. When we put up a sail two men had to sit on the outrigger in order to prevent our craft turning turtle. We traveled at such an angle that the two fellows on their perch were high up in the air. I was making for Valle Hermosa, on Negros Island, where I understood a trail existed across that island. By sunset, although we had traveled a long distance tacking about, we had made but little headway. Late in the evening we were still in mid-channel, where we encountered strong and troublesome currents. The distance from Toledo to Valle Hermosa was twenty miles in a direct line. We had traveled steadily from 3 p.m. until midnight. We perceived a light on the Negros coast and made for it. On landing—at a Spanish *hacienda* or farm—we were mistaken for runaway insurgents from disturbed Sebu. Rifles in hand, the farmers informed us that the town was two miles farther south. We embarked again, finally reaching destination at 1:30 a.m.

Not wishing to disturb the local authorities at that late hour, I took my baggage over to the Tribunal, the door of which was open, and where by the light of the moon—my matches had got wet and would not light—I prepared myself a bed. The place was unpleasantly smelly. I was awakened several times by moans and groans which seemed to come from within the spacious room I was in. I was so tired and chilled that I paid no heed to them. The next morning I discovered that I had put up in the cholera lazaret. Cholera was raging on the island.

Having obtained sufficient carriers I started at once to cross the island. Clouds of locusts were destroying the crops. The villages were in a pitiable condition, the roads and trails uncared for. I went on briskly enough over a sharp incline traveling due west. The high Kan-

laun Volcano stood majestically on my right. I crossed the ridge over a pass 2,000 feet high. The mountains were swarming with *ladrones*. Marching all night I arrived at La Castellane at 5:30 a.m., where the rinderpest had killed all the cattle and horses.

When I went through Negros Island cholera had already killed 11,574 people in four months, robberies and assaults were frequent.

Marching steadily through St. Enrique, I reached the town of Valladolid at 9:30 p.m., and still continued walking towards Pulupandan, where it was imperative that I should catch a launch which would be leaving the next morning for Ilo-ilo. I duly arrived at the end of my tramp, having walked seventy-five miles across Negros in thirty-six hours (including six hours' halt, lost in exchanging carriers). In a tropical climate that was a good record.

On the Spanish launch *Moleno,* a filthy craft, and in the company of pigs, goats, Chinese traders and Filipinos, we steamed along Guimaras Island. I arrived safely at Ilo-ilo on Panay Island.

Ilo-ilo was a town of importance in the Philippines, with banks, clubs, business-houses, a Spanish fort, and a fine cathedral. In the streets every male inhabitant nursed a fighting cock. 19,813 people had already died of cholera when I reached there. The scourge was still raging.

Two days after arrival I was already on my way across Panay from south to north, a distance of ninety-six miles. Accompanied on the promenade by Captain Hartmann and an escort of cavalry, I set out on June 12th. I was given a splendid horse to ride, and was not told that the animal had become insane through sunstroke. The Irish-

American soldier who had charge of the horses thought it a great joke to give me that particular horse, as he wished to see an Englishman tumble off the saddle. The brute had jumped off with its rider from a high bridge into the river a day or two before. No sooner had I got on the saddle than the animal backed into the interior of a house and then bolted out again, I just missing having my head smashed against the top of the doorway. I had on previous occasions ridden even worse horses. I did not tumble off. The American soldiers, who had come in force to witness the fun, were disappointed.

The first day we rode through Pavia, Santa Barbara, Pototan, and spent the night at Dingle. The church was beautiful enough, but what interested me most was to watch a prisoner who, birdlike, was kept inside a bamboo cage. He was let out to help the soldiers, and then, when not wanted, of his own accord he re-entered the cage and was locked in. In Mindanao I had seen prisoners actually sent to spend week-end holidays with their families. They faithfully returned to jail on Monday morning. They usually arrived before opening hours and quietly sat outside the jail until they were allowed in.

We arrived at Capiz (ninety-six miles from Ilo-ilo). The entire journey by sea and land across Sebu Island, Negros Island, and Panay had occupied seven days. The distance covered was 270 miles.

Capiz was a large place, with fine residential houses. In the church I noticed an image of our Savior represented as a Visayan native.

By the transport *Butuan* I returned by sea to Ilo-ilo. No sooner had I arrived than I was off again on the transport *Ibidan* to visit the islands of Samar and Leyte, in order to see the new American military camps established

there. At a camp near Calbayok Town, on Samar Island, I found stationed the 14th Infantry, a regiment dear to me as I had been with the boys in the Boxer War of 1900.

I went on to Catbalogan, the capital of Samar. I found that the island had been grossly libeled. Contrary to what I had heard, its climate was healthy, the natives tame and polite. They were of great help to the Americans in stamping out the imported *Dios-dios* and the murderous *polajan* who had found shelter there in the forest.

On my way to Leyte I went through the wonderful San Juanico Strait between Samar and Leyte; the most beautiful spot in the Philippine Archipelago. After rounding Bacol Island we put into Tacloban, where the Americans were constructing another camp. There, as nearly everywhere else in the Philippines, I found the excellent roads which had been left by the Spaniards in a pitiable condition of abandonment. Leyte had suffered a good deal through the unwelcome visits of the *Dios-dios,* arrogant fanatics who killed anyone who did not think as they did—a truly persuasive method of enforcing one's views. They were numerous and powerful enough to attack towns and villages.

From Tacloban I sailed to Surigao, on Mindanao, where trouble had arisen with insurgent bands under a miscreant, Adriano Conception. After a number of engagements the Americans captured and shot the chiefs and disbanded their followers.

That was my last visit to Mindanao. I proceeded to Orinoc on the east coast of Leyte, where another American military post, Camp Downs, was being established. It promised to be one of the healthiest posts in the Southern Philippines.

I left Orinoc on July 2nd, visiting Laguan Island, off the North Samar coast.

My next visit was to mysterious Mindoro Island. It was during the rainy season. I first landed at Calopan, the capital, a dreary, desolate-looking place. Then I cruised along the north-east coast with its rocky islets, Mount Halcon (about 9,000 feet high), and a long chain of mountains looming in the background.

The northern part of Mindoro was inhabited by Tagalos, the southern by Visayans. In the center were Manguianes and a few Negritos.

I then went to Pinamalayan, and later to Bulalacao, where I came in close contact with the flat-nosed Manguianes, of Malay origin—people who could laugh more heartily and noisily than any other tribe in the Archipelago. They used bows and poisoned arrows.

Pandarukan had a Visayan population living in a few rambling *nipa* houses. Mangarui, three miles further, was larger. Between that place and Sablayan were thickly-wooded mountains. Sablayan was on the shore of a bay with a coral bottom, remarkable for the myriads of enchanting colors seen through the limpid water.

In completing the circuit of Mindoro I called at Port Galera, the former capital. Mindoro possessed the undeserved reputation of being the "white man's grave." Also a legend related that it was the home of a white race with one woman so beautiful that those who saw her never returned to their respective lands. The white race on Mindoro Island was a pure myth. I never saw, nor could find, the faintest trace of the super-beautiful woman; so that I—more fortunate than my predecessors—without difficulty returned home to tell she did not exist. Curiously enough, the Batanganis tribe—the supposed "white

race"—were, perhaps, the darkest-skinned natives in the Philippine Archipelago, resembling somewhat the Batacs of Palawan Island.

Mindoro was an immensely rich island. The mountains were covered with excellent timber, with plenty of rubber trees. Gold, copper, coal, and petroleum had been found in several localities.

CHAPTER XXXVII

AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF LUZON ISLAND

THERE remained for me to study the magnificent island of Luzon. No reference will be made here to the better known provinces. We shall proceed at once to the northern part where the "head-hunters" lived. Leaving the railroad at Bayambang, and with cholera raging in that region, Governor Bennett, of the Nueva Vizcaya Province, and I rode to Alcala and Rosales. It was during the latter end of July—the height of the rainy season. We marched in water through inundated country, reaching Huningan in the evening, taking refuge during a phenomenal downpour in the single-roomed elevated house of the Presidente.

Towards midnight one of my carriers, a boy of twenty, was seized with cramp. It was a violent case of cholera. His father knelt pathetically by his side, kissing the boy's lips, which foamed, discharging blackish, deadly saliva. Both father and son drank water out of the same cup. With unwashed fingers, which had massaged all over the boy's body, the old man wiped his tears and blew his nose and touched his own mouth. Three hours later the poor boy was dead. Notwithstanding all theories of contagion, the old man was none the worse for it all. Owing to the torrential rain and consequent inundation, which prevented going outside, twenty-five of my party and six or seven more forming the Presidente's family were all huddled together for the remainder of the night in the

same room with the corpse. In the morning the father, helped by two men, slung the corpse to a bamboo and conveyed him away to be buried.

"*Jesus Maria!* How heavy my son is now!" exclaimed the old man; as he lifted the load upon his shoulders.

We traveled north-east, through poetic woods to Puncan. The following day we camped at the foot of the Caraballo Pass, and next day crossed it at 3,834 feet. Both in Neuva Ecija and in Nueva Vizcaya Provinces I found Ilongotes, a long-haired nomadic race possessing quaint habits. They worshipped their elders; husband and wife were incredibly faithful to each other, while the wedding-presents offered by a bridegroom to his lady-love consisted of a human head, part of a breast and heart and a finger or two of a murdered enemy. After lying in ambush and killing a victim, the head and other parts of the body were brought in triumph to the village. For nine days the tribesmen danced around the severed head stuck high upon a post. The head was then interred under the prospective bride's hut, and the marriage celebrated over that spot. The heart was sliced into pieces and each tribesman rubbed the blade of his hatchet or knife upon it. That was merely one of many habits of the Ilongotes.[1]

Those people possessed hairy legs, heavy eyebrows, and a frizzly mustache and beard. They obtained a fire by friction of two pieces of wood, or by compressed air with an amazingly ingenious and highly scientific device called the *bantiri*. I had found a similar appliance among other tribes of North and South Luzon, especially among the curly-headed Aetas of the Gulf of Ragay.

We arrived at Bambay, near the salt springs of Dapol. We entered there a region of delicious coffee. After end-

[1] See *The Gems of the East*, Vol. II, by the same author.

less trouble in taking men and baggage across streams, swollen by the torrential rains, we finally reached Bayambang, capital of Nueva Vizcaya, a place almost completely destroyed by a disastrous fire.

Governor Bennett and I proceeded on a journey to the head-hunters' district in the north-western part of the province, visiting first the more civilized Gaddanes people. On August 1st in the mountains, which we climbed through stifling high grass and vegetation, we suddenly came upon a band of Igorrotes, or head-hunters, decidedly bent on a raiding and head-collecting expedition. They carried spears, head-chopping axes, and shields—a regular fighting outfit. They were greatly upset when they met us, were most evasive in their answers, and as soon as dismissed were off in haste.

On getting higher we came upon Igorrote huts, and met a number of head-hunters, highly decorated with C-shaped, gold or brass wire ear-rings and white, shell bracelets and necklaces. They were tattooed on the chest, arms and neck. Those fierce head-hunters—barring their peculiar fancies—were wonderful agriculturists. They were unsurpassable at irrigation works. The entire mountain-sides up to the summit were cultivated in rice-fields upon artifically-constructed terraces. Every inch of the land upon the steepest mountains was under cultivation, advantage being taken of every projecting rock in order to build up damming walls of stones and earth which formed another rice-field. Streams and springs, switched off at their highest point on the mountain, irrigated and filled each terrace in succession, from the highest to the lowest. The face of the mountains so terraced up—thousands upon thousands of terraces, all perfectly regular and

parallel—appeared from a distance like a staircase of indescribable magnitude.

Igorrote huts were merely a huge roof of thatch with a kind of wooden sleeping-box underneath. They could hardly be called houses. They were built on posts 4 to 5 feet high.

From Pindungan began our trials. We went to visit the Banaue tribe, the fiercest head-hunters in Luzon, holding the record for their ferocity. Marching through their country involved much exertion, climbing up the stairway of rice terraces and balancing ourselves on the narrow, easily crumbling successive walls, with water on one side and a drop of twenty, thirty, or more feet on the other. Hour after hour of that kind of traveling made one feel quite giddy. We reached the village of Mungayan under Chief Bubut. The Igorrotes I had with me became frightened and refused to go on, each tribe being at war with its neighbors. Bubut led us down to a swollen river which we crossed, with water up to our necks, then up on the other side of a terraced mountain to the settlement of Higip—a stinking place where we sank deep in dirt of all kinds, black mud and slush.

We refused to camp there. Down we went to another stream—fortunately, bridged over by a natural stone arch 70 feet high and 12 feet wide—and up once more over steep slippery rock until we reached impregnable Kurug Village, protected by a stockade. We caused a commotion among men and beasts when we squeezed through the posts of the high fence. It was difficult in the head-hunters' country to find a spot where to camp. Every available inch of land was irrigated, and in the villages it was out of the question to find a clean spot.

At Kurug we encamped under the Chief's house. We

were devoured by fleas and voracious bugs. The front of the house was decorated with skulls. Most human skulls, however, were kept inside the houses in sets upon an altar with plaited grass ornaments, closely resembling the Inaos of the hairy Ainu of Japan.

Going in search of other settlements we visited Namulditan. Cababuyan, the Chief, was a magnificent specimen anatomically, and elaborately tattooed. On his chest were representations of birds and of headless enemies.

We next visited Lijon. On both sides of the valley of the Alimit River were astounding irrigation works done by those savages. The innumerable terraces in successive steps looked not unlike an amphitheater of colossal proportions.

Higher Banaue Village commanded that rich valley, while Batan was located lower down. Lower Banaue was on the opposite ridge. We had difficulty there, as the head-hunters refused to let us proceed. They had been victorious in a battle against an attacking tribe. They had killed every man, making a fine collection of heads. Notwithstanding their warlike preparations, we boldly entered the village and made our camp under the Chief's hut.

The Banaue tribe was, perhaps, the most interesting of all. The men were short in stature, with flat faces, and long protruding teeth which gave them a brutal appearance. They, too, lived in elevated tiny sleeping-boxes. They were extremely dirty, wild, and morose. Many weapons and implements were noticeable, but most attractive of all was the head-ax, a well-balanced and serviceable tool with a broad sharp blade on one side and a long spike on the other. The head-hunters lay in wait for their victim, whom they treacherously speared in the

back. They then pounced on him, placing a heavy wooden shield, in which was a semi-circular opening, upon the man's neck. The head was promptly chopped off with the ax. That done, the head was stuck on the long rear-point of the ax and carried triumphantly home.

Banaue was the highest village on the Cordillera, forming the boundary between Nueva Vizcaya and the Bontoc Province. We ascended that range and found ourselves among the Sapao Igorrotes, an industrial and agricultural race, the manufacturers of all weapons for the wilder tribes of the head-hunters.

After many strange experiences, and heavy marching, we climbed over the Pulish Pass, 6,329 feet, where we entered the Bontoc Province. There were some 36,000 wild head-hunters in the province we had just left.

We descended for some hours into the Bontoc country. My attention was drawn to piercing shrieks and excited beating of drums. Through field-glasses I saw natives, spears in hand, running to and fro in the distant village. They hurried up to the upper side of the trail we were following, hiding—they believed, unseen—in the high grass. While we approached the village two or three dozen men ran up and down the trail, brandishing their spears and shields. That was a ruse to encourage us to attack, while some 200 men were hiding in the grass waiting for us to be led into the trap and be pounced upon. In order to attract us they even pretended fright and bolted so that we should run after them and be an easy target for the spears of those who lay concealed in wait.

We advanced to within speaking distance, and then warned the enemy to "keep off the grass" or we would make short work of the entire lot. To the Chief, who

stood ahead defiantly brandishing his spear, we suggested he had better not make a fool of himself. The Chief, rather taken aback, harangued the hidden men, who gradually stood up in the grass and stuck their spears in the ground to show they did not mean fight. They were a formidable crowd. They had mistaken us for enemies on a raiding trip. They had never seen white people before. They perceived we were friends. They all joined in the procession and led us into their village. My Banaue head-hunters of guilty conscience were trembling all over with fright, and kept well in the rear.

The Bayo tribesmen, who wore next to nothing in the way of clothes, were nasty people. They were dwarfs, the majority being well under 4 feet in height, filthy beyond words, with long, uncared-for hair. They were Ilongotes. Their houses—only 6 to 7 feet high—unlike the Igorrote dwellings on stilts, rested on the ground on terraces of hard polished stone. Each house possessed either in front or behind a large dirt-pit or cesspool. There were dozens of them in the village, but, curiously enough, owing to their peculiar construction no smell whatever arose from them.

Farther, near Bontoc, I came again across Igorrotes proper. Governor Bennett had left me. With only three carriers and with no weapons of any kind, I continued my journey alone through their country, which was considered the most dangerous in Northern Luzon. Several villages, such as Talubin, Kanyo, Sunoki, were visited. I met hundreds of armed Igorrotes on my way. Arriving in Bontoc, the largest Igorrote settlement, there was much ado as the Governor of the province had just arrived and had summoned all the leading chiefs to appear before him. I shall never forget the surprise of Governor Din-

widdie when I unexpectedly appeared—unattended and unarmed—in the midst of the gay scene.

"Do you know," exclaimed the Governor, "that you have crossed the most dangerous head-hunting districts in Luzon? I heartily congratulate you on arriving with your head upon your shoulders."

"Well, sir, I never arrive anywhere without it!"

At Bontoc I witnessed strange war dances of the Igorrotes. The settlement—a large one—possessed a great number of peculiar mushroom-like huts, with their enormous roofs hiding under them the family sleeping-boxes. Up on the hillside was the "sacred grove" where sacrifices were offered to the spirits of the mountains. Each household possessed a coffin ready for use. The dead body was buried directly under the house.

With Governor Dinwiddie I left Bontoc for Cervantes, the capital of the Lepanto Province, traveling as high as 6,200 feet through beautiful mountain scenery and fantastic formations of pyramids and high pillars of lava near three extinct craters. Further, I came to an underground river which disappeared through a natural archway leading into a cave of stalactites. At Bagnen Village we entered a region of abundant clothing and dubious manners, for there the Igorrotes had become civilized. I was struck by the extraordinary resemblance of those particular Igorrotes to the hairy Ainu of Northern Japan. It seemed not improbable that the Ainu—once a powerful race—may have inhabited the northern part of Luzon Island.

Luzon was an island of strange scenery. From the summit of the flat-topped Mount Datta, 7,000 feet high, descended picturesque waterfalls, the overflow of a lake existing upon that high place. Traveling along enchant-

ing scenery, I reached Cervantes, and the gold and copper zone in the province of Lepanto, where I wished to study the Igorrotes of Suyak and their quaint superstitions. Then, after several days' traveling, I reached the coast, and eventually Dagupan, the terminus of the railway line, where I entrained to Manila, having completed a circuit of 572 miles in Northern Luzon.

There only remained for me to visit the province of Southern Luzon—quite civilized, therefore of scanty interest to me. Batangas, with its new military post Donsol, notable for its cultivation of hemp, and Pilar, where I obtained an impressive view of Mayon active volcano (8,275 feet high). Rising as it did close to the sea, it was the most beautiful mountain I have ever seen. The world-renowned Fujiama of Japan sank into complete insignificance by comparison. Then I visited Sorsogon, with the country around capable of great agricultural development, and Bulan, a great hemp market.

On board ship we carried a "clean" bill of health from Manila, which read thus: "The health of the capital is excellent, the only prevalent diseases being malarial fever, enteric dysentery, cholera, bubonic plague, smallpox, typhoid, and 202 cases of leprosy." The Americans always had a sense of humor.

From Legaspi, where I landed, I rode to Daraga and to the "Pompeii" of Luzon, a place buried under lava during an eruption of Mayon. We next called at Mercedes at the mouth of the Daet River, and then put into St. Miguel Bay and, entering the Bicol River, went up to Nueva Caceres, perhaps the best preserved town in Southern Luzon, with an immense seminary and monastery, a convent, and a leper asylum. We were there in the

country of the Vicols—people with a mixture of Tagalo, Visayan and Negrito blood.

Following the east coast northward I went into the Lamon Bay, then into Antimonan, where I left the ship, intending to cross overland to Manila. In a native canoe I went some sixteen miles farther up the coast where a trail existed from Mauban—a place which was, after Legaspi, one of the oldest and most important ports on the east coast of Luzon.

The country I wanted to traverse was full of *ladrones*. The natives traveled in a body once a week, escorted by police. I could not wait, and started alone, with two ponies and one boy. For miles and miles I did not meet a soul. Rain came down in buckets. The mountain trail formed a regular torrent.

Having started at 10 a.m., by 10 p.m. I had reached Cervite Town, but went on steadily through the dark night, sinking in slush and mud so deep that riding was impossible. I had to walk and drag the pony along. At 2 a.m. I passed through Pagsangan, and continued my journey to Santa Cruz, catching in the early morning the Spanish launch *Madali,* which took me across the beautiful Laguna and down the Pasig River to Manila, which I reached at noon, having gone ninety miles in twenty-six hours—forty miles of that distance on foot.

Thus ended, with the crossing of Luzon, my journey in the Philippine and Sulu Archipelagoes. It had occupied 250 days of continuous traveling on foot, horseback, by canoe, raft, and steamer. The distance covered in the archipelagoes was over 16,000 miles.

By way of China, Japan, and America I returned to England.

By a remarkable coincidence the journey from Eng-

land to the Philippine and Sulu Archipelagoes and back lasted exactly one year to the minute. I had sailed from Liverpool on November 12, 1902, at 3:30 p.m., and landed in that city again at 3:30 p.m. on November 12, 1903.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND OTHER REMARKABLE MEN AND WOMEN IN AMERICA—CELEBRATED SCIENTISTS IN LONDON

ON my way back through the United States I stopped in Washington to see Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the President of the Republic. A visit to the White House was always an interesting experience to anyone accustomed to European etiquette. I was shown into a room where a dozen Congressmen from different parts of the country were waiting. A door was banged open and the characteristic figure of Roosevelt dashed in. The President was followed by his secretary. He stopped before the first person, while his secretary in a whisper inquired the name, native state, etc., of the visitor. In another whisper the information was transferred to Roosevelt.

"Well, well, well, how *are* you, Mr. So-and-so? *De*lighted to see you, perfectly *de*lighted!" Here he gripped the man's hand and pumped it vigorously for several seconds. "I hope your dear wife and your beloved sons and daughters are quite well," etc., etc.

He passed along from one person to another. He was *de*lighted, thoroughly *de*lighted to see them all, and they must promise to come soon again—it had given him so much sincere pleasure to see them!

My turn came. When I gave my name, Roosevelt gripped me by the hand and asked me to go into his pri-

vate office as he said he wished to have a long conversation. The door was left open, so that I could overhear his words to the other visitors. How good of him, I thought, to be so enchanted to see people he had never set eyes upon before! Presently Roosevelt bounded gayly into the room where I was. Again a second and equally violent hand-shake.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, lifting his hands in the air, "thank God I am now free to talk to you. I am truly glad to see you! Sit down and tell me all about the Philippines."

Some official from the Philippines had written to him on the facility I possessed of going unarmed and unharmed among the most savage native tribes. Roosevelt wanted to know the secret, as he said his great ambition was to be an explorer, too. I told him how wonderful the American officers and soldiers were in the Archipelago and of the devoted work they were doing for their country. I laid particular stress on recommending to Roosevelt a young officer, Captain Pershing (whom my readers have met in the Malanao war in Mindanao). He had impressed me as being so unusually capable that I advised the President to jump him, if possible, from the rank of Captain to that of Brigadier-General. It seemed a pity that a man of such capability should waste years in waiting for promotion.

Roosevelt had never heard Pershing's name. He asked me to spell it out for him.

"You know, Mr. Landor . . . you go to savage countries where you can do what you like—it must be heavenly—but in this country I cannot promote a man, no matter how wonderful, without raising the very devil!"

"Mr. Roosevelt, you have in Pershing a man of more

than extraordinary ability; it will pay you and the United States to make an exception for him."

I gave Roosevelt lucidly my reason for speaking so. Roosevelt looked fixedly at me, as if to fathom whether I had some ulterior motive.

"Well," said the President, "these words coming from you—an Englishman and not an American—have impressed me. I am going to look into this matter. Write me his full name and where he is stationed. I shall see what I can do, but it is not easy, mind you."

Roosevelt kept me there over an hour, listening attentively to my descriptions of the beautiful islands of the Philippine Archipelago and the strange races which inhabited them.

In a number of interviews published in Washington and New York papers I repeated the remarks I had made to Roosevelt regarding Captain J. Pershing, who was then quite unknown in America—except to a few military men who cordially hated him. Also in articles I wrote in the *North American Review,* the leading American political magazine, and in *Harper's Weekly,* I brought to the notice of the Americans the man whom I even then thought a military genius. In my book, *The Gems of the East* (Philippines), written in 1903, these words occur: "Surely if there is one man (in the United States Army) who truly deserves to be made Brigadier-General, it is the gallant officer Captain Pershing."

I was glad to find shortly after that my advice, fully backed by other information collected, had been followed. Pershing, in fact, jumped—much to the horror of other military men—from Captain to General. The young officer whom I had spotted in the war against the

Malanaos became later the Generalissimo of the American Army in the Great European War.

Roosevelt possessed an attractive personality. As a politician, for America, he was excellent—for the Western States particularly, where slap-dash speeches, violently-worded, had great attraction.

Roosevelt's knowledge of the world—and of people outside the United States—was perhaps a little more superficial. But he was a jolly fellow, full of magnetic vigor—too much, as a matter of fact—and enthusiasm. He could hypnotize his own countrymen. His charm of manner was undoubted. Each person (barring myself) felt on leaving Roosevelt that he was *the* person who had produced the greatest effect on the President. That appealed to the majority of people.

I met in America on that occasion several other remarkable men and women. Marion Crawford, the writer, was one of them; a striking figure, who had profited much by leading a sea life on his yacht, and by his constant visits to his beautiful villa in lovely Sorrento. His contact with Italy had left its mark and had rendered his manner less blunt and his way of thinking more poetic than with the average countryman of his. In a way, I believe, he felt and thought more like a European than an American. Although he was a good business man, he detested business and anything to do with it. He loved his work, went out little in the world except to his special friends, who positively adored him.

John Fox was another well-known author, of an absolutely different type physically and morally—fond of gayety and society, in appearance at first sullen, but in reality as bright as possible, and extraordinarily witty. I met him everywhere in New York society, where he was

an idol among the most beautiful women and the most cultured men.

Remington, thickly set and good natured, the famous war correspondent, I knew, too. He was an unsurpassable artist at drawing cowboys and Western life, and supreme in his realistic pictures of spirited horses, full of life and movement. But to look at him, the very last man one might have imagined to do work of the kind.

Charles Dana Gibson I hardly knew at all, although we lived in the same building. He was always so surrounded by admiring females that I never had a chance of conversing with him at length. He seemed a nice fellow, and had a beautiful and delightful wife, sister of Lady Astor, M.P.

In that same artistic crowd I met on several occasions Richard Harding Davis, a man of remarkable talent and unimpeachable tailoring—so elegant in his attire that I always felt uncomfortable by his side. He knew that he was clever, and that perhaps slightly took away from his attractiveness, but he was always amusing in conversation with an endless collection of personal anecdotes, extremely well told. Unlike most good authors, he was quite as good at talking as at writing.

Among theatrical stars I frequently saw in New York beautiful Maxine Elliott, who had only made her first debut on the stage. She afterwards married the famous actor, Nat Goodwin. She was just as charming as she was beautiful, and terribly attractive.

I have met her since on several occasions, still as wonderful as ever, although of late conversation has become out of the question with her as she is ever either playing bridge or poker, or the latest "craze," the absorbing Chinese game, Mah Jongg. While she plays she dons a pair

of huge Chinese tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles, which decidedly do not improve her looks; but her charm remains the same.

Ethel Barrymore and her brother I also knew and met frequently, both in the United States and in England. I had met her for the first time with Mr. Winston Churchill at a reception in London. She was a pretty creature, with dangerously expressive eyes, luxuriant dark hair, and highly captivating manner. Add to it an immense amount of talent, and there was no reason to wonder why she easily made a fine name for herself, especially on the American stage.

The most attractive of all to me in New York in the theatrical profession was Maud Adams—the Sarah Bernhardt of America, as she was called—a fascinating little lady off as on the stage, as sweetly simple as a child when she was not acting. She had been so pestered by admirers that in disgust she had gone over to the life almost of a recluse. She would not see anyone. I considered myself fortunate to be received cordially every time I went to see her. In fact, I used to go often, and have spent many delightful hours with her and her mother in her artistic New York home. She adored hearing about foreign countries, and said she wished she had been born an explorer. Her ideas on exploring were somewhat vague. In her craving to learn she occasionally said amusing things.

One day I was telling her of the difficulty of getting water in the desert.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" said she, with her bewitching little smile and great big blue eyes expanded wide, "and what did you do?"

"The only thing was to dig a well. One generally got

to know spots which were suitable for finding water. Brackish water could usually be found not deep down from the surface."

In describing other countries I also told her that as a rule explorers made their camps, if possible, near a river.

"And did you dig a well, too, when you camped near a river?" said she, with her big expressive eyes more widely expanded than ever.

"Of course!" said I, as I recovered from the shock of her naïve remark. "Of course, I dug a large hole in the very center of the stream!"

Maud Adams, who was extremely quick, saw the subtle sarcasm of my words. She told me I was a "horrid man." We laughed heartily, especially when she realized what she had asked without thinking.

Speaking of a desert, her remark, after all, was not nearly so memorable as that of another and less celebrated lady, who, upon hearing that the water of the wells in the heart of the Sahara Desert was brackish, exclaimed in disgust:

"I think it was mighty silly of you to drink it. Why did you do it? Why did you not go into a shop to get yourself some soda-water or lemonade!"

Miss Maud Adams came on one of her rare visits to England. Her great ambition, like that of all American visitors, as soon as she arrived was to be taken to lunch at the "Cheshire Cheese" Tavern. She was astounded to hear that I did not even know where the place was. She imagined she would meet all London there! However, I found the tavern, and we had a thoroughly English meal, sitting on hard wooden benches before a tablecloth that was not immaculate, and waited upon by prehistoric waiters whose shirt-fronts seemed not to have been to the

laundry since that remote epoch. But Maud Adams enjoyed it thoroughly. She thought it was so English! I am told the place has since much improved. We went to the upper floor, as she particularly wished to sit in Dr. Johnson's armchair. What pleasure she could find in it I could not imagine. After she had got up she insisted that I, too, must sit in it.

We went for some delightful drives to Windsor and other places. She had such an appreciative and exquisitely poetic soul, and an artistic taste so supremely refined, that I was truly glad I had made for her an exception and had piloted her sight-seeing. She seemed disappointed that I could not tell her the exact age of every village church, or of the humblest cottages, or of other buildings along the road, nor the names of the people who lived in those dwellings at the moment. She always told me I was no good at all as a guide. I might do well in the desert where there was no one and nothing, but in civilized countries I was absolutely useless. History was to her the chief pleasure in life. She thought that if I did not know history I might at least have made up something or other on the spur of the moment and it might have pleased her just as much.

In America people's ideas on exploring were quaint. First of all they seemed to have difficulty in disassociating exploring from conducted tours organized in Europe by well-known agencies. I was constantly asked whether my "tours" had been arranged by the American Express Company or by Messrs. Cook & Son, of London, England. And did the savage people I had met accept "coupons" of those worthy institutions, or did I have to pay in cash when I put up in the hotels?

"Say here," inquired the chief of a great business firm,

"how did you manage to pay your carriers in the virgin forest? I suppose your English banks have agencies out there? And I suppose you can always get trustworthy men from local 'employment bureaus'?"

I confess that the questions asked by so intelligent a person took my breath away for a few seconds. Only a quintuple essence of sarcasm saved me.

"Of course," I replied, with assumed politeness, "in the 'virgin' forest things are well organized. You find two banks along each river. They won't cash your checks, but (with a criminal pun) you can always check your cash! The employment bureaus were not essential, as savages all belonged to the 'unemployed class.' That was why they were so savage!"

Not at all discomfited, he gayly continued: "Say here! How much does an expedition cost per hour?"

I said I did not belong to the "Labor Union." I had never worked out expenses by the hour. So at once he set out with paper and pencil to calculate how many men at so much pay each per day and so many horses and mules, valued at so many pounds sterling, quickly converted into dollars, and so many tins of food, etc., and so much interest added on the entire capital expended, would cost for the twenty-fourth part of a day. After a long and brain-racking computation, duly divided by twenty-four to get the "per hour," he discovered to his dismay that it cost more to explore savage countries than to live comfortably in a fine suite of rooms in the most elegant hotel of New York. It took him some time to recover from the shock, as he shared the universal belief that an explorer started off on his journeys merely carrying a packet of sandwiches in his pocket and one extra handkerchief or perhaps two.

Dollars formed invariably the base of the American

business man's conversation. Not so much with the women, who read more and were infinitely better informed.

On my return to London I gave three lectures at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and then set out to produce two large illustrated volumes on the Philippine and Sulu Archipelagoes. The work was called *The Gems of the East.*

At the Royal Institution, of which I had been elected a member soon after my first Tibetan journey, I had an opportunity of meeting and knowing well some of the greatest scientists of the day. Lord Kelvin was one of the assiduous frequenters of the "Friday evenings" and of the receptions, after the discourses, in Professor Sir James and Lady Dewar's flat.

Lord Kelvin was the characteristic type of a scientist, tall, curved back, scanty hair and white beard upon a pinkish, patchy complexion. He was certainly a very great man. But there could have been no greater torture than to listen to one of his discourses. He was by far the worst speaker in public I have ever heard. His delivery was shocking, his diction almost criminal. He repeated disconnected portions of sentences innumerable times, swallowing at least two-thirds of each word. He had the habit of speaking with his back towards the audience, while pointing to diagrams on the screen or on the slate. What he had to say was always of the highest interest, but he had not the gift of communicating it lucidly to his audience. Curiously enough, in conversation he was mathematically precise and clear, as he was in his writings.

The picturesque figure of another great man, Sir Frederick Bramwell, was ever present and most imposing, with a decided touch of obstinacy on his firm-looking lips. Sir

James Crichton-Browne, with his typical long side whiskers, and a spacious cranium which left no doubt as to his wonderful intelligence, was another striking figure at the Royal Institution. He was one of the best-balanced men I have ever met. He could get up at any time and speak lucidly, elegantly and most interestingly on any subject and for an indefinite time.

Then one met world-famous Siemens, the electrician, who afterwards, during the war, was treated rather unfairly owing to his German origin. For some time he behaved bravely and stood it out, appearing as usual at the Friday night lectures. Then, as all his old friends went no more to speak to him, or positively ran away when he approached, he felt his position bitterly and never appeared again. I was sorry for him, for, after all, Science, Art, and Charity should have no nationality. For many years previous to the war Siemens had been a naturalized and a good British subject.

Darwin, the son of the great Darwin, Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Ramsay, Thompson, Lockyer, Sir Robert Ball, Sir Douglas Galton, Sir William Crookes—with his waxed mustache and unsteady eyes, perhaps due to the effects of his spiritualistic séances—were all men worth meeting.

It was Sir Douglas Galton who first introduced me to the Royal Institution, but it was Sir James Crichton-Browne and Professor Sir James Dewar who proposed me as a member.

The Royal Institution has been since its foundation the most distinguished scientific society in the world. Everything was tip-top—the extensive library, the laboratories, and the beautiful theater—the best appointed and smartest of its kind in London. The audience, too, composed al-

LLANTHONY ABBEY, ON AUTHOR'S ESTATE IN THE COUNTY OF MONMOUTH.
(From photo by Author.)

most entirely of all the greatest men in Britain, was rather fearsome to face unless one knew one's subject well, for one could not possibly have a more critical crowd. What I always liked at the Royal Institution was that there was no nonsense about it, no unnecessary "buttering" of lectures before and after the discourses, and, above all, no discussion afterwards by boring, self-advertising individuals who wanted to hear the sound of their own voices. One began the lecture exactly on the stroke of nine—no introduction, no "Ladies and gentlemen." One started without preamble on one's subject, halting exactly on the stroke of ten o'clock.

The receptions at the Dewars' were unforgettable, not only for the men and women one met, but also for the marvelous collection of works of art, which Dewar, with his refined, artistic taste, had been able to accumulate in his rooms. Last but not least, Professor Dewar was a great and a true connoisseur in wines and spirits. His whisky, nearly thirty years old, was truly fit for the gods. Even I, who never drank spirits, was always made to drink some every time I called. The whisky was really so superb that I never remonstrated.

I was getting restless. I thought it might be interesting to cross Africa in its widest part. In a few weeks I had completed all necessary preparations and in December, 1905, was ready to start on my new expedition.

CHAPTER XXXIX

IN FRENCH SOMALILAND—IN ABYSSINIA—EMPEROR MENELIK

I HAD gone into Charing Cross Station (London) to inquire at what time the Continental train left the next morning. As I was walking away the immense iron and glass vaulted roof of the station collapsed, killing and wounding and burying under the debris a number of people. The sea passage across the Channel, when I started the following day, was diabolical, and more diabolical still the crossing of the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Port Said. Cairo was eventually reached by rail.

At the British Agency, Lord Cromer showed me much civility, and I was indebted for much thoughtful kindness on the part of the Sudan Government, represented there by Captain R. Owen, and also from the officers in the Citadel, and Colonel Watson, A.D.C. to the Khedive. Having obtained in Cairo all official documents necessary I again returned to Port Said, where I embarked on the Messageries S.S. *Oxus* plying to French Somaliland.

I disembarked at Djibuti on January 5, 1906. The place fully deserved its name of being the most odious spot in creation. Its vegetation—according to history—consisted of three cast-iron imitation palms in the public square. When I was there even those metallic botanical specimens had vanished.

The harbor was interesting enough, with plenty of ships of all nations and the picturesque lateen sails of the admirable seafaring Arab boats.

I started up country by the French railway to Dire Dawa, some 210 kilometers from the coast. Trains ran only twice a week. The carriages were uncomfortable and filthy.

At Ali Sabieh we crossed the Somali-Abyssinian frontier. After twelve hours' steady traveling we reached the terminus of the line, Dire Dawa. Though in Abyssinian territory Dire Dawa was practically a French colonial town, with a mixed population of Greeks, Hindus, Parsees, Somalis, Arabs and Sudanese.

While getting my caravan ready I rode over to the Galla city of Harrar in order to visit H.H. Ras Makonnen, Governor-General of Harrar and its dependencies.

The Harrari, unlike the Abyssinians, had not accepted the Coptic religion, but were Mussulmans. The following morning I was received in special audience by Ras Makonnen. The great chief met me at the door of a modest white-washed room, and begged me to sit down by his side. He looked ill and worn, ever absorbed in deep thought. He breathed heavily and spoke with an effort in a faint voice. He tenderly inquired after the King and Queen of England and the Royal Family, and said how pleased he was I had come to his country. He wished me to accept one of his favorite Arab horses in remembrance of my visit to him. He hoped England and Abyssinia would be friends for ever.

The Ras seemed exhausted. We sipped hydromel from tall unwashed tumblers. When I drank his health I told him how everybody in England admired his great courage in battle and his sensible administration of the country. With a sad smile upon his countenance the Ras bowed modestly. The great warrior was as humble and gentle as a maiden.

Ras Makonnen sent for his son, Dejazmatch (General) Tafari—a little fellow of twelve, with a sad girlish face and velvety pensive eyes. He spoke excellent French, and, like his father, was charmingly simple in manner. The Ras insisted on showing me his palace, and especially a room he thought he had arranged in perfect European style. The various colors on the wall and furniture set one's teeth one edge—no two matched. What amused me most of all was the intense fear His Highness and his son had of the sun when I took them out on a balcony to photograph them.

On leaving, I felt that the Ras—a once brilliant light—was now fast fading away and would soon be a great loss to his country. A few weeks later Ras Makonnen, the greatest of all Abyssinian chiefs, was dead.

I returned to Dire Dawa, where I remained for two days. Mr. Michailidis, the Consul, helped me a good deal in getting men and animals, an Abyssinian passport, and an escort of Abyssinian soldiers—an additional danger rather than a protection, but without which no foreigner was allowed to travel in Menelik's empire.

All being ready, I left Dire Dawa at 9:30 a.m. on January 18th on my journey across widest Africa. My caravan of mules and camels was in charge of Somali and Abyssinian servants. There were several routes by which Adis Ababa could be reached. I followed the fairly level Assabot route (385 kilometers long), skirting the northern spurs of the Tchertcher. I encountered many Danakils and Gurgura warriors with their vicious-looking spears.

Although traveling in a country where the sun's rays were potent beyond words I never used a sun helmet, nor the protecting spinal pad recommended by the medical

profession in tropical climates. I merely used a straw hat—what the French call a *canotier*—such as I used in London in summer time. I always believed in getting thoroughly accustomed to the sun, my idea being that anyone of sober habits could get used to anything in the way of climate if a strong will were accompanied by first-rate health and a perfect circulation. Helmets, to my mind, rendered the head and neck extra sensitive, and therefore extra vulnerable to the sun's rays. Two or three days I found, in my own case, quite sufficient to get accustomed to the equatorial sun.

At Ubisu, where we halted, there were two wells. The men stood with their feet in the water and scooped the liquid with their hands into buckets. Then they washed their faces and heads. It did not do to investigate how many faces had been washed before we got there and made that water into tea and coffee.

At the Herrer River we had around my camp during the night a fine concert of howling hyenas. Then there was more excitement; one of my camels had a huge slice of his left hind leg bitten off by a lion. We were in the country of the Hawuya people. From there we entered the country of the Danakils, morose, ill-natured people, well known for their treachery and for their insatiable love for killing and mutilating their victims in a horrible fashion. They removed certain organs of the body, fastened them to their shields, and brought them back triumphantly to the village. The heart of the victim was given to their horses to eat.

At Ella Balla the journey began to be interesting owing to the amount of game we encountered—gazelles, jackals, and a magnificent lion.

We arrived at the Hawash River—a picturesque stream

encased between huge, vertical, wall-like rocks (from 50 to 100 feet high)—evidently a fissure of volcanic formation.

We were then among the Carayu tribesmen—people who refused to take money. They preferred bartering, exchanging empty sardine and corned-beef tins for buckets of milk and pots of butter. Adem, my Somali attendant, played an amusing trick on a recalcitrant Carayu lady. She would on no account sell us a bag of grain. Adem, having detached a highly colored label from a corned-beef tin, licked it and stuck it on his forehead, seating himself near the Carayu dame, pretending intense pain in the head. He stated that the colored paper would cure the pain in a few minutes, and, in fact, shortly after he took it off and said the pain had disappeared. The Carayu lady, who had previously stated she had had bad pains in her head, immediately offered to give the bag of grain and more for the magic remedy. Adem, after much reluctance, eventually concluded the bargain.

We passed the Fantalli Mountains and reached the Tadetchimalka River, a spot chiefly known for its robber inhabitants. During the night one of my best camels disappeared. The camel-men in charge came to me in despair, spear and shield in hand, and asked permission to go and kill the thief—a permission I heartily accorded. The camel was recovered, but no murder was perpetrated after all.

We had reached a point where the principal trails to Adis Ababa joined into one.

We arrived at the escarpment to the west of us at an elevation of 5,620 feet at its base—an impressive sight, as it rose almost vertically from comparatively level ground.

It formed a magnificent barrier for the Shoa country. By a steep and rugged trail we reached the summit of the escarpment at Balchi (6,610 feet), a typical Abyssinian village. There was a Custom House. We went on undisturbed, marching over undulating country, reaching a maximum elevation of 8,480 feet.

We had an interesting horizon line cut up by mountains all round, the Tchukala being the most prominent of all, with its lake, its monastery, and its hermit monks.

As I approached the capital I perceived on a height a number of white buildings and factory chimneys. They made part of Menelik's Imperial Palace. Here and there upon the hills were scattered groups of houses. Adis Ababa in my eyes could not be called a city in the proper sense of the word. There were thousands of white tents, but few permanent houses. The Abyssinian capital looked more like a huge encampment than a town. A modest native building was the British Legation, a grander one the Russian.

Soon after my arrival I received a letter from Sir John Harrington, our Minister in Abyssinia, asking me to be his guest at the Legation.

The Russian Minister having died the previous day, I saw Menelik, preceded and followed by thousands of warriors—a formidable rabble garbed in white—hastening in great state to the funeral. Swarms of horsemen in their brown burnouses followed. Harrington and I, with an Indian escort, attended also. Abyssinian priests, under gayly colored sunshades, chanted plaintively outside the Russian Legation, waving to and fro censers of silver and brass. After prayers and firing of rifles we laid the body to rest in the Legation garden.

Menelik's power was so great that it carried every-

thing before it. His word was law and was obeyed in a manner amazing to Europeans. He was a perfect God to the Abyssinians, and was greatly feared by subjected and non-Abyssinian chiefs. He was a man of extraordinary sound sense. He was just and fair to his countrymen, generous, shrewd, and possessed a simplicity and natural charm of manner which were delightful—all the more appreciable in Abyssinia where the people were mean, ungrateful, and abject. All was suspicion and treachery among them.

Great devastators of the country, improvident, robbers by nature—I am speaking of the Amharas or pure Abyssinians—there was with them no paternal, maternal, fraternal, marital, or any other kind of love. Their reputation of being great fighters was undeserved. When alone, Europeans in Adis Ababa were constantly insulted in the streets. The natives stopped up the nose and mouth, in order, they said, not to be asphyxiated by the corpse-like stink of white people. Undoubtedly, we have a strong racial odor of our own, which we ourselves cannot detect, but, no matter how strong, it would never beat that of the Abyssinian, which was potently detestable.

I had several audiences with Emperor Menelik, who was extremely kind to me. Unexpectedly, a horseman brought the message that he wished to see me at once. I hurriedly got into my frock-coat and tall hat, squeezed my feet into shiny patent leather shoes, and with Sir John Harrington galloped on Arab horses to the palace in order to be punctual at the appointment. We were shown into the presence of the Emperor, who sat cross-legged between two red pillows on a couch. He had discarded his shoes, which lay on the floor. In a jovial manner the Emperor extended his right hand—not especially clean—

for me to shake. He shook hands like an honest man. There was something attractive about his face although ugly enough, as black as coal, and pock-marked. But it was an intelligent, shrewd face. Our conversation was cheery, full of chaff on both sides. I spoke in a complimentary way of the Abyssinian climate, which pleased Menelik, while Sir John maintained it was a homicidal climate, to prove which he stated that not only had he contracted in the country pains all over his body, but even the wooden doors of the Legation had become so warped owing to the alternate heat and cold, dry and damp, that it was impossible to close them. Upon which Menelik, with truly amusing sarcasm, answered that the climate did not affect good wood, but certainly affected bad wood. Open or closed doors were no use in Abyssinia where everybody was honest. They might perhaps be necessary in countries where such good people as Europeans lived—with the emphasis strong on the words "good" and "Europeans." We had a charming conversation full of repartee, which Menelik seemed to enjoy thoroughly. It was agreeable to see on what excellent terms of sound friendship our Minister was with the Emperor. The later often asked Sir John's advice on important matters. As he said: "You have always given me good counsel for the welfare of my country. I can trust you in every way."

Menelik rather liked me, as I was perhaps the only non-official foreigner he had met who did not wish anything from him.

Harrington was anxious that I should do a sketch of Menelik. It was arranged that I should go again to the palace the following morning. The Emperor would put

on his regal robes for my benefit, and the huge, gold, jeweled crown, shaped not unlike a gigantic miter.

"Oh, I do so hate putting it on!" said the Emperor, making a grimace. "It is so heavy, it hurts my head. I much prefer my felt hat. Can you paint me in fifteen minutes? And can I wear my crown and cloak only for one minute, as the cloak is hot and the crown is heavy?"

Having been kept up until 4 a.m. in a deeply interesting conversation with Sir John—it was the same every night, not only with me, but with anyone who had the privilege of visiting that remarkable diplomat—I was roused from a heavy slumber at seven o'clock with a message from Menelik that he would sit for the portrait at 7:30. A lightning shave, a cold bath, up on horse and a race to the palace, where, in a soaking perspiration, Harrington and I were at once taken before the Emperor.

"Feel the weight of it!" exclaimed Menelik, handing me the huge crown. "The last time I wore it, it gave me a terrible headache for several days. That is what comes of being an Emperor."

When the royal emblem was placed upon his head, Menelik made a comical gesture, as he was nearly smothered under its weight.

"Mind you," he called out, "only one minute by the watch!"

I took two lightning sketches of him and several photographs, as it was utterly impossible to paint all the elaborate ornamentations and the innumerable jewels upon his coat and headgear in so short a time. Harrington, who was more of a racing man than an art connoisseur, was actually timing me with his stop watch. It was, indeed, painting and photography under difficulty. Menelik's head shook so violently under the heavy weight that not

one of the photographic negatives I took was successful, a long exposure being necessary as they were taken inside a room. I did a fair gold-point sketch which delighted Menelik. My sketch-book was passed round to a number of admiring Abyssinians present, who returned it covered with greasy finger-marks. Menelik said he would sit to me again whenever I wished, but without the crown. Menelik asked me to remain to lunch with him. He expected 7,980 guests to lunch that day.

"There they come, thousands of soldiers!" he exclaimed pointing to a hill where swarms of white figures, like a long row of white ants, were quickly descending towards the palace.

While lunch was being got ready Menelik sent me to inspect his palace and the grounds. Then I went to watch the arrival of Menelik's guests, all in white—mostly rather dirty—as the Court was in mourning, and mourning in Abyssinia was observed by wearing unclean, shabby clothes.

At ten o'clock a messenger announced that lunch was ready. I was ushered in the "Great Hall"—not unlike a huge railway station in course of construction. A portion at the end of the hall was screened off by a cotton curtain, through which one could distinguish the burning lights of two candelabra. The curtain was raised for me to enter. Menelik, who sat nobly on a raised throne of Oriental carpets under a baldaquin of red cloth, bowed graciously and begged me to sit by his side in the place of honor at a small table. A gold chair was offered for me to sit upon.

Round me, seated upon the floor, were Abyssinia's greatest chiefs, such as Ras Tassama, Dejazmatch Lelesaged, Dejazmatch Damise, Dejazmatch Balow, Dejaz-

match Wabe, etc., the head priests of the Church and the highest authorities in Adis Ababa. Two or three prominent foreigners were also present that day, but were made to sit at the low native tables down below, upon which were served bread and native dishes. Menelik was greatly concerned about the success of the special lunch in European style which he had specially ordered for me. Various officials were dispatched at intervals to find out how the cook was getting on.

"Here it comes!" exclaimed the Emperor, jubilant, as he made sign to the attendant to lay the dishes upon my table.

I was quite overcome when I perceived who were the personages waiting upon me. One was the Emperor's "double," the man who in battle impersonated the Emperor in order to deceive the enemy and be shot at instead of his regal double. Another was the chief of the Emperor's Forestry Department. The others all high dignitaries.

Half a dozen eggs were laid upon my plate to start with. Then Abyssinian cake. Two large cutlets followed, accompanied by three huge pieces of steak—English fashion. By their side three more pieces of steak cooked in the native style. A dish upon which rose a mountain of rice was then deposited before me.

Menelik was pressing me to eat, saying all had been specially cooked for me. The forestry official and the "warfare double" kept on piling upon my plate more chunks of meat and hills of rice. I was getting alarmed, my skin having reached its maximum limit of expansion. Menelik insisted that I must eat more. If I did not eat it was because the food was not good and he would kill the cook. In order to save the poor fellow's life I

demolished a second and a third mountain of food upon my plate. Half a dozen native breads, not unlike huge pancakes—each 3 feet in diameter—were now laid upon my table. They took so much room that all the plates, forks, and spoons had to be removed and placed eventually upon them. Then large-sized loaves of European bread were deposited before me. In the way of drinks, bottles with all kinds of labels were on the table and upon the floor around me—Abyssinian *tetch* (hydromel), German beer, English stout, French claret and Burgundy, white wines, and champagne of unknown but highly explosive brand. I, invariably a teetotaller when I was given wines of unknown brands, in order to satisfy pressing Menelik, had to drink some of each and tell the Emperor what I thought of them. Seldom had my poor palate been tried to so excruciating an extent. The least deadly of all was certainly the native *tetch*. The others were diabolical concoctions, forgeries of the most impudent kind, sold by unscrupulous merchants to the Emperor.

The Emperor took his lunch at the same time, eating merely Abyssinian dishes. When he, too, had finished eating, the curtain was opened. Before us was an impressive spectacle. Through the large gates a ray of sunlight shone upon a stream of white figures entering the building and hastening to their seats at low tables occupying the entire hall. Each table was covered with layers of flat breads sprinkled with red sauce. The chiefs and officers occupied a separate table near our platform. Pieces of raw meat were passed round. Each guest with his knife cut a chunk and ate it. A mountain of native bread 8 feet high, 14 feet long, and 4 feet wide, or 448 cubic feet of bread altogether towered in the center of the hall.

Large as the hall was it was not sufficient to accommodate all the guests simultaneously. They arrived in relays. The scene had quite a biblical appearance. There sat the great chief to whom the people had brought their oxen, their grain, milk and butter. As he knew no better way of getting rid of his wealth, he gave back to his people plenty to eat and drink to show his fatherly interest in them.

Menelik seemed delighted to have his people around him. He told me that on that occasion 120 oxen had been killed and several hundred sheep.

Interesting as it was, that afternoon seemed interminable to me. I had reached bursting point and Menelik was still urging me to eat and drink, or he would murder the cook.

I had many interesting conversations that day with the chiefs who came to pay their respects to me. I was amazed at their intelligence and quick wit. They were never at a loss in finding an answer even to the most difficult questions.

It was not until 4:30 p.m. that coffee was passed to the principal guests and the Emperor got up to leave. He bade me a hearty good-bye and apologized for the lunch having been late. I thanked him for his charming hospitality—but not for the excruciating internal pain his hospitality had procured me. I was in such agony through over-eating that I could hardly walk and, worse still, get on my horse to go back to the Legation.

In Adis Ababa I met the Europeans connected with the development of the country, the most prominent being a Swiss—Monsieur Ilg, Councillor of State to H.M. the Emperor. That man played an important part in Abyssinian politics and in the relations between Abyssinia and

foreign countries. His work at times clashed considerably with Italian views—he was a regular *bête noire* to the Italians during their war with Abyssinia—and with British or French interests; but I believe M. Ilg did what he honestly believed was best for Abyssinia and he was a faithful, devoted servant of the Negus. Quite an extraordinary character, Ilg knew the country, the Abyssinian people and their language more intimately than any other European. The natives regarded him as one of themselves.

I met Monsieur Legarde, the French Minister, a man who at one time had attained so much power as to be regarded as a second Emperor of Abyssinia. But perhaps no Frenchman was really more admired in that country than the famous Colonel Marchand of Fashoda fame, whose prestige, gained during his expedition across Africa, was unbounded.

Don Livio Gaetani, who acted as chargé d'affaires for Italy, was an old acquaintance of mine whom I had met in Pekin during the Boxer War. He had gained considerable distinction during the Pekin siege, and during his expedition in South-west Abyssinia. I met him again some years later in Rome and at the Italian front during the European War, where he shortly after, unfortunately, lost his life.

Harrington was in my days *the man* in Abyssinia who came next in power to the Emperor. He commanded immense respect from all. It was entirely due to his personal influence that British prestige was saved in Abyssinia at a moment when that country was about to slip out of our hands altogether. A man of abnormal strength of will, tact and good-nature, of most gentlemanly manner, one could not help liking him. Many nights in

Adis Ababa I have sat up in his drawing-room listening to the narrative of his intensely interesting life, which he told in the simple, terse language of an honest man. He had only two bad habits, which I uselessly tried to eradicate from him. He consumed innumerable glasses of deadly green chartreuse, which curiously enough, had no effect whatever on him; and it was impossible to count the cigarettes he smoked during the engrossing conversations, which lasted sometimes until six o'clock in the morning and later. Every morning after leaving him I —a non-smoker and hater of tobacco—had to spread my clothes out in the sun for hours in order to get rid of the stink of tobacco, of which they simply reeked.

CHAPTER XL

IN THE GALLA COUNTRY—THE BRITISH SUDAN

I PURCHASED some twenty-five mules and horses which, with others I possessed, were sufficient to carry my baggage. Then, having employed a number of Abyssinian muleteers—a troublesome lot at best—I dispatched my caravan westwards on February 13th. On the 16th, with relays of horses previously sent out, I rode eighty kilometers in seven hours and caught my caravan up at the Hawash River (7,420 feet).

I was then in the country inhabited by the Galla, great workers of the land who possessed thousands of cattle. Physically and morally, they were superior to the Abyssianians proper. I traveled through delightful country, well cultivated in some parts, through thick forests in others, ferns and palms, and gigantic *sigba* and *uarca* trees. We rose as high as 8,420 feet.

At a military post Menelik's pass was demanded of me in rude fashion. When I produced Menelik's letter the soldiers could not read it, but the sight of the Imperial seal was enough for them. They saluted the Emperor's writing in the humblest fashion, wiping their hands on their trousers before touching the document. Then they raised the paper to their foreheads and made a grand bow, innocently asking me to tell them what the letter said. The respect and adoration of people for Menelik all over Abyssinia was amazing.

Beyond the Didessa River we were in Ras Tassama's

territory. We eventually reached Ras Tassama's country seat at Addis-Jebbo. My men obtained a lot of liquor. In the afternoon a serious fight took place among my followers, who brandished knives in a dangerous fashion. With the help of faithful Adem I disarmed them and tied them securely to various trees, and sentenced them to remain the entire day without food. They were as drunk as drunk could be.

At an elevation of 6,720 feet I arrived at the town of Gori, upon two humps on the tableland. The Governor's Palace, a double-tiered structure, stood on the highest point. No sooner had I arrived than I received a long message of welcome from the two Vice-Governors, Agafars Indeilalo and Kamazmatch Olde Gabiul. A string of forty men, women and children carried presents of sheep, chickens, eggs, native bread, soup, firewood, sacks of Indian corn, and plenty of barley and grass for my animals.

I went to pay a formal call on the Governors. They met me at the entrance and led me by the hand to the reception hall by the steeply-inclined planes—Abyssinian houses had no staircases—so polished and slippery from the many greasy feet that constantly went up and down it, that it was quite impossible to proceed with one's shoes on. Pulled by the arms, and pushed from behind by people who had run to help, I completed the ascent and entered with enough grace the clean audience hall, with Oriental carpets spread on the floor, a bed, and a few cane chairs in the middle of the room.

The Governors sat on the floor. Two Greek traders interpreted me. *Tetch,* native wine, a deadly looking bottle of *crême de menthe,* and a bowl of roasted corn were produced. They asked for my pass. When I pro-

duced it, they stood up on seeing the Emperor's seal, and called in a third person to read it, as both Governors were illiterate. When the sentence was read that I had the Emperor's permission to proceed in any direction I wished and all were ordered to make my journey easy, the two Vice-Governors bowed themselves double. They were ready to do anything I commanded.

In the evening the official musicians with their trumpets, the *malakat*—5 feet long—came to announce to the world with the tremendous, twangy notes of their instruments, mournful to a degree, that a welcome visitor had arrived.

I left Gori with my caravan on March 4th, reaching, after hard marching over mountainous country, Bure (5,650 feet) on the western edge of the plateau. I had to obtain fresh muleteers, as the Adis Ababa men were terrified at having to descend from the plateau into the low, fever country of the Sobat. Nagadras Biru, the local Governor, at once provided me with exchange men. At the head of them he placed a fellow from Tigré who had been prominent in the war against the Italians and who spoke Italian fluently. His brother, Tesfa Michel, had been General Baratier's interpreter during the famous battle which saw the defeat of the Italians.

In order to spare my animals I also hired a number of carriers to convey my loads down the steep trail as far as the foot of the plateau. Those carriers belonged to the Yambo tribe, abnormally tall, completely naked barring a small monkey-skin cap. They were superstitious and capricious beyond words. They removed four front teeth for beauty's sake.

Sending ahead my carriers and animals I left Bure on March 5th, accompanied as far as Gomma, at the extreme edge of the plateau, by the Governor and his two inter-

preters. I began the descent down the steep, rocky western escarpment of Abyssinia. Three hours and a half later I reached the Baro River, at 1,900 feet. We had to swim the animals across. We were then in the Yambo country. Rubber vines were plentiful, gold was washed by natives in the sand of the river. In the evening we had to recross the Baro, by then over 100 yards wide, my men wading across with water up to their necks. There were plenty of hippopotami and crocodiles.

Passing *en route* lots of Yambo kraals (or *kahls,* as they called them), in stifling heat—quite suffocating after the crisp air of the tableland—I marched along flat, grassy, uninteresting country until I reached the trading station of Gambela.

Gambela had a good prospect of becoming an important trading station, of being a big store of imports and exports, and a fine distributing center for all neighboring countries. But it had a deadly climate. Malarial fever of a most malignant type was rampant there. No stranger living in that place any length of time had a chance of escaping. There were only three or four Greek traders, all pitiably ill with fever, and an Egyptian official, Mohamed Riad Effendi. The country was swarming with game, elephant, giraffe, lions, leopards, ostriches, antelopes, hyenas.

The Yambo was a tribe of giants. Oghilo, the chief of Pinkio, was over six feet four inches in height. His brother was just as tall, and so were, indeed, many members of the tribe. Nearly all were above six feet. They were extremely clean in their habits.

Near Gambela I came upon the melancholy grave of General Gatacre, who, while traveling there, had died in a pitiful manner, unattended by anyone. The resting-place of this unfortunate British General consisted of an

A TRIBE OF GIANT YAMBOS. (SOBAT RIVER.)
(From photo by Author.)

improvised cross made of two boards of a kerosene box nailed upon a stick. A pile of thorns upon the heap of earth covering the body prevented hyenas and other wild animals digging up the corpse.

On March 10th I was able to start on horseback on the long march towards the Nile. It was my intention to visit as many as possible of the strange tribes to the north and south of the Sobat River. During the rainy season that country was a regular swamp. During the dry season—in which I was traveling—the water having retreated, the mud hardened, but became cracked all over by the intense heat of the sun. There were innumerable deep foot-marks of elephants, giraffes and other animals. It was a severe strain for my animals to get along. There were hardly any trees.

We had gone but a few hundred yards when most of my Yambo carriers deserted, leaving the loads scattered along the trail. A new set of men eventually arrived, who gave me a restless night as in their superstition they shrieked and yelled the entire night because the full moon had appeared. In the village close by the noise of tom-toms and human voices was diabolical. The damp heat was stifling. Millions of mosquitoes stung me all over. I took as a hostage the chief in order to prevent the new men escaping. That led to an exciting row with sonorous blows while the villagers tried to liberate their chief.

The natives further down river smeared their bodies and faces with white ashes and dyed their hair of a brilliant red or yellow. I was so disgusted with the troublesome Yambo carriers that I dismissed them all and loaded my tired animals again.

I next entered the Nuer country—inhabited by a race of people who twisted their hair into a long cone behind

the head and adorned it with two upright feathers. Then again I met some more Yambo tribes; then Nuers once more. Nature had supplied all those people with abnormally long legs in order to keep the vital parts of the body dry when, during the rainy season, they lived great part of the day with their lower limbs in water. While standing, they rested one foot on the knee of the other leg and kept their balance for any length of time, just like water birds. Those people possessed thousands of cattle. They had to be watched carefully as they were impudent thieves.

One night the fires had been lighted as usual around our camp for protection against wild beasts, but owing to the carelessness of my men they had become extinguished. I was awakened by frantic neighing and braying of my mules and horses. A lion had attacked them. The picket line was torn off and the animals stampeded. My men ran after them. I remained alone to protect the camp as the natives all round had shown hostility. When morning came and neither animals nor men had returned I felt uneasy. I was too far from the river to make a raft and float my loads down to the Nile. I saw every prospect of having to abandon all my instruments, notes, photographs and most firearms. The drinking water there was obtained from a stagnant pond, full of worms of all kinds and sizes and guano. There was no shade whatever. The black soil was broiling, the atmosphere suffocating.

The natives in full war attire crowded around me in a turbulent manner, now that they were several hundreds to one. Then a fishing expedition, composed of hundreds of villagers in their full war attire, went by my camp. The sportsmen brandished their spears and shrieked wildly along the banks of a putrid stream. I was fully prepared,

as I knew it to be a mere blind in order to attack my camp unexpectedly. Two or three of my men returned. We loaded our magazine rifles and were ready to meet them. The warriors hung around my camp in a suspicious manner. Night came on, and yet no signs of my mules and muleteers.

In the evening a boy came to my camp. He stated that his tribesmen knew where the mules were, on the opposite side of the stream some forty miles away. Another day elapsed and no animals arrived. At sunset, much to my joy, I perceived two of my men and a horde of Abigar tribesmen leading before them some of my beasts. In a moment of exuberance I offered the Abigar chief a reward of about £5 sterling in solid silver, and as much again if they brought the remainder of the animals. He refused the offer with contempt. He said he wanted two brass wire bracelets for himself and one each for his men—some thirty altogether.

Towards noon of March 16th all the animals had been led back to camp, in a pitiable condition after their frantic race. One animal had been badly mauled by a lion. A good portion of its shoulder had been bitten off. It died soon after. More than quadruple the number of bracelets they had demanded were presented to the savages, with an extra roll of shining wire so they could cut more bracelets for themselves. They were delighted, and I, too, because in the transaction I saved no less than £9 10s. sterling.

From there we marched over open, treeless, flat country, full of deep footmarks of elephants—most troublesome for my animals. In the water were hundreds of hippopotami and crocodiles. Where the River Adjouba joined the Baro the latter stream changed its name into Sobat. After

an interminable stretch over burnt grass, which made us black all over with smuts and ashes, we arrived at Jungmir in the country of the Abigars, a more powerfully built and handsomer race than the Neurs.

We encountered swampy streams extremely troublesome to cross. One only 5 yards wide gave us four hours' hard work to take baggage and animals across. We sank deep in its mud and had untold difficulty in extricating ourselves. I reached the military post of Torfot (Nasser), in charge of a native officer and thirty-one Sudanese soldiers. Letters from the Sirdar and the Governor-General of the Upper Nile Province had been waiting there for me for some months. The Sirdar kindly placed at my disposal an iron boat which he had sent up the river for me, and also an escort of Sudanese soldiers. In fact, the Sirdar had most generously offered me an escort of twenty-five men and a native officer—an offer of which, though deeply grateful, I did not avail myself. Every possible kindness was showered upon me, owing to orders received from Khartoum. My men and animals being quite worn with fatigue, I accepted the iron boat, in which I sent my baggage and most of my men as far as the Nile—in charge of my Somali servant—under an escort of a few Sudanese soldiers.

Torfot was a place swarming with insects of all kinds and sizes, mosquitoes and flies in milliards. After sunset regular clouds of moths and other nocturnal fliers of all descriptions buzzed around the lights. Drowning insects, notwithstanding all care, covered the surface of whatever liquid was in one's tumbler or cup, and while eating one's food one ate a great deal more than one thought, crushing under one's teeth fetid smelling beetles, mosquitoes and midgets which dashed into one's mouth every time one

opened it. Sleep was out of the question. We were stung in a merciless manner by the very mosquitoes which scientists said were the undoubted carriers of malaria. Yet none of us got fever at all—which made me reflect that there must be something wrong with the scientists and some of their theories, or with the mosquitoes, or with us . . . Personally, as I wrote at the time, I was certain the mosquito theory was utterly mistaken, and it has since been proved to be so.

I continued my journey on horseback overland, with my animals now without their loads. I traveled over flat barren country with a few Nuer settlements here and there. The ground was so cut up by innumerable deep cracks that riding was impossible as the animals stumbled and fell continually. We had to march on foot in the broiling sun.

I traversed the country of the Aiwal people, who smeared themselves all over with cinders, the residue of burnt sheep and cow-dung. The Aiwal, who resembled the Nuers, owned thousands of cattle. One day after leaving a village we were charged by some 400 semi-wild oxen. We had often had similar experiences in the Nuer and Aiwal country, but perhaps not on such an impressive scale. The oxen had extraordinarily long horns. The admirable pluck of the mules on such occasions, and the clever but cowardly tactics of the horned creatures were interesting to watch. Formidable as those attacks might have seemed to anyone not accustomed to them, they were merely amusing incidents to us, accustomed and even well versed in the habits and powers of bluff rather than courage of animals. We remained calm and still and the brutes eventually cleared away.

During the march the heat and black dust were stifling.

Notwithstanding that the river was swarming with crocodiles, one day I went in to take a refreshing bath. I entered the water up to my waist. Every time I smeared myself all over with soap and stooped to wash it off, eight or ten crocodiles or more advanced quickly and noiselessly in a circle around me, only just the tips of their noses and their eyes being visible on the surface. At one moment when I was struggling to wash off the soap from my smarting eyes they actually got to within two yards of me. But it was quite enough to look at them or pretend to throw something or shout, and they disappeared instantly, only to peep out again and return a little later. By the time I had finished my bath the number of crocodiles had increased to a swarm. Crocodiles were contemptible cowards, but one never knew. I deemed it advisable to get out. Once perfectly refreshed and clean there was no reason why I should not be prudent.

Large antelopes were to be seen in great numbers. Elephants, lions, and ostriches were common. Some of my best animals on that march died from fatigue and the heat of the sun.

A pariah Yambo—a wretched leper—had attached himself to my caravan, picking in camp whatever food he could get. I never had the courage to drive him away. My Abyssinians got the poor devil to do most of the hard work for them. To my disgust my cook had even entrusted him with the making of our daily bread, which he worked with his sore, dropping-off fingers. The bread was naturally thrown away the day I discovered it. My Abyssinians were cruel. Many times I got the leper out of their hands as they were beating him nearly to death. Once, having missed him, I rode back some distance suspecting

treachery, and arrived just in time to save him from my Abyssinians who were about to cut his throat.

Like all lepers, that fellow exhaled the potent, sickly odor so characteristic of his ghastly disease. I, who loathed and detested odors of any kind, had to keep him constantly by my side to save him from assassination or from suicide. To watch his eyes, incessantly wet with tears, and to hear his constant moans in such stifling heat, in such dust, with my animals tumbling down all the time from fatigue and hunger . . . was almost too much to endure on the march. Twice I had to rescue the leper from the river where he had thrown himself in order to get drowned. The second time I asked him why he let me take him out of the water so easily if he really intended to die. He said he was afraid crocodiles might bite him! Noticing that his suicidal mania was getting worse, as the certainty of being saved was assured, I one day shook him vigorously by the neck and gave him to understand that next time he wanted to be drowned I would personally see that he did not come to the surface again. The suicidal mania was there and then cured.

I was as patient as patient could be with the poor devil, but he was an indescribable infliction upon me. Repulsive to look at and with excessive moans and groans, he would daily stand before me and repeat the history and miseries of his life—and heaven only knew how many histories and miseries of other people's lives I had already heard before. He was an outcast in his own tribe. That was why he had, unasked, followed my caravan. He had been discarded by his lady-love, who loved him dearly but who married someone else who possessed more oxen and cows. Such things, I remarked, had been known even outside the Yambo country! But he would hardly credit it.

Near Abwong I met Denka tribesmen, also long-legged people, smeared all over with ashes, sulky and sullen, lazy in the extreme. Denka women were quite a valuable asset in a family as they brought in a large number of cows at marriage.

Living in a flat country, the Denkas could not realize the existence anywhere of a mountainous country. When I tried to describe mountains to them they showed intense merriment and evident signs of disbelief.

In the afternoon of March 25th I was compelled to re-cross the Sobat. I sent over first in a canoe, paddled by a Denka, one or two valuable loads. Hundreds of fellows had assembled in war attire along the banks of the river and seemed threatening. The canoe man while in mid-stream tried to bolt with my precious load of cameras, scientific instruments, diaries, etc. He refusing to halt, I took my rifle and put an expanding bullet through the canoe. At once he paddled for the opposite bank and, having reached *terra firma,* ran like a rabbit.

On March 26th we passed many Denka villages and thousands of cattle. My caravan of thirty mules was now reduced to about half that number, with two or three more in a dying condition. When away from the river, which made a great detour, we were in a waterless country. I was taking long and fatiguing daily marches in order to reach the Nile quickly. From the Denka country we passed into the Shiluk country. After another long and painful march, I reached in the middle of the night the Sudan military post of Taufikia on the Nile.

We had marched forty-five miles that day, without finding a drop of water. My men and animals were exhausted, as we had made a similar march the day before. I had accomplished the journey from Adis Ababa to the

Nile—1,000 kilometers (625 miles) entirely by land in thirty-nine days (twenty-seven days' actual marching), or at the rate of twenty-three miles a day—quite good going in so hot, unhealthy and inhospitable a country.

To my great sorrow I had to abandon the horse that Ras Makonnen had given me. After his long march of 1,450 kilometers from Harrar the poor animal was quite exhausted and unable to continue.

Taufikia was in those days a purely military post with a large garrison of Sudanese black troops. I sent back to Europe, down the Nile, a good deal of my baggage, purchased fresh provisions, and after a compulsory stay of twelve days—the dullest, most miserable twelve days I have ever spent in my life—I was ready to start west with a fresh caravan of donkeys I managed to purchase at Taufikia.

CHAPTER XLI

THE BAHR-EL-GHAZAL—THE FRENCH CONGO

I LEFT Taufikia by river on April 8th, along low, flat unattractive country. One saw along the banks occasional Shiluks, armed with spears.

West of the Bahr-el-Zeraf we were again among Denkas. We were traveling in the "sudd" region, with its many floating islands. Nearly the entire surface of the river was covered with vegetation.

On April 9th we were crossing Lake No. Millions of ant-hills covered the flat country as far as the eye could see. In the evening hundreds of gazelles and water-buck came to the water-edge, where marabou and all kinds of acquatic birds of beautiful plumage were to be admired.

I was interested in the Shiluk people—once a great tribe.

The men went about absolutely naked, and generally also the women, except the smarter ones, who occasionally wore a tuft of grass in front, or else a small leather apron.

After four days' navigation I arrived at Meshra-el-Rek, on the Bahr-el-Ghazal, there quite narrow. We moved along with difficulty in the pestilential, putrid water, a mass of black, sticky, decomposed vegetation.

Meshra itself was a musty, moldy, fetid hole. With my caravan of donkeys, bought at Taufikia, and some others purchased from a missionary, Father Tappi, I proceeded on my way towards Wau, the capital of the Bahr-el-Ghazal district. I only had five attendants, including the

faithful Somali. On our long and dreary marches another torture was now added—leeches—thousands of them—which caused deep sores, weakening and even poisoning my animals. We saw innumerable giraffes on the road, so unafraid of man that one could go quite near them. Then any number of lovely birds, green parrots, tiny, silky, water-blue humming-birds, beautiful varieties of lizards and chameleons, with delightful gradations of shades extending from warm cadmium yellow to the deepest ultramarine blue.

Occasionally, and far apart, we found wells. The water was so foul as to be almost undrinkable. It generally contained so much calcium that the strongest coffee made with it was as white as milk. It burnt the gums and palate like caustic when you drank it. After the hot marches we often arrived tired and insatiably thirsty at a well—usually a tiny pool 10 or 12 feet below the surface of the soil, and containing not more than a wash-basinful or two of water. Imagine our feelings when we perceived natives standing or sitting in those pools to refresh themselves or wash their limbs and bodies. As it was the only water we could find, we boiled it, of course, but we were boiling, too, with rage at having to drink it.

Since leaving Gambela I had with me three young ostriches, which were quite tame and affectionate. They were charming companions. We heard nightly the roaring of lions close to camp. We got so accustomed to it that we paid no attention to it. At Ayum we were caught in a tornado. What with the storm raging, the deafening thunder and blinding flashes of lightning, numerous lions roaring wildly, my donkeys braying furiously and attempting to stampede, the shrieks of my men to prevent

them doing so, and the rain pelting down on us in buckets, it seemed a regular pandemonium.

We had entered the Djur country. The Djurs were the blacksmiths of that region, and supplied nearly all the neighboring tribes with iron spearheads.

Having gone in six days 114 miles from Meshra, I arrived at Wau (the old Fort Desaix of the Marchand Expedition), the capital of the Bahr-el-Ghazel. On the bank of the Djur stood the tumbling-down residences of the Governor (Mudir) and of the English and Sudanese officers. Beyond, all was thick forest of valuable woods, including ebony, mahogany, etc. There were there four or five British officers. While traveling, I rarely accepted anyone's hospitality, as I had particular dislike to be under obligations. In that particular case the officers seemed destitute of everything, and I certainly would on no account be a weight, however small, on them. The Bahr-el-Ghazal was only then being opened up, and no proper arrangements had yet been made owing to the scanty means of transport.

At Wau I experienced difficulty in obtaining men. I had a suspicion that obstacles were being placed in my way to wreck my expedition. With the help of Major Sutherland, the Governor, I at last got three men. They were absolutely useless, quite a hindrance. Therefore, with only one man who was of assistance, my Somali, on April 23rd I placed the packs on my animals and left westwards in order to continue my trans-continental journey.

In the middle of the day, in scorching heat, with my straw hat as usual at a dangerous angle upon my head and wearing a blue serge suit such as I might don in Piccadilly. I started off, somewhat to the amazement of the

SHILUK WARRIORS. (BAHR-EL-GHAZAL.)

local British officers. With my courbash I made the donkeys march briskly before me.

"Where the devil are you going?" shouted a British officer.

"I am going to Timbuctu and Dakar."

"But where are your men? And have you no helmet to protect you from the sun?"

"I need no men, and I need no protection of *any kind,* thank you. Good-bye!"

I waved my hand to them and on we went, diving into the forest.

We were traveling among the Golo people. The Golo ladies went about with small tufts of grass in front and behind. They were fond of shower baths. Drawing water with a vessel from the only well in the locality, one woman poured it on a lady friend's head and back. I scolded them. They resented it, and asked why I was complaining. They were not wasting the water—no, indeed; it was all flowing back into the well!

We went on, suffering intensely from flies of all kinds, especially the giant elephant- and horse-flies, which stung without mercy. There were millions of them buzzing around us. The animals kicked and stampeded, and dashed violently against trees in order to shake them off, so that the loads were continually scattered upon the trail, the saddles damaged. Then there were swarms of gnats which filled our eyes, stinging acutely, and got into our ears, and up our nostrils.

I usually made double marches daily, an average of thirty miles. We met Ballanda tribesmen—great hunters. Almost daily we experienced storms of indescribable fury. My donkeys became paralyzed with fear by the deafening noise of thunder and the brilliant flashes of lightning. On

several occasion. I witnessed a wonderful sight. The entire sky, charged with electricity, became continuously a blaze of a vivid pink, almost violet, light, most penetrating, and producing a peculiar sensation on the skin. The biggest artillery battles I have witnessed in our late war sank into perfect insignificance, so far as noise went, by the side of the constant roar of African thunder, so near and so potent that it quite stunned us.

We were only glad of one thing when those storms came. We collected and drank avidly the rainwater—quite delicious after the filthy deposits out of the wells.

The last of my tame ostriches died. I was searching in the high grass for a picturesque spot to bury him, when I almost trod on a crouching lion, fast asleep. A day or two later I came face to face with two lions, who majestically walked away. I never killed lions, as they were too dignified and possessed such noble, honest countenances. With a graceful leap, followed by a majestic canter, the lions disappeared. There could be no greater mistake than to believe that wild animals (not in captivity) always wanted to attack you. If left alone—and if you were not afraid—no wild animal, of any country, if tigers under special conditions be excepted, attacks man.

On May 1st, after eight days' marching, Adem and I had taken safely my entire caravan from Wau to Dem Zebir, close to the French Congo boundary, a distance of 147½ miles. Many powerful tribes peopled that region, such as the Kruh, Banda, the Ajah, and the Fom.

Having given my donkeys three days' rest at Dem Zebir, I was off again on May 4th with my caravan of animals and the faithful Somali. I obtained a few Banda and Kruh carriers, who were of some help in taking the animals through the dense forest where no trail of any kind

existed. The frontier between the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province and the High Ubanghi (French Congo) was not clearly defined, and it was impossible in those days to tell exactly which tribes in that region were under British or French protection.

I came upon the A-Sandeh, or dwarfs of the forest, the famous Niam-Niams. They were not actual dwarfs, but they were short in stature, with chocolate-colored skins, elongated skulls, long bodies, and short limbs, big paunches, and with the breasts so developed in men as to appear almost like women. Among them I found prevalent the sleeping sickness. They were unscrupulous rascals, liars to a tantalizing degree, treacherous and mean, eaten up by personal vanity. They were cannibals. Only one thing was really amazing with them—their wonderful knowledge of botany. Their language, otherwise extremely primitive, was exceptionally rich in botanical expressions.

We traveled over undulating, unhealthy country, with pestilential air, which knocked us all down with fever. With the thermometer registering daily 107° to 111° Fahrenheit (42° to 44° centrigrade) in the shade; with the intense moisture of the air and the unbearable exertion of driving the animals through the dense forest, marching was wearisome. We marched ten to twelve hours a day.

By May 8th we had reached the highest point on our route, 2,800 feet, between Dem Zebir and the Mbomu River. Wild game was plentiful, large buck, *phacochærus* (wart hog), and giraffe. One night we heard loud trumpeting of elephants. The next morning a herd of those frightened brutes crashed through the forest,

bellowing, and smashing everything—even good-sized trees—along their passage.

Farther along I had another narrow escape. On the highest point of an open grassy slope I saw two big elephants—a male and a female. As the fellow who carried my special rifles was not near I snatched Adem's .303 carbine, and asked him to hand me two cartridges. Creeping along in the grass I got quite close to the elephants. One of my Kruh, who possessed a worthless matchlock, followed me. The cartridges Adem handed me were filthy. When I came to insert one in the rifle I had to force it in, and had difficulty in closing the bolt. When I was within ten yards of the male elephant, the animal, detecting danger, lifted up and spread out his ears like huge fans and stretched out his trunk, squeezing his short-sighted eyes in order to find out who was approaching. I suddenly stood up so as to attract his attention, and, having taken careful aim, pulled the trigger. The cartridge did not go off, but unluckily the Kruh's matchlock, loaded with gunpowder and stone pebbles—a gun which was never known to have gone off before—actually went that time, and at so short a distance hit the brute in front of us in the ear.

The elephant, irate beyond description, lifted his trunk skyward and bellowed like thunder; then encircling with his proboscis a tree near by, broke it in two with the ease a man could break a lucifer match. My Kruh, with his face disfigured from terror, and shrieking madly, dashed away for his life, while I endeavored to open the bolt of my rifle, hopelessly jammed, in order to shove in the other cartridge.

A moment later the elephant, with his extended trunk, dashed after us. I, too, by that time, unable to use the rifle,

took to my heels, running at top speed in zigzag. Fortunately, the elephant ran first after the screeching Kruh—but that fellow was able to evade him by hiding in the dark shadow of some shrubs. The elephant, having lost him, bellowed in despair and made for me—an easily-distinguishable spot, as I was dressed all in white that day. With his gigantic strides, the monster soon caught me up. The ground was sloping, and I was running down hill at a world's record speed in order to make for some high grass in the marsh at the foot of the incline, where I proposed to hide. It was a race for life, not easily forgettable. My blood turned perfectly cold when I felt the hoarse blowing trunk of the brute only a few yards behind me. I expected any moment to be seized and crushed into a jelly. The strength in my legs seemed to have increased a hundredfold in the desperate effort to get away.

Being early in the morning the sun was still low on the horizon. The elephant and the sun were in a line behind me, so that the elephant's shadow was cast in an elongated fashion upon the ground. I was running on that shadow all the time. The shadow was quickly gaining on me. Having reached the depression at the foot of the incline I dashed into the tall grass. My feet stuck in the soft mud. At the speed I was traveling I was precipitated on my face, sinking in the black slush, remaining submerged so long as my breath held out.

No one was more surprised than I when, removing the sticky mud from my mouth and eyes, I cautiously got up and perceived the elephant cantering away up the hill back the way he had come. He had reached to within a couple of yards of where I had fallen, and, having himself sunk in the soft mud, had turned around and struggled away, leaving big holes four or five feet deep in the mud from

where he had drawn his legs back. Elephants were always diffident of swampy places, for they experienced difficulty in getting out again once they began to sink deep.

Having collected men and animals—they had all stampeded in every direction—we went on. Nearly every night we had severe thunderstorms, which usually came from the east. In the forest we found quantities of honey, generally at the summit of hollowed trees. We smoked out the bees by burning grass, knocked down the tree, got the honey, and moved away to a safe distance to eat it. One day I was sitting with a plateful of honey on my knees, my men around me biting at huge chunks from the honeycombs we had just collected. Suddenly a loud, fast-approaching buzzing was heard—a swarm of irate bees invaded our camp, stinging my naked men all over. My followers, hiding their faces in their hands, ran away in all directions—a fatal mistake—each one with a large contingent of bees after him.

My Somali, being a strict Mussulman, who never touched anything fingered by unbelievers, was the only one in camp who had not partaken of the honey. As, however, he was the first to run, the greatest number of attacking bees was down upon him. He was simply riddled with stings, and became delirious with fever at 104°. He and the others were unrecognizable, so badly they had been stung. Curiously enough, I, with the plate of honey upon my knees—having remained absolutely motionless like a statue—did not receive one single sting, although myriads of bees buzzed around in an alarming manner, and dozens promenaded on my face and neck in a tantalizing fashion.

Myriads of mushroom-shaped ant-hills studded the

landscape. Care had to be taken on making camp to raise the loads upon stone supports, for if they rested upon the ground they were destroyed by white ants. In one single night the entire bottom of a strong wooden box would be demolished by that pest of Africa.

One afternoon I saw about one hundred and fifty wild hogs and some forty or fifty large wart hogs, in pairs, with their vicious fangs, feeding peacefully in a verdant meadow. Creeping along, I got to within thirty yards, and, screened by a bush, fired a shot, killing one. The others hearing the report of the rifle pricked up their ears, two big brutes moving towards me in a determined manner. I fired a second shot, when to my amazement the whole lot of them together charged my position. By the time I had reloaded they were only a few yards away. On seeing me, they suddenly stopped in a long row, just like a well-drilled regiment of soldiers. I was not feeling at all easy, as I only had two more cartridges in my pocket. Fortunately, the cries of my anxious men some hundred yards behind attracted their attention. They were seized by panic, and, to my relief, the row of vicious-looking fangs which had been paraded before me gave place to an exhibition of fast vanishing tails.

While traveling through the virgin forest I had a suspicion that we were being watched. I found footprints quite close to my camp one morning, and, following them, discovered several natives with spears hiding behind bushes. Frightened, they told us they were obeying the orders of Sultan Dakako. I got them to bring us to the Sultan's village, inhabited by Kruh and Gabu people. The Sultan was a little boy, while a powerfully built brute, "Mabu," was the regent. There was a commotion when I arrived. They at first mistook me for an Arab

trader, and wished me to sell them rifles. I firmly declined, giving them instead presents of beads, cotton goods, salt, brass wire, etc.

We had to exercise caution while marching in order to evade pits with spikes, where natives imagined they could trap us. Elsewhere we caught natives hiding up trees, waiting for an opportune moment to drop their spears upon us as we passed under. Or else they balanced spears high up directly above the trail. When you passed, a string, upon which you inadvertently collided, caused the spear to drop automatically upon your head.

On May 16th young Sultan Dakako joined me, saying that I had been so kind to him that he would accompany me as far as Djema, a settlement in the French Congo. I continued my journey across country full of antelopes, buffaloes, hippopotami, rhinoceri, and elephants of great size.

On leaving Djema the Kruh and Banda carriers had left me. I was at the mercy of men I could pick up on the trail. We were among the Biri people, short and wild, not unlike the neighboring Niam-Niams (A-Sandeh).

Not until May 19th did I reach the village of Chief Buddia—the largest village I had met between the Egyptian Sudan and the Mbomu River. The sub-chiefs, Gubbera and Tambura, were sent to receive me, Chief Buddia being too ill to come himself. Those receptions were dreary in the extreme and lasted for hours, while gifts of native polenta, soup, stew, vegetables and a paste of squashed ants were being prepared for us.

The population consisted of Golo, Biri, Kare, and Gabu people. The chief belonged to the ruling and superior Zandes tribe, much lighter in color than the others, and resembling somewhat the dark types of Abyssinia. Chief

Buddia gave me endless trouble. He actually kept me a prisoner for three or four days within a *zeriba* guarded by men with guns and spears. He infamously poisoned my animals and frightened away all my fellows, barring faithful Adem. They tried to decoy Adem away in order to kill him, but they did not succeed.

With nearly all my animals dead, no carriers, and any amount of heavy baggage to take along, it was not easy to move. Buddia refused to supply men. A strategem was necessary to get away. I tried to look as happy as possible, and said I was so enchanted with the place and the people that I had decided to remain there all my life. Buddia at once ordered that I must leave the place. I asked for thirty carriers, but Tambura, the drunken subchief, refused them unless I handed over to him practically all I possessed. Poor Adem was next poisoned by those scoundrels with food they had brought as a present. Things came to a crisis. One day Tambura was particularly offensive, and again refused to supply me with men. In order to impress him I forced what he thought was my left eye—really a glass duplicate—out of its socket, held it between my fingers, put it in my pocket, and, taking it out again, replaced it—he believed in dismay—where it belonged. Quite an effective trick.

"Do not make me angry, Tambura. This is only to show you what I can do if I wish."

Tambura, on seeing the eye taken clean out and then put back again, seized with fright, tumbled off a folding-chair on which he had seated himself. His soldiers dashed off in terror.

Next day I had the number of men required. I was glad to leave the *zeriba* of my captivity, where for the last three days my camp-bed was pitched in the middle of a

pool of water a foot deep. I was compelled to lie in bed the entire day, or be with my feet in water, the *zeriba* being entirely flooded owing to the torrential rain during the whole time I was in Buddia's village.

On departing several of my carriers escaped during the journey, throwing away the loads—even a most valuable box with my notebooks and documents. Adem was sent to recover the valuable property. After a search of two days he returned to camp with them. I was having so much trouble with my carriers, whom I naturally paid and fed well, that at last I decided I would stand no more nonsense. I took a long rope and, allowing a proper distance between one man and the next, made a noose large enough for each carrier's neck to be comfortable in, but not large enough for him to get his head out. On the march Adem walked in front, holding one end of the rope, and I walked behind holding the other end. No one escaped again.

Adem was taken seriously ill. I had bad attacks of fever, getting constantly poisoned by the foul miasma and by the excessively hot, damp temperature. My strength had vanished, and marching was painful.

CHAPTER XLII

THE BELGIAN CONGO—THE SHARI RIVER—THE GERMAN CAMEROON

WITH only five animals and the string of carriers led by the neck, I arrived at Zemio, a French military post on the Mbomu River. I was received with open arms by Lieutenant Charlemagne, who, with a non-commissioned officer and six Senegalese soldiers, was in charge of the post.

One night I received a strange message from an Arab, who sneaked into my camp, saying a British colonel was a prisoner in the French post, and wished me to get him away. I sent my Somali to ascertain. The British colonel was a mere Syrian who did not speak one single word of English, a smuggler of firearms and cartridges, who had been caught selling a Lee-Metford to the Sultan of Djema. I refused to have anything to do with that man, sending word that he alone must take the consequences of his evil-doings.

I had no particular love for those smugglers. Some time previously one of them had been nearly the cause of disaster the day I was chased by an elephant (see chapter xli). At a camp Adem had unearthed a quantity of .303 cartridges, which had been buried there. He stupidly mixed them with my good cartridges. When it came to firing them the result is already known to my readers.

Zemio was perhaps the most central point of Africa, being almost equidistant from the Cape of Good Hope,

from Cape Verde, from the Mediterranean, and the Red Sea.

My official call on the Sultan of Zemio, one of the great Sultans of Central Africa, was agreeable enough. The Mbomu River formed the boundary between the Congo Free State and the French Protectorate of the High Ubanghi. Although most of the territory belonging to the Sultan of Zemio was on the French side, the Sultan maintained his residence in the Congo Free State. I crossed the stream and went to visit the Sultan, Ik Piri Tikima, in his *zeriba*. A Zandes by birth, he was unmistakably the most gentlemanly and most intelligent of the three great Sultans of Central Africa—the Sultans of Zemio, Rafai, and Bongassu. He bore a remarkable resemblance to Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia. His palace was enclosed in a massive stockade well guarded by armed followers.

The Sultan informed me that his spies had been watching me unseen, and had carefully reported to him all my movements since I had entered his country. I had a long and pleasant talk with the Sultan, who entertained me to native wine and lemon-squash.

On June 1st, thanks to the kindness of the Director of the Ubanghi Society and to Messieurs Brachièl and De Villehume, I was able to proceed with my baggage down stream in canoes placed at my disposal by the French Society. The Yacoma oarsmen were experts at negotiating rapids, and we sped along gaily—innumerable hippopotami snorting on the surface of the water, while crocodiles uncountable lined the banks. The Yacoma crew was composed of a happy-go-lucky lot, always singing and laughing, notwithstanding the long day's work they endured. Our nightly camps were damp and uncomfortable

in the high grass of the river bank. The heat was stifling, the insects innumerable.

There were hundreds of elephants in the Belgian Congo. I was able to bring home some magnificent tusks. There was nothing like traveling for changing one's ideas about everything. I had already experienced how fast an elephant—not to speak of myself—could run. I subsequently was astounded to notice with what ease an elephant when chased could climb up the steepest gradients over slippery clay soil, where any other quadruped or human being could not climb at all. I found large grottoes excavated entirely by elephants in the hillside, in order to protect their young and to keep cool during the hot hours of the day.

Our next excitement was when my canoe was chased by a young hippopotamus, snorting angrily as he approached us. Those young animals found it great fun to get under your canoe and turn it over. We got on as much speed as we could, but as he was gaining rapidly on us I put a bullet through his head. Farther down we came upon another herd of elephants.

Below Kango the river was 300 yards broad, with troublesome rapids. At Kombu I left the river in order to travel overland to the Sultan of Rafai's place. The French had a post in charge of the military Dr. Fulconis. When I approached in my straw hat and best London blue serge suit the doctor had a shock, particularly as my face was much sunburnt. He, too, mistook me for an Arab smuggler or slave merchant, and spoke to me roughly, asking bluntly where I came from, who I was, and what I wanted. The evil-disposed, austere expression on his frowning brow, as he snatched out of my hands the credentials I proffered him, soon changed into loud laughter

when he discovered his mistake. His affable hospitality from that moment had no bounds.

I always made it a point to stay as little as possible in those military posts, as the lonely officers, who for months and years at a time never saw a white man, possessed little —especially in the way of provisions. Their goodness of heart always impelled them to give a guest whatever they possessed, often using in one meal the provisions which should last them several weeks.

I called on the Sultan—a boisterous fellow who had picked up a few words of French. He possessed an inflated opinion of himself, and was vainglorious and magniloquent, with a superlative capacity for drink. He was taken aback when I would not join him in drinking a tumblerful of absinthe neat.

"I thought you were English," he remarked, "and that all Englishmen drank."

I had to confess that they did, and that I was the exception to prove the rule.

In my journey across the African Continent I became more and more convinced that sunshine, no matter how powerful, meant life and health. The sun was a wonderful disinfectant. I certainly owed my exuberant vitality and the extraordinary powers of recuperation from illness, where other white people died by the score, to the fact that when possible in tropical malarial countries I spent most of my time in the sun. I seldom got up in the morning before the sun, and I marched in the sun, even during the hottest days. I camped in the sun, generally without pitching a tent, and, far from protecting any part of my body from its rays, I absolutely got sun-roasted. I looked upon the sun as my best friend, and I never regretted it.

On the banks of the Chinko, a tributary of the Mbomu, I met Charles Pierre, the Director of the Societé des Sultanats. Thanks to his civility I was able to continue my journey in one of the company's canoes, first down the Chinko, then down the Mbomu River, my canoe being filled with gifts of food from my generous host.

After entering the Mbomu, a river of indescribable beauty, we went down the rapids of Goui, Bedoua, and Bikoua, quite exciting work. Farther down the rapids of Ganapia were impassable, and one had to travel overland.

By June 16th we were gradually getting out of the "ivory region" and were entering the "rubber zone." More rapids were negotiated, with no mishaps. I arrived at the Sultanate of Bongassu.

I called on the Sultan, an old cannibal with an extremely sly countenance—one of the most vulgar, ill-bred savages I met in Central Africa. All sorts of digusting noises came from his mouth, and owing to bad digestion he yawned and yawned every few seconds.

The Sultan possessed an imposing harem. He paid me a compliment by sending me his two favorite daughters as a present, also a lamb and four chickens. As I was not on marriage bent, I kept the chickens and the lamb, and returned the wives—unmarried, with most grateful thanks. To see them was quite enough for me. The old cannibal himself, in the way of wives, evidently went in more for quantity than quality. He had women of all ages, all sizes, all shapes and colors. His favorite lady was a plump creature, who had smeared herself all over with terra-cotta paint. The Sultan and she inquired whether I had not mistaken her for a woman of my own country.

There was nothing impressive about the great chief or his *zeriba*. More picturesque were his warriors with their

shields and two and three-bladed throwing knives, used on the boomerang principle.

I sat next to the drunken Sultan at a dinner given in my honor by Mr. Raulic. It was a dangerous experience, as the Sultan, excited in conversation, brandished his fork in such a reckless manner that once or twice he nearly stuck it into my eye. He twirled plates around his tongue in order to lick up the sauce which he could not pick up with the spoon, and then passed the plate to his grandson, who sat under the table, and who repeated the performance.

We were then among the N'Sakkara tribesmen—well-known cannibals. The Sultan was a Banja by birth. The Sultan boasted to me of having frequently eaten meals of human flesh.

I left Bongassu, my canoe filled with presents of chickens, pineapples, bread, vegetables, etc., and bags of gunpowder and salt for bartering with the natives. A few exciting rapids, such as the Irkassa, Mayonzo and Wanza, were successfully gone over. The Yacoma boatmen—fifteen of them and a drummer, you could not get the men to go without a drummer beating the tom-tom—were marvelous.

On June 22nd I arrived at the junction of the Mbomu with the Welle River, forming from that spot the Ubanghi River, 2,100 yards wide. I halted at Yacoma in the Congo Free State, where Commandant Van Luppen showed me his splendidly drilled native soldiers and a capital model farm. The Dendi cannibals inhabited that region—a low type of humanity—and Tongu, also cannibals, who danced gracefully.

On leaving Yacoma there was an endless succession of villages on the Belgian side of the stream.

The Banda Tombagu people, who lived on the Koto

River—a tributary of the Ubanghi—practised polyandry. When a man started on a rubber-collecting expedition, he allowed—for a consideration—a friend to cohabit with his wife for an entire moon, and use his hut as if it were his own.

On descending the troublesome Setema Rapids we were nearly wrecked. We arrived at Mobay, the most important French military post on the Ubanghi, and a most unhealthy place. Captain Mahieu, in charge, was in a dying condition. In fact, the few Frenchmen I had found at the various posts were all in a dreadful condition from malarial fever, and, above all, from the effects of the excessive quantities of preventive quinine they took.

I crossed over to Banzyville on the Belgian side, a military post in charge of Captain Ugo Bibolini, an Italian in the employ of the Congo Free State, who commanded a respect that many European potentates would envy. I spent ten days in the territory of Banzyville, populated with Buwaka, Banza and Gombi cannibals—a bad lot at best.

The natives of the Belgian Congo were on the whole well-treated. It was sufficient to see how flourishing all the villages were, and how numerous was the population on the Belgian side of the stream as compared with that on the French side. As a colony the Congo Free State was kept in excellent order—the land was improved by extensive plantations of rubber, rice, millet, maize and cotton, and by the establishment of first-rate cattle farms. The natives, so far as I could see, were happy and well cared for.

I saw at Banzyville some wonderful dances of Sango cannibals, and a magnificent parade of Sango, Daoré and N'Sakkara warriors in their picturesque attire.

I left Banzyville and subsequently Mobay on July 3rd, easily negotiating the rapids and traveling at a good pace down stream, there 4,500 feet wide. On July 6th I reached the troublesome Sanga Rapids, where I stuck on a rock and the canoe nearly turned over. When I tried to land I met with a hostile demonstration from the excited natives, who, spears in hand, absolutely refused to let me come on shore. Stones were thrown at me. Rifle and courbash in hand I landed and opened my way among them, followed by Adem with his rifle. A couple of spears flung with great force just grazed my head. Things looked serious. Adem who had frequently been scolded for never having my camera ready on occasions of this kind, was quite up to the mark that day. When the crowd of angry natives made a rush on us he handed me the camera. I took a fair snapshot of the attacking crowd, which was afterwards reproduced in *Across Widest Africa,* vol. ii, page 154.

The temptation to next fire a real shot into them was great. The rascals were trying to surround us, which I naturally prevented. I warned them that if they did not clear away at once I would fire. Most were off, but many ran backwards and forwards, brandishing their spears in an excited manner. I captured their chief and held him as a hostage. Adem was set on guard with his rifle leveled at the chief's head. If another spear were flung into my camp the chief would pay with his life.

Except on the river side we were the whole night surrounded by several thousand of those cannibals, hidden in fields of high maize. Several times I had to request the chief to ask them to retire if he wished to live until the morning. Those particular Sanga were a piratical tribe, most troublesome. Only a short time before they

had robbed a convoy of goods going up river. They had got out of hand, and the French could not control them.

I reached Fort Possel at the junction of the Kemo with the Ubanghi. From that point I left the Ubanghi in order to march in a north-westerly direction towards the German Cameroon and Lake Tchad.

I started on foot with seventeen porters and one native soldier towards Krebadje, Fort Sibut, during the height of the rainy season, when we experienced daily storms and downpours which made traveling unpleasant. We were then in the region of the Mbru. The women had adopted the hideous fashion of elongating the upper lip. A wooden, bone, or ivory disc was inserted in a cut in the upper lip in order to extend it. The farther north I went the larger were the discs fashionable among local ladies. It was wonderful what mad things women—even of Central Africa—could do to render themselves attractive.

I arrived at Fort Sibut on the eve of July 14th, and left again on July 16th. After N'gola I came to a hilly region in the Mandja country. The water of the wells was as white as milk from the saturation of calcium.

At the Nana River, heavily swollen by the torrential rains, we were faced with an awkward problem. The suspension bridge of twisted vines and creepers gave way under the weight of my men, and, after various attempts at restoring it, was carried away entirely. The current was swift, the river in flood much too deep to ford or to swim across, more particularly as the stream was encased between high vertical banks. Eventually we threw a rope across and by means of a large ring were able to sling and slide to the other side all the loads and eventually the men. Many were the hairbreadth escapes. After

seven steady hours of thrilling excitement we all got to the opposite bank, wet through, but safe. We reached Fort Crampel on the Gribanghi River.

I left Fort Crampel on July 23rd, navigating the Gribanghi, twenty to thirty yards wide there, with its luxuriant vegetation on either side. We rowed daily an average of twelve hours, and made swift progress aided by the strong current. At the spot where the Gribanghi met the Baminghi the joint rivers took the name of Shari —there 100 yards wide and flowing roughly north-east.

Near Fort Archambault were interesting villages of Sara and Nielim people. There the custom of elongating the lips was even more exaggerated than in any other part of Africa, the women inserting wooden saucers several inches in diameter in the upper and lower lips. When the local ladies spoke the lip-discs clapped like castanets —producing a weird effect. Barring that repulsive fashion, the women, who went about absolutely naked, were well formed anatomically—even statuesque when young.

From Archambault I traveled down stream in a steel boat, accompanied by the French Lieutenant Causeret, who was convoying 150,000 silver thalers and some forty cases of silver. The boat was so heavily laden that only an inch of its sides was above water. I visited the famous battlefield of Kouno, where Rabah the Terrible had been defeated by the French. Human bones were scattered in the millet fields all round.

Beyond Dumrao was French territory on one bank of the river, the German Cameroon on the opposite side. The German military post of Milton—beautifully kept —stood on a cliff 30 to 40 feet high. We amused ourselves killing hippopotami, which, when young, made

delicious eating—superior to the best beef. We also killed any number of antelopes and wild hogs, so that we had plenty of fresh meat every day—a great relief after eight months of tinned provisions. We were among Baguirmi tribesmen, strongly under Mussulman influence.

On August 9th we were caught up by the small steam-launch *Jacques d'Uzès,* which was conveying Colonel Largeau, one of the famous officers of Marchand's Fashoda Expedition, sent to command Fort Lamy in the Lake Tchad region. Colonel Largeau took me on board. I reached Fort Lamy late that afternoon. Thousands upon thousands of crocodiles were to be seen on the river banks, there about a mile wide.

Fort Lamy was the headquarters of the military for the entire French Sudan and the Congo, as well as the three Sultanates on the Mbomu. It was the capital of the French Tchad territory.

Colonel Gouraud, who has since became a very famous man, was in command of the place. That great warrior was intensely amused at seeing me arrive dressed up in a blue serge suit and a straw hat.

"Mais d'où venez vous, monsieur?" he inquired in astonishment, as he looked me all over. *"Pas de casque sur votre tête? On dirait que vous venez directement des grands boulevards de Paris!"* ("Where are you coming from, sir? No helmet on your head? You seem to be just from the Paris boulevards!")

From Fort Lamy I went into the German Cameroon by the Logone River, as far as Fort Kussuri. On the main entrance of a castellated wall, a tin plate with the German spread eagle informed me that it was a German fortress. Under it was a letter-box, with an inscription explaining that the mail came and went regularly. What

was more, that was an absolute fact—quite remarkable when you reflected that you were in the very heart of wildest Africa. Although the Germans possessed only a small portion of the coastline of Lake Tchad, they were conveniently situated for reaching the lake quickly by water from the sea. The Benoue-Logone route was by far the most convenient route for reaching the lake.

Lieutenant Schipper, the officer in charge, took me all over the fort, splendidly kept.

During my stay in the Cameroon I met several of the local sultans, principal of whom was Sultan Mussa of Kussuri. The Germans were not agriculturists, but they were good traders. Perhaps in a way they were wise, as more immediate profits were to be got out of that country through commerce than by endeavoring to develop the meager agricultural resources.

In torrential rain I continued my journey towards Lake Tchad in the steamboat *Jacques d'Uzès,* kindly placed at my disposal by the French authorities. On the left bank of the Shari dwelt the Kotoko, on the right the Dagana and Kotoko tribes. I visited the large walled town of Gulfei in the German Cameroon. To prevent Franco-German complications I had to leave the *Uzès,* get a canoe over from the German side and go back and forth in her. No social intercourse whatever took place between French and the Germans, who refrained from ever landing on each other's territory.

Gulfei had a wall 20 feet high extending for over 1,000 yards along the river front. Upon landing I was conveyed before the Sultan, followed across the market square by hundreds of excited natives. Sultan Jaggara came forward with his extended hands to receive me. An armed rabble protected him. A number of prisoners lay

chained on the ground. By a maize of winding, narrow passages at sharp angles I reached his private room—a regular armory. The Sultan was puzzled when I told him I was British. He seemed disappointed when I began explaining that I had no secrets to communicate, no intrigues of any kind—that I considered his religion just as good as mine, and that when men were good it little mattered what their religion was. I had only come to visit him and his town for my own gratification—that was all.

Sultan Jaggara, keeping on the safe side, spoke highly of the civilizing influence of Germans, British and French alike. He explained that the narrow passages we had come through in his palace had been built so as to render impossible the handling of swords in an attack. He detained me some time in order to fill my canoe with presents of chickens, eggs, and pots of honey for my journey.

CHAPTER XLIII

LAKE TCHAD—THE KANEM—THE MIAISSA—ACROSS THE SAHARA DESERT

ON August 17th, once more in the dispatch boat, I left the Arab village of Jimtiloh, and by one of the arms of the delta entered Lake Tchad. Thousands of ducks, cranes, hippopotami, and crocodiles swarmed on the banks in the water. From a pictorial point of view Lake Tchad was disappointing. It had low banks and islands, flat desert country all around, and dirty water.

The lake was so large that one had the impression of entering the sea, but its depth seldom was more than one fathom. We steamed northwards and entered the extensive archipelago of islands with a thick growth of *ambatch*—a wood so light that the natives constructed themselves "water-horses" with it. They rode astride a trunk of *ambatch* and paddled themselves with their hands, or else used a punting pole. Dozens of Buduma could be seen proceeding from one island to another in that fashion.

Great excitement prevailed when I arrived at Momo.[1] The population of the islands and coast of Tchad was composed of Buduma, subdivided into many tribes, who all spoke the Kuri language, and a second race—the Kura. At the mouth of the Shari were the Kalia and Kelea. Somewhat different to these were the Kanembu, sub-

[1] See *Across Widest Africa* (pub., Hurst & Blackett).

divided into various large groups. In the northern part of Lake Tchad I found the Toumaghin and the Nguigmi. Besides the Buduma, I found in the Kanem the Tubu and Bornu and the pariah Duggu. The Kanembu and the Kamba were great traders in sodium carbonate, found in thick layers in their country.

My instruments registered the elevation of Lake Tchad at 956 feet above sea-level. I landed on many of the most important islands. On August 18th I arrived at Bol. I started overland from that point in order to study the peculiar geological formation of the Kanem and also its interesting tribes. Far from finding the water of Lake Tchad heavily salted, as believed by home geographers, I found it extremely sweet. The quantity of reeds and vegetation gave the water quite a sugary taste. Perhaps near the deposits of sodium carbonate, in the northern part, it may be slightly brackish.

I was interested in Lake Tchad, for it was perhaps one of the world's great lakes—with a surface of 20,000 square kilometers. It was said that the lake was drying up fast and would disappear altogether. In fact, for some years the level of the lake had become lower. Tchad depended for its supply of water principally from the Shari and the Komadagu Rivers. In seasons when the rains were not abundant and the rivers brought comparatively little water the level of the lake necessarily did not rise much. Owing to the peculiar conditions of the surrounding country the evaporation was excessive. There were on the lake curious fluctuations—by some, wrongly described as tides similar to those of the sea—in reality merely caused by the *harnattan* (north-east wind). In 1906, after an abnormally abundant rainy season in the Shari basin, the lake filled up again. There

was, however, no doubt that, in days long gone by the lake must have been of much greater size. When I visited it the maximum breadth of Lake Tchad was 170 kilometers, its length south to north, 180 kilometers.

I left Bol on August 19th, traveling in the Tubu and Kanembu country (Kanem). Innumerable sand dunes were encountered, with many *cuvettes* or extensive hollows in the desert, at the bottom of which pools of water were generally to be found. After four days' steady going I reached Mao, an outpost of the belt of forts built by the French along the Wadaian frontier, and extending from Fort Archambault to Mana Kori, as a protection against the treacherous neighboring Wadaians.

A raid from the Wadaian side seemed imminent when I was at Mao. Captain Bordeaux, who was in charge, detained me several days in the fort, as the danger was considered great. I intended visiting some tribes of white Arabs, said to be extremely bad. As all the Arabs with their camels had fled from Mao, I decided to go north into the Uled Suliman country. From there I wanted to cross the Tuareg country as far as the Niger.

I left Mao with a big caravan of oxen, traveling in a north-north-west direction. After months of dense stifling forest it was a great relief to be traveling in the desert. I had got terribly tired of plants and trees and green foliage. The following night I was able to catch up with the "Mayuf," or white Arabs, who possessed thousands of camels, oxen and goats. Their march was in the nature of a stampede in fear of the forthcoming Wadaian raid. It was only after much trouble that I entered into an arrangement with Chief Mayuf, of the nomad Miaissa tribe, to convoy me with his camels half-way across the Sahara as far as Zinder.

AUTHOR'S CARAVAN ACROSS THE SAHARA DESERT. (IN THE KANEM COUNTRY.)

Those Miaissa and the Uled Suliman professed to have formerly lived in Egypt and had migrated to that part of the desert only a century before.

During the night a terrific storm broke out. Lightning struck Mayuf's camp two or three times.

While with the Miaissa I learned much of the two powerful confraternities of Marabu, the Tedjajina, based on the True Light of Islam, and the Sinoussi, organized in order to unite all the people of the Sahara and to preserve them from the fast-extending European contamination. Fanaticism of the most exalted character was preached in the Borku, Ennedi, and Tibesti countries.

On leaving Chief Mayuf I went west, crossing first the Chitati, then the Kubari country, an endless desert of dunes and *cuvettes*. On September 2nd I was at Kulua, which stood once on the edge of Lake Tchad, but was, when I arrived, several kilometers from the water. There were immense sodium carbonate deposits near Kamba, forty-five kilometers from Kulua, and as far as Wanda. The Wanda people carried on a brisk trade with neighboring tribes.

My men had suffered greatly from the intense heat in the desert, particularly my faithful Somali, who gave signs of insanity. He wanted me to kill him so that he could proceed straight to heaven, for which place he felt quite ready. But I was not on killing bent, and tried to persuade him to live, as I could not spare so good a servant.

I left Kulua with my Miaissa attendants and a caravan of handsome camels. Anxiety was felt by the French officers regarding my safety, as I traveled with a comparatively small caravan, and always went about carrying no weapons of any kind upon my person. The country was far from safe—so much so that Colonel Moll, a French

officer, and also the English explorer, Captain Boyd Alexander, were murdered in that region some months after my passage. In dangerous countries I always followed a plan, to which I believe I owed my safety, of traveling at a great speed, hardly ever halting for long anywhere, ever keeping my prospective movements absolutely secret.

From Nguigmi, the most north-westerly part of Lake Tchad, I crossed the countries of the warlike Tuareg, of the Bornu, the Manga, and the Haussa. I had to make long marches—one of 105 kilometers—before I could find water. My Somali and one of my Miaissa, affected by the sun and thirst, became raving mad and gave indescribable trouble.

We had constantly before us a flat horizon line like a huge sea of sand.

In order to travel speedily I had taken more animals than I required for my loads, so that several animals were always fairly fresh.

By September 10th we were in a region of great dunes like immense waves of sand.

I reached Gouri (Latitude 14° N.) close to the British Nigerian frontier (Latitude 13°-20° N.), a region inhabited by the Mangawa, a docile, timid race.

Nights in the desert had a peculiar fascination with the innumerable stars visible in the limpid air, and the indescribable brilliancy of planets. Shooting stars leaving fiery streaks across the heavenly vault could be seen in hundreds on some nights. Lunar haloes and rings were frequent and gorgeously beautiful. Remarkable were the effects of moonlight upon human beings, moonstroke being just as bad as sunstroke. Although, personally, I was not

in the slightest degree inconvenienced by the warmest rays of the sun, I on several occasions experienced in the desert the evil effects of lunar rays, especially during full moon. Extraordinary was the electricity with which the desert seemed highly charged.

One night the Miaissa mad camel-man, while prowling about invoking Allah, dropped unexpectedly into a well 20 feet deep. As he was in the habit of yelling all the time I paid little attention to his screams of distress from the bottom of the well. After some hours, having discovered what had happened, we got ropes and fished him out.

I arrived at the post of Zinder, where I was among the blue-eyed, nomad Tuaregs, or "Abandoned by God," or "God-forsaken people," all names acquired because they had refused to adopt the Mahomedan religion. The men kept the lower part of the face covered by a thick black veil.

Woman occupied among them a high social position. She was considered superior to man, and had become powerful enough to impose monogamy on her once polygamous tribesmen. In some of the Tuareg tribes the children took the social standing of the mother and not of the father. The Tuareg was a nobleman brigand. If you were his enemy, beware! But once his friend you could trust him with all you possessed, and he would never betray you.

In his turn the Tuareg trusted his friends implicitly. I studied those people rather carefully, and wrote considerably on them in my work *Across Widest Africa*. There were "white-veiled" and "black-veiled" Tuaregs. The white-faced Tuaregs, especially the noble classes, had adopted the black veil; the lower and blacker people the

white veil. The *telak,* a typical long flat dagger, fixed to a large wristlet, was carried fastened to the under part of the left arm.

Thanks to Captain Lefebvre and the four officers who were at Zinder, and the Tuareg chief Moensou Mahamma, I was able in three days to make up a fresh caravan in charge of Tuaregs and take my departure westward. The Haussa tribes, once so turbulent, seemed fairly quiet and polite when I required anything of them.

On October 6th, having passed a cairn indicating the Franco-British boundary, I entered what was called "the circle of Sokoto"—an imaginary circle with a radius of 100 miles, with Sokoto City as center.

Near the village of Gongufema an amusing incident took place. A herd of about one hundred half-wild oxen charged my camels and kept galloping round, encircling us completely, now charging on one side, then on the other. While my Abyssinian mules, as the reader may remember, had behaved most pluckily on a similar occasion, my camels, on the contrary, looked perplexed at first, quivered all over with fright, squatted themselves down, finally collapsing in a most pusillanimous manner.

After leaving Matamkari, a post standing exactly on the former Anglo-French boundary, we were gradually leaving behind the Haussa people and coming in contact with the Djenna. On October 16th I reached the post of Niamey on the Niger, having gone 1,415 kilometers across the desert from Lake Tchad in 25½ days' actual marching, forty days including halts—covering thus an average of fifty-six kilometers daily.

French officers sent out to their posts in the desert generally occupied fifty-eight days' actual marching to reach

the half-way post of Zinder. Officers were allowed four months to reach Lake Tchad. Mine was considered by the French a record march.

At Niamey I made arrangements with the French Commandant to supply me with a steel canoe to take me up the Niger. After resting five days owing to a camel accident, which had injured my spine, on October 21st I resumed my journey, that time by river.

I had an excellent crew. The current was strong against us, and we had to punt all the time. With the temperature of the sun 120° Fahrenheit, the glare from the water, and the high aquatic vegetation through which we were traveling, the heat was stifling. We usually started at two o'clock in the morning, traveling until sunset, proceeding mostly through thick vegetation in the inundated country in order to cut across curves and thus shorten the journey. Myriads of mosquitoes rendered life unbearable, while crickets, a nocturnal cicada, and innumerable frogs, large and small, gave us a nightly concert which made sleep impossible.

At Dirawami my men towed the canoe over the rapids. I remained alone in the canoe to steer. We had got to a high step, over which there was a violent rush of water. My men pulled with vigor, when the canoe swung violently and was caught sideways in the chute of water. She was washed away, floating recklessly down and dragging into the stream my men who narrowly escaped drowning. As the steel canoe, full of water, was about to sink, we just managed to pull her on shore and save her and the baggage.

Farther up stream at Mallighikoira we went over strong and troublesome rapids, and subsequently negotiated a

series of bad rapids, including the famous Tentaji Rapids. There, too, the canoe was washed away by the powerful current. In another rapid I came within an ace of losing my life.

Then came the Latesango Rapids, the worst of all, with a huge chute of water. More rapids were gone over at Fafa.

At Gao I entered the Tuareg country proper, which extended from that point northwards. Near Burem were also to be found notable Arab tribes called the Kuntah, Soñgoy, the Arma people, and the Fulbeh, the latter the fellahtas, of Egyptian origin.

After thirty days' canoe traveling I arrived at Kabara, the port for Timbuctu, and proceeded at once to Timbuctu the mysterious, only seven kilometers distant. When only half a mile away, at sunset I got the first glimpse of the holy city. Timbuctu, the sacred city, with its mass of low mud buildings, stretched upon the horizon line. Fort Bonnier, built by the French, a minaret, and the arcades of the hospital were the only buildings which stood out prominently. There was no wall round the city, and no mystery whatever about the place. From an artistic point of view there was not a building in Timbuctu worth a second look—even the three mosques, which were, however, interesting enough from the historian's point of view (see *Across Widest Africa*). Taking things as leisurely as possible, I should say that three hours would provide ample time to see everything in Timbuctu.

As I wished to study the customs of the natives, I remained ten or twelve days, the guest of Commandant Mezillier. Timbuctu was for me the end of the difficult part of my trans-African journey. From there I might

CANNIBAL CREW OF THE AUTHOR'S CANOE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

use "civilized methods"—often more uncomfortable than primitive ways of locomotion.

Timbuctu was merely a city of transit and exchange—chiefly salt from the Taodeni mines—with a fixed population of 5,000 souls and a floating population of some 4,000 people—Arabs, Moors, and Tripolitan merchants. In the way of language, Timbuctu could give points to the Tower of Babel. The two principal elements in the fixed population were the Soñgoy, the most ancient race, and the Arma, their conquerors from Morocco. In the region around Timbuctu were many nomad tribes of Tuaregs and Arabs. From an intellectual point of view Timbuctu was the most important center of Mussulman knowledge in the West African French possessions.

The Imam of Timbuctu and other high ecclesiastical gentlemen frequently amused me when I shook hands with them. Horror was depicted on their faces, and no sooner had I released them from my grasp than they rubbed their hands upon their clothes in order to remove the contamination the difference in our religion might have left upon their unwashed skins. After the first two or three meetings, whenever those holy gentlemen perceived me in the distance they instantly vanished inside a doorway, or round a corner. By order of the French Commandant they one day had to show me the interior of the Djinjuiber—the principal mosque. They took revenge on that occasion by asking one of their number, a leper, with his crippled, sore fingers, to shake hands with me every few minutes—fully knowing how terrified Europeans were of the horrible complaint. I did not share the general belief that leprosy was contagious under certain conditions. Their astonishment was great when, instead of with horror,

I shook hands warmly with the leper, so warmly as to hurt his crippled fingers to such an extent that it soon put a stop to his jocular friendliness.

I was full of admiration for the work done by the French in their Central African colonies. They held those immense colonies with an incredibly small number of officers and men. They had made the Senegalese soldier the finest soldier of tropical and semi-tropical Africa. In the great World War those black troops proved themselves to be magnificent under most trying circumstances.

I left Timbuctu on November 29th. Going up the Niger we crossed Lake Debo.

From Quakuru I visited the town of Djenne, the sister city of Timbuctu, a city possessing marked Egyptian characteristics in its architecture. The place was extremely picturesque—infinitely more so than Timbuctu. Its population consisted of Soñgoy, Fulbeh, Bambara, and Bozo people.

Having returned to Quakuru I proceeded up the Niger to Diafarabé, Sansanding, Segu.

At Kulikoro ended my navigation of the Niger. Owing to yellow fever raging in that region, there seemed to be great uncertainty as to trains running on the French railway connecting Kulikoro to Kayes, a distance of 553 kilometers. On December 11th a quarantine train was dispatched with dozens of people crammed into each carriage. The windows were screened with heavy gauze in order to prevent passengers being stung by infectious mosquitoes. The train ran in the daytime, and halted for the night.

In my first-class compartment, constructed to carry six, fourteen passengers had been packed. A French officer

was taken ill, his face turning a ghastly greenish-yellow. He had livid eyes and lips, and ejected fetid black matter from the mouth. We all knew what it meant: a bad case of yellow fever. The heat in the carriage was stifling; the odor from the sick man unbearable. We traveled eight hours longer in so pleasant a company, when at last we arrived at Kayes, the capital of the Upper Senegal. The yellow fever patient was conveyed in a dying condition to hospital, and we who had been with him in the carriage were condemned to thirteen days' quarantine. In my case the quarantine consisted in going to show my tongue and have my pulse felt by the doctor twice a day.

My quarantine days were made quite delightful by the hospitality of the famous Dr. Gouzien, the discoverer of a cure for blackwater fever by subcutaneous injections of salt. While at Kayes I went to visit the beautiful Felu Falls, 800 feet wide, and 45 to 50 feet high, over a slanting plane of giant rocks forming part of an extensive volcanic plateau.

The Senegal River was getting lower and lower every day. Even small steam launches were unable to reach Kayes. When the sanitary authorities allowed me, I left Kayes by barge with a convoy of French officers and three missionaries. At a place called Bakel we found a steam launch waiting for us with accommodation for six passengers—only one cabin, and no sanitary arrangements of any kind. She carried on that occasion eighty passengers, with mountains of baggage, several hundred sacks of grain, and many tons of rubber. Two Sisters of Mercy traveled on the boat. One of them was seized with yellow fever.

The climate was hot and damp, the days gloomy and heavy. It was tragic to watch the poor Sister of Mercy—a

little lady not more than 22 or 23 years of age—suffering courageously while the military doctor and I made injections of salt water under her skin with a primitive syringe we had improvised—a process which must have caused her infinite pain. Never a word of complaint came from her lips. She stood pain unflinchingly, while her nun companion, kneeling by her side, prayed fervently in order to prepare her for the other world.

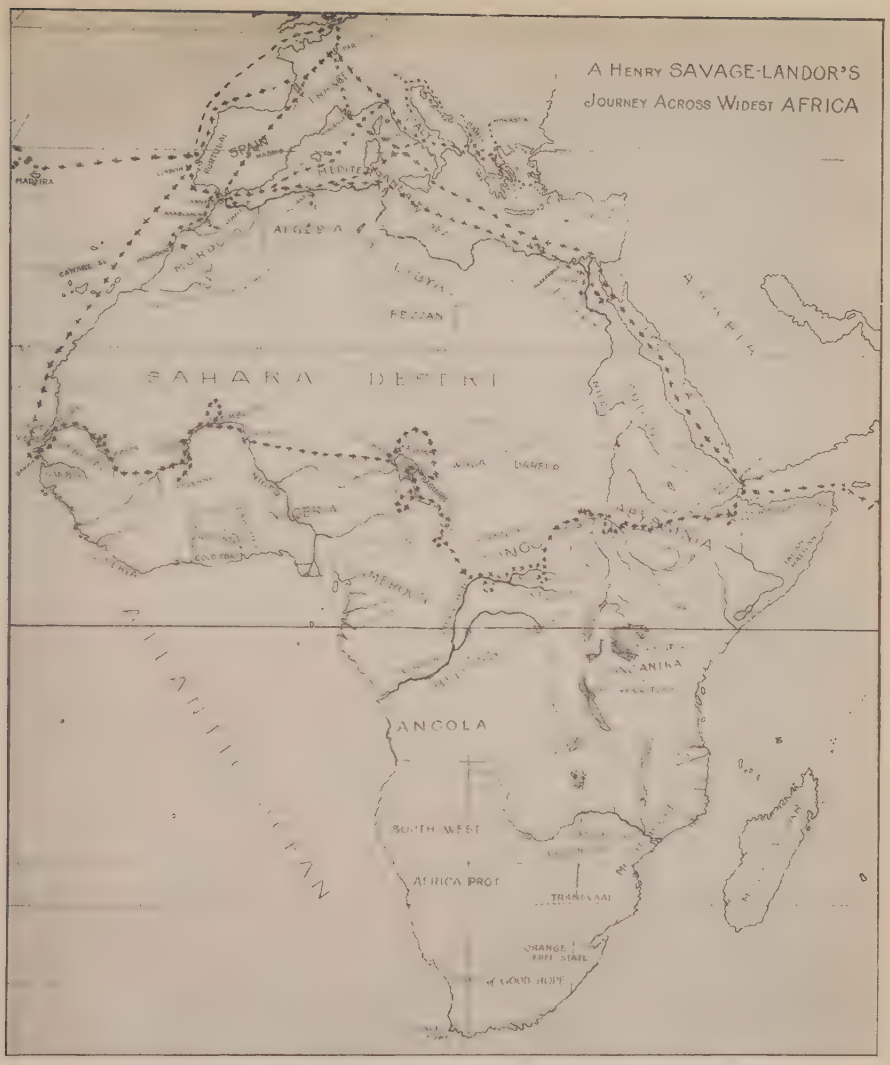
At Podor, on December 22nd, I transshipped to a larger vessel, the *Borgnis Desordès*, in which two days later I reached St. Louis and the mouth of the Senegal River.

St. Louis had a strong Spanish look about it, with neat streets and houses with verandas in the Spanish colonial style.

Both Governor Guy, of the Senegal, and Mr. Ponty, Governor of the High Senegal and Niger, showed me courteous civility. By the coast railway I continued my journey to Dakar, the capital of the French Sudan. The place was like a gigantic workship, the harbor works, the artificial piers, the docks, the magnificent Governor's palace, all being built simultaneously.

As this was not actually the most western point of Africa —my objective—I still traveled over the few kilometers which separated Dakar from Cape Verde.

On the very last rock of that well-known cape—and beyond, as I stepped with one foot into the ocean—I ended, on January 5, 1907, the longest trans-African journey which has ever been taken by white man from east to west. Two solitary bottles of champagne I had carried the entire way across widest Africa were opened on that occasion and I drank some of it in the company of two French gentlemen present.



AUTHOR'S JOURNEY OF 8,500 MILES ACROSS WIDEST AND WILDEST AFRICA.

The entire journey from Djibuti had occupied 304 days, the distance covered in immense zigzags being not less than 8,500 miles.

I left Africa in flourishing health and spirits, sorry that the journey had come to an end.

CHAPTER XLIV

SOME WONDERFUL FLYING MEN—AND OTHERS

FROM the Senegal, taking faithful Adem with me, I returned to Europe *via* Lisbon. We landed at Bordeaux on a bitterly cold winter day, I in my tropical clothing and a straw hat, Adem in his exploring khaki attire. Adem was in haste conveyed to the nearest large store, where a smart, blue uniform was purchased and a new tarbouche. I was content with merely discarding the straw headgear and the acquisition of a terrible-looking flat-brimmed "bowler" hat, which the shopman declared made me look exactly like a gentleman. He was a physiognomist, he said. He knew the moment I came in that I was a ship's cook.

Adem in Paris—he had never been out of Africa—was interesting to watch. Nothing surprised him, the big buildings, the churches, the great bridges. "White men have good heads," was his invariable reply. It was only when we had to cross a boulevard that the Somali was not seen at his best. He dashed across, running as hard as he could go, and did not stop until he had gone bang into the opposite wall. Like high-caste Chanden Sing, Adem, who was a fervent Mussulman, was rather trying when staying in hotels, as his religion taught him that he must behead with his own knife the fowls or lambs he was to cook for his meals.

We went on to London, where I took a large flat at Whitehall Court, as I intended writing at once the record

of my trans-African journey. I delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution, and a number of other lectures in London and the provinces.

Adem did not know a word of English, and was quite helpless in London. The traffic perplexed him, but only two things in the great Metropolis really astonished him. One was the underground railway, which he at first believed to form part of a sub-city inhabited by a race of people at war with the people on the surface. The other, and which astonished him much more than the underground railway, was a young lady in the circus who jumped from the ground on to the bare back of a galloping horse.

"English women are wonderful," he exclaimed in intense reverence. "Our Somali women could never do that!"

He had, of course, an idea that all English women could do the same.

After a holiday of a couple of months I took him personally to Marseilles, where I paid him off, gave him a handsome present as he had been a splendid servant, and got him a comfortable passage on a Messageris boat back to Djibuti. Then I went for a short rest to my parents' home in Florence. During my absence of over a year letters had accumulated for me in London to the extent of filling two good-sized trunks. Those trunks traveled about with me over a vast portion of Europe, and then to America, until at last I abandoned all hope of ever sitting down to read them all.

It was in going to New York on the White Star S.S. *Baltic* that I had an unusual experience.

Owing to head winds and heavy seas we had already been out eleven days, and were nearing Sandy Hook, when

we received a C.Q.D. message of distress from the S.S. *Republic,* belonging to the same company. She was on her way to the Mediterranean, full of wealthy Americans. We immediately turned back to go to her assistance. Superstitious people said it was the unlucky number thirteen which had persecuted us and was causing all the trouble. The Euston special boat train had left from platform 13, we sailed from Liverpool on January 13th, it would take us now thirteen days to reach New York. When we eventually did arrive we landed at dock 58. Eight and five—thirteen.

We had an anxious time searching for the sinking ship. The marconigram was received early in the morning. The fog was dense. Notwithstanding the monotonous sounding of our siren and the constant firing of guns we obtained no reply. The wireless messages were received regularly, or else we would have never found her. Eventually, late in the afternoon, we nearly ran into her in the dense fog. Salvage operations began immediately. The Italian emigrant ship *Florida,* which had collided with her stood by, with her bow badly shattered for a distance of 30 feet. Later other ships arrived. Lifeboats were sent continually to and fro to transfer the 1,600 passengers from the *Florida* (on which they had previously been transferred from the *Republic*) on to our ship. The sea, fortunately, was smooth. The calm discipline and bravery of the British and Italian officers and crews, who worked incessantly the entire night, were highly commendable, and also the tender care with which the stewards and stewardesses of the *Baltic* looked after rich and poor alike. Some, indeed, deserved compassion for the pitiful condition they were in, owing to exposure. All behaved well, the women particularly bravely. Wet, and with hair dis-

heveled, dressed in all kinds of garments picked hastily at the moment of the alarm, they all seemed full of fortitude and cheeriness when they arrived on board.

Even a rotund lady of some age—and no swimmer—who missed the gangway and took an involuntary plunge in mid-ocean, gave a fine exhibition of pluck when she was pulled out of the water, one man seizing her by the hair of her head, another throwing a hook at the end of a rope, which not only penetrated the lady's dress, but her leg as well.

The Italian emigrants of the *Florida* were chiefly peasants who had escaped from the Messina earthquake, where their properties had been completely destroyed. Truly, some people were born under an unlucky star. To escape from an earthquake and tumble into a mid-Atlantic collision must have been trying to their nerves.

Maternal and marital affection came out strong among Italian women, their anxiety becoming difficult to control when husbands or children were lost sight of, even for a few moments. A young Italian said he had lost everything barring one hundred dollars he had in his pocket. He offered them to anyone who could save from the wreck an old and only photograph of his dead father.

One woman and five men were killed in the collision. Two were injured. That accident was in a way useful, as it persuaded the most incredulous on the utility of fitting wireless telegraphy, then almost in its infancy, on all ships. Jack Binns, the wireless operator, who behaved with marvelous devotion, became a hero, and also Captain Sealby, who would not leave his ship until the next evening at 8 o'clock, when, while being towed by the *Gresham* and the *Seneca,* she sank.

I arrived in New York on January 25, 1909.

An amusing incident took place. I was lecturing before the New York Geographical Society. They had hired one of the largest halls. Crowds of people were arriving when I reached the door. A stout policeman was standing at the turnstile shouting incessantly: "Have your cards ready."

I was walking in when he seized me roughly by the arm.

"You go right back. Where is your card?"

"I have no card."

"Then you can't come in," grunted Bobby sternly.

"Very good," I replied. "If *I* can't come in, there will be no lecture to-night."

The policeman, of Irish origin, realizing his mistake, shook me violently by the hand, said how glad he was to meet me, and arm-in-arm, as if I had been his best pal, walked me into the lecturing hall.

I stayed in America only a short time, and returned to London to publish my book *Across Widest Africa* (Hurst & Blackett, publishers). Then I went over to Paris, where I had been asked to give a lecture on my Tibetan journey before the French Asiatic Society. The lecture was delivered in French, in the hall of the Geographical Society before a packed and enthusiastic audience.

It was while in Paris that I conceived in 1908 the idea of a new type of aeroplane. No one had yet succeeded in Europe in flying a heavier-than-air machine.

I worked for some time in a motor workshop, helping to construct the two twin 6-h.p. motors and propellers according to my own design. Then I hired a large studio, where I intended completing with my own hands the remainder of the machine.

That was my second experimental flying apparatus. The propellers, which were of steel and of adjustable

pitch, revolved one in reverse direction to the other, while their respective axles, though on the same plane, were not parallel with each other, but at an angle. The machine was designed to have longitudinal planes parallel with the fusilage, and not wings like present aeroplanes. The chief object of this was to be able to start from, or land on, roads. The machine was not constructed to resemble a bird, but was built rather on the principle of an arrow. A horizontal elevating plane was situated in front, and a vertical steering plane, intersected by a horizontal one, behind. It was only an experiment I wanted to try, and I did not think, after I had constructed it, the machine would be sufficiently powerful to lift a man. It may be of interest to note that I was the first man to think of using twin motors and twin propellers, even before the Wright Brothers had thought of using twin propellers moved by one single engine by means of bicycle chains. When I showed a photograph of my motors to Wilbur Wright, he examined the picture [1] closely, then turned almost nasty, and, handing me back the photograph, muttered:

"This is the only machine I have seen I am afraid of."

The expense of experimenting was heavy for me, having to pay fancy prices to have things constructed my own way. In trying one of the motors on the bench the steel propeller shaft, of considerable length, snapped; the propeller flew off, just missing me by the fraction of an inch. It was recovered about 50 yards away, having *en route* done several hundred francs' worth of damage. To experiment in secrecy was another difficult problem. It was not possible to do so in Paris. I sent the machine to Italy, where I thought I might find a suitable place.

[1] A photograph of the completed twin motors appeared in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* before the Wrights experimented with their machine in France.

The Wright Brothers arrived in Paris to watch the attempt at describing a circle in flight made by Farman and Bleriot for the Deutsch de la Meurthe prize. Typical Westerners, good, honest, enterprising fellows, I rather liked Orville and Wilbur Wright. They were types of intelligent mechanics, and made no claims at polished manners. Orville was of the two the better educated.

One day we were watching Farman's attempts amidst the enthusiasm of the crowd. Orville was silent and a bit sulky.

"I guess we can beat that," he said.

He looked so honest and confident that I thoroughly believed in him. Nearly all Frenchmen present interested in aviation, availing themselves of the privilege that Wright did not understand a word of French, made highly disparaging remarks, and even professed the two brothers to be absolute impostors. I took the defense of the two Americans, for it seemed unfair to judge before they had shown what they could do. Besides, their agent, Hart O'Berg, a man I knew well, had assured me that he had seen them do wonderful things in the States. In order to switch the conversation, and avoid translating the unflattering remarks of the unbelieving French, I introduced Orville to a pretty and smartly dressed American young lady, who had lived all her life in Paris. Orville inquired whether she was French.

"Nobody ever takes me for an American," she replied with an assumed air of distress.

Upon which Wright, with a nasal twang so thick that you could have cut it with a knife, loudly and proudly remarked:

"I cän't tell why, but whenever I open my mouth people know at once I am an Amörican!" And they did!

Some months later I went to Le Mans to see Wilbur Wright fly in his catapult machine. It was a marvelous performance. Those two brothers deserved all the success they obtained. With the lionizing they received, which would have turned the heads of the majority of men, they ever remained as simple and as modest as possible. They were fine fellows, both of them.

I returned to Paris, where I met the great Clemenceau, a powerful figure—a real tiger. His doggedness could have no equal. One could not call him a lion, for he had not the nobility, at least on his countenance, of the king of all beasts. He was much interested in my various journeys, and, above all, in my remarks on the French colonies in Africa. It was difficult to make conversation run smoothly. He was a man of few words, and terribly curt; he hardly ever smiled, and when he did so it was simply a mechanical contraction of the lips and cheeks, a regular grimace, with no merriment behind it. He shook hands in characteristic flabby politician's style.

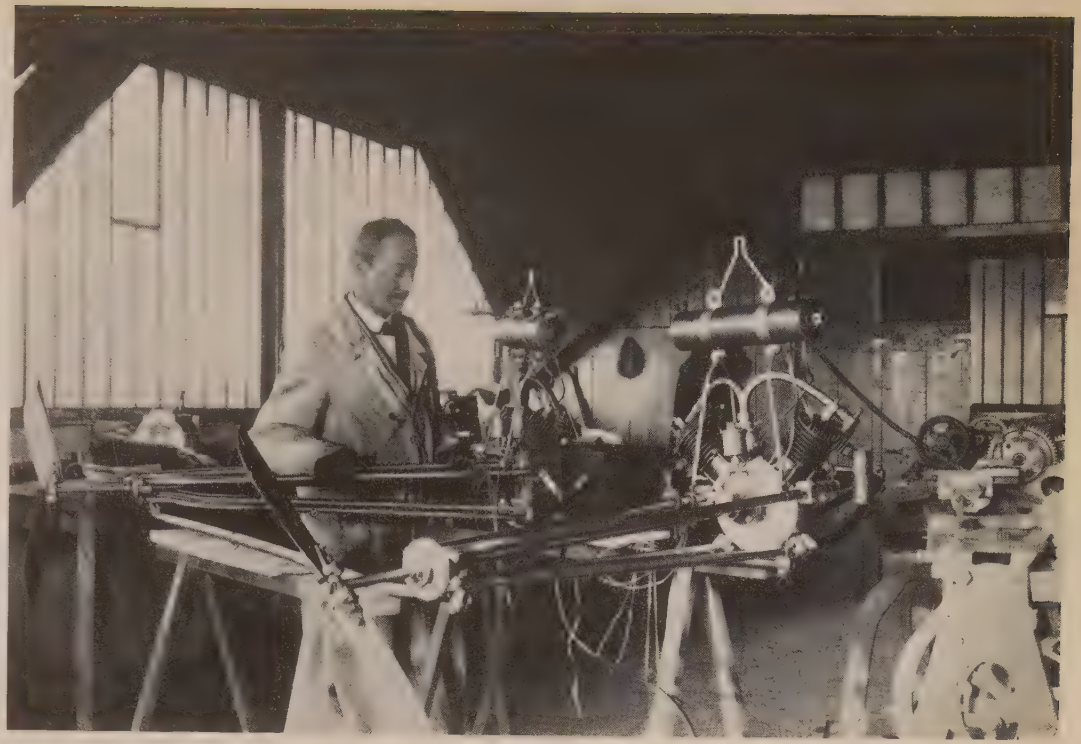
In Paris I came in contact with all the pioneer aviators of the day. Foremost was then the plucky, extraordinarily clever and enterprising little Brazilian, Santos Dumont, to be seen under his soft green felt hat with brim ever turned down, every morning—rain or shine—taking his constitutional down the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and not unfrequently accompanied by an assortment of well-picked admiring damsels.

I had met Santos Dumont in London with an old friend of mine, Major Frank Trollope, one of the first in England to believe seriously in military ballooning and kite flying, for which many of his friends accused him of being a crank. Trollope did more to encourage flight in the Army in England at that time than perhaps any other man, bar-

ring his companion, Colonel James L. B. Templer. The gentlemanly figure of Comte de la Vaux, the balloonist and President of the French Aero Club, was generally present at the primitive flying meetings at Issy-le-Moulineux, when a machine just rising a few inches off the ground created the wildest excitement among the spectators. Then I met there good-natured, steady Bleriot, whose machine was the best studied and most graceful in line in those days, and patient, pale-faced, dogged Farman with his heavy bi-plane. Unlucky Latham was an attractive figure of a true and fearless sportsman.

I was present the day Farman succeeded in flying—only a few feet above the ground—a circle of one kilometer. When he alighted from his machine among the enthusiasm of the spectators, Deutsch de la Meurthe, who had offered a prize of 25,000 fr., threw his arms round the aviator's neck and excitedly kissed him on both cheeks.

Attractive, intelligent, and daring was Charles Rolls, whom I frequently met in England, and with whom I went motoring once or twice at such speeds that my hair stood on end. His tragic death when he took up flying was a great loss to British aviation, for Rolls not only possessed the courage and qualities for being an excellent pilot, but he had abnormal brain capabilities, a thorough technical knowledge and inventiveness which, had he lived, might have given wonderful results. In London I frequently met the balloonists Butler, Bucknell, Brabazon-Moore, Pollock, and the Spencer Brothers and Sisters, the famous parachutists. I attended some of their dinners when they met at the Florence in Rupert Street. They were jolly, good-hearted fellows, who could tell amusing ballooning tales. Perhaps the best story was told by Charles Rolls. The spherical balloon in which he went up traveled



AUTHOR CONSTRUCTING TWIN MOTORS FOR AN AEROPLANE OF HIS INVENTION (1908).

through dense fog for some hours. The occupants of the car had no idea where they had drifted. On nearing the ground they hailed a man, and shouted to him:

"Good man, can you tell us where we are?"

"Why, you are up in a balloon, you silly idiots," came the reply.

Just about that epoch I had in Paris a dramatic meeting with one of France's greatest men, Colonel Marchand, the hero of Fashoda. Some extracts from my African book had appeared in the French press, in which I spoke in the highest terms of the magnificent work done, not only from the military point of view, but also from a scientific standpoint by Marchand and his officers on that difficult expedition. To appreciate properly and fully their work two qualifications were necessary, which I possessed. First to forget that the work was done by order of the French Government against England, next to have been on the spot to realize what that handful of heroes had been able to do for their country. Going up the Congo and across virgin forests, over thousands of miles, harassed continually by hostile tribes, half a dozen French officers with a few hundred Senegalese black troops had surmounted all obstacles, infinitely superior to those the British Army had met on the Nile, and had managed to reach and plant the French flag at Fashoda before the British. Kitchener himself, I was told, in overcoming his surprise, and while carrying out his instructions, had been the first to extend his hand to the noble opponents, and to entertain them in the noblest way. Having gone over part of the Marchand route in the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the Congo, I realized fully what they must have gone through. When I displayed my admiration in France I was grieved to find that Marchand, the great idol of yesterday, had been knocked

off his pedestal by the voluble crowd. He had attempted politics, and the French were furious with him. Abandoned by everybody, he had been deprived of everything, and lived in highly reduced circumstances somewhere, but nobody could tell me where.

I felt keenly the injustice done to a brother explorer, and wrote several articles and dictated some interviews in Paris in which I stated that it was a shame that France should treat one of her greatest sons so ungratefully; that Marchand's name far from being dragged in the mud, was a fine name to conjure with, especially in colonial matters, and that he should occupy one of the highest charges in the country. I even proposed that France could not possibly find a more useful man as Minister to Abyssinia than Marchand, who was there worshipped like a god. I had never met Marchand personally, and only stood up for him out of pure justice.

One day I returned to the Elysée Palace Hotel towards four o'clock. The reception clerk, in great excitement, announced that Marchand and his officers had come to call. Seated in a row on a divan in the hall, there they were in their best frock-coats and tall hats.

They had been waiting for over two hours, and would not leave until I had returned.

Marchand, Baratier, Mangin (the two latter became very famous in the Great War), Fouque, and another rose to their feet. One a short, spare figure, advanced with a pale face, almost skeletonic, it was so thin, and with a spacious square forehead, casting deep shadows over luminous eagle eyes, a face of pride and suffering combined. He seized my hand firmly in his, and looking straight at me like an honest man, said, with words sculpted as with a chisel: "Landor? . . . I am Marchand. I have come

here with my officers to thank you . . . to thank you, an Englishman . . . for the noble words of justice you have written on our expedition. You have come to take us out of our tomb. That such words should come from an Englishman—an enemy in this matter—touches us beyond words. The English are a noble race." With eyes glittering with emotion, he added: *"Permettez que je vous embrasse comme un frère"* (Permit me to embrace you like a brother). The officers who stood reverently behind had tears in their eyes, and so had quite a number of people who had gathered round to watch that scene. Marchand and his men insisted on my spending the rest of the afternoon and evening with them. They had already ordered a dinner in my honor at Henri's. The conversation entirely African was highly interesting, Marchand's own account of his expedition provided me with details that made it ten times more wonderful than even I had realized. One only had to look at Marchand to see that he was a leader of men, and to be persuaded of his extraordinary magnetic powers. He spoke with brilliant lucidity. His officers, who treated him with affectionate deference, left towards 1 a.m. Marchand and I walked together to our respective homes, some two kilometers apart. So interested were we in Africa and in discussing certain new astronomical theories, on which he was writing a portentous book, that at six in the morning we were still seeing each other home. We had gone backwards and forwards between the two doors uncountable times.

One of Marchand's cleverest and truest theories demolishing absolutely the notion of the disappearance of Atalanta in the Atlantic Ocean, was one which will one day revolutionize all prevalent ideas on the formation of the Earth's surface. Marchand's contention was, and I have

since collected much material to corroborate it, that no continent ever subsided at all between Europe, Africa, and America, but that Europe, Africa, and North and South America were at one time contiguous, and in some great commotion separated, leaving in the Earth crust a longitudinal cavity, which eventually became the Atlantic Ocean. One only has to look at a good coast chart of the three continents to perceive at once how Europe and Africa fit in perfectly into the North and South American coast—almost as of they had been cut out with a fretsaw.

From that first memorable meeting I saw Marchand almost daily.

Marchand felt bitterly the way in which he had been treated, but no one word of resentment ever came from his lips. He led the life of a recluse. He would see no one barring a few intimate friends. I gradually got him to go about with me, and persuaded many of my French acquaintances to invite him. Marchand, who had a heart of gold, began to revive. Little by little he even liked going out, where he was invariably the lion of the party. It was quite enough for him to begin to speak in his limpid French, with a vocabulary so extensive as to bewilder one, a diction as if each syllable were chiseled out of a piece of crystal and with such an elegant *tournure de phrase,* that all ears of both men and women in the room were riveted on him. Many of his old friends were only too glad to return to him, and he began to enjoy life again. During the time I was in Paris we were frequently asked out together. I must say that the consideration with which the better class French people treated him was admirable.

For weeks, almost every night, between midnight and 5 or 6 a.m., rain or shine, or snow, or wind, two figures, Marchand and I, could be seen strolling backwards and

forwards from the Elysée Palace Hotel to the Place Victor Hugo, discussing all kinds of topics. They were nights well spent. Marchand's knowledge of everything was amazing.

One fine day Marchand became engaged to a charming Franco-American young lady and married her. From that day Marchand has been the happiest man on earth.

During the Great War he was the first to volunteer. He was made a General, and behaved heroically. He led his men into battle, carrying a small bamboo stick in his hand, and never took the slightest cover under the most hellish fire. He was wounded and gashed terribly on two or three occasions by explosions of shells, but he recovered and just out of hospital led once more his men into battle.

That was the stuff of which Marchand was made.

When I returned from a journey across South America he gave a large dinner in my honor, to which Pichon, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Charcot the famous French Antarctic explorer, and a number of other prominent Frenchmen were asked.

I possess a wonderful photograph he gave me, inscribed:—

> To H. Savage-Landor, the celebrated English explorer, the leader of the cutters of continents.
>
> (*Signed*) Marchand.

I went to Marseilles to deliver a lecture and received the Gold Medal of the Geographical Society of that city, in reality the only important Geographical Society in France.

For the first time in my life I visited Monte Carlo at the height of its season and gaiety. In no place on earth have

I ever been bored and disgusted to such an extent, not by the scenery, which was superb, but by the forced contact with the vulgarest people from all over the world. I only once went into the gambling rooms. I was not a gambler, and I did not gamble. The fetid odor, as one entered, of excited humanity, of anxiously perspiring skins turned acid, from fear or despair—the human skin has different and typical odors according to various sensations—the avid countenances of old shame-faced women and men and silly, drugged girls, and the rapacious look of the much-besmeared *fanée* adventuresses leading their *rammolli* friends to destruction was enough to settle me. I ever made it a point when possible to get from this world all that was pure and beautiful, all that made life healthy and vigorous. Monte Carlo was no place for me. I left even without calling on the Prince of Monaco, whom I knew and who had always interested me as a scientist, especially for his extraordinary work on oceanography.

I went to Rome to see King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy. I was received with great honors, the Cuirassiers—either by mistake or whether order had been given I do not know—presenting arms as my carriage arrived at the palace.

General Brusatti (the King's A.D.C., and the unfortunate General who during the late war was held responsible for the Asiago disaster) received me courteously, and led me at once before the King. His Majesty had been reading my African book. I was amazed to find what a marvelously retentive memory he had for geographical names. Traveling had always been one of his passions. He took my arm, and we paced up and down the room, while he asked me questions that only a well-versed geographer could ask. I do not know that I have ever met anyone

else, royal or not, who had a greater knowledge of the world and its possibilities of development.

"I wish I could go with you," he sighed. "You are a fortunate man to be a free lance. I am a king, and I have to sit on velvet chairs in stuffy rooms which give me rheumatism all over. When I was young I went on a shooting expedition to Spitzbergen, where I was always camping on snow in bitterly cold weather, and yet I was feeling as well as possible. Now, with all this luxury all round," and he gave a vicious look to the velvet armchairs and sofas, "I am aching all over. I wish I could change with you."

His Majesty treated me with deference, detained me for an hour and a half, and requested that whenever I passed through Rome I must go and see him again.

A few days later I was cordially received by H.M. Queen Margherita in her boudoir full of precious works of art. She had felt keenly the loss of King Humbert, and looked much older than when I had been received by her in Florence. But her grace of manner was the same, her conversation always witty and intelligent. One thing that ever recurred in the conversation was how anxious my father and mother must have been when I went on those "horrid expeditions," as she described them. She was herself a tenderly devoted mother. She knew how anxious she had been when her son Victor Emmanuel had gone to Spitzbergen. The King's words on the subject flashed before me, but I said nothing. After an hour I took leave, promising to come again whenever I returned from some other journey of exploration.

"But mind you *do* return. Do not let those savages keep you!" she exclaimed, smiling affably.

Roman Society—I am speaking of the purely Roman—

was in those days dignified and attractive, perhaps the most aristocratic in Europe, for it was exclusive in the extreme. The leading ladies had each a weekly evening reception, where one met the pick of the best families, not only of Rome, but from all over Europe. I always found that the higher the social position of the people the simpler were their ways. In the magnificent salons of ancient palaces, filled with the most beautiful works of art, one met in the simplest of ways, perhaps thirty to eighty people, one enjoyed some good music without having too much music, and conversation was always lively and pleasant. Most of the Roman women of the aristocracy could speak three or four different languages, which always added to the brilliancy of their entertainments. In the way of refreshments, I think that five shillings would have amply covered the entire expenses of any one of those receptions. A dish of biscuits, a few plates of sandwiches, a jug of iced orangeade, and a pot of tea. Yet everybody was most happy. No one went there for the purpose of eating an expensive supper. Champagne was not even dreamt of. It was that supreme simplicity, in its setting of artistic treasures and the exquisitely refined manner of the real unspoilt Romans of that time which appealed to me. It was impossible to discover a note of vulgarity anywhere.

Prince Borghese was about to arrange for his motor race from Pekin to Paris. I gave him letters to Sir Robert Hart in China, which I understood helped him to win the race. By order of Sir Robert, hundreds of coolies were placed at his disposal in many difficult places along the route where the car was actually carried bodily. Other competitors, I understand, did not have such facilities afforded. Rome was full of interesting people, English, American, French, Russian, German, Austrian. La-

bouchere, the great editor of *Truth,* was then staying with his beautiful daughter Countess de Rudini (now Princess Odescalchi). He was blunt with a sly look in his eye, and always had any amount of appropriate anecdotes to relate, no matter what subject was mentioned.

Shortly after, on my return to my father's home in Florence, I received the visit of Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian poet and patriot. He was impeccably dressed; almost too elegant to be elegant, from head to foot displaying the most showy and expensive garments that money could buy; plus a sprinkling of potent perfumery. I had rather a shock, for he was not a bit like the d'Annunzio I had figured to myself.

When I entered the room he affectedly extended one yellow gloved hand to me; while with the other he handed me his book *Più che 'lAmore.* In a wonderful dedication he had written on it, he said, the book had been inspired by my work on Tibet. In fact, he showed me several sentences and passages which he had copied from my book *In the Forbidden Land.*

I thought it honorable of him. So many other authors have taken ideas, and even whole chapters, out of my books without ever dreaming of mentioning the source. While depositing the novel in my hands, d'Annunzio burst forth in a long speech, delivered in such poetic and musical language, and with so highly melodious a voice, that it was really beautiful to listen to. The flow of words was incessant, while metaphors and parallels were developed with the utmost of grace. Appropriate references to Egyptian, Greek and Roman history were interwoven in the speech in a masterly manner, and all with a certain rhythm which made it sound just like music. The Italian language could be extraordinarily beautiful when per-

fectly spoken, and no man living could speak it better than d'Annunzio. When a word he needed did not exist in the language he simply manufactured one on the spur of the moment, always a good one. He had a specialty for that.

D'Annunzio spoke, spoke, spoke, and I listened, listened, listened. He asked me a thousand and one questions about my journeys. The life of an explorer fascinated him. He remained some three hours, and sipped in a dainty manner numberless cups of tea. One had to hear d'Annunzio speak to be fascinated, but his appearance was to an Englishman not attractive, the upper part of his head abnormally developed, whereas his chin, hidden under a miserable, yellowish, pointed beard, was almost non-existent, it was so receding and weak.

D'Annunzio told me that he had no more ideas, he must have some new subjects; upon which a friend of his who had come with him proposed that I should hand over to the poet all the notes I had written on my trans-African journey. He could write such a beautiful novel with them. I did not answer. The idea of risking my own skin for over a year and spending several thousand pounds sterling to collect valuable information, and then to hand over everything to some one else to write a "novel," no, it would not do. When d'Annunzio left I told my father how fascinated I had been by d'Annunzio's speech. When father asked what he had said, I could not recollect a single word. It was a magnificent string of beautiful words, with really no meaning in them.

A few days later d'Annunzio returned to tell me that he had been commissioned by the *Corriere della Sera,* the leading Italian paper, to write six articles of four pages each which were to form part of a series of special num-

bers of that publication. They were to be a sort of super-interviews of celebrated men in Europe. D'Annunzio said I had been selected as the subject for the first article. Would I give him access to my books so that he could get fifty or sixty anecdotes out of them. I was rather surprised at having been chosen, particularly as Italy was perhaps the only country where my work was not known at all, but to be interviewed by d'Annunzio was such a privilege that I readily let him take the material he required.

D'Annunzio worked steadily for five or six hours that day. He wrote such a huge hand that by the time he had finished he had accumulated on the floor a mountain of sheets of paper crammed full of notes. With grateful thanks d'Annunzio departed. The interview in the *Corriere della Sera* never appeared, but shortly after the poet published a terrible work called *Forse che si forse che no,* in which much of that material was used. The hero in the novel was an explorer-aviator. I only discovered it later, when in the literary Italian review *La Critica,* edited by Benedetto Croce,[1] many pages were devoted to tracing and publishing in columns side by side d'Annunzio's Asiatic, African, and Philipino anecdotes and Landor's books, from where they had been taken word by word.

About that same time I received unexpectedly a visit from H.R.H. the Count of Turin, the Duke of Aosta's brother. It was his intention to go on a shooting expedition to Africa, and he wished to have my opinion on what to take out. It would be impossible to imagine a more courteous, polished gentleman, a jollier, simpler fellow with a keen sense of humor quite his own. My old mother entertained him at tea, and her astonishment was not small

[1] *La Critica* of January 20, 1914. (Anno XII, Fascicolo I.)

when H.R.H. deposited seven large lumps or sugar in his cup of tea. Whether it was done because seven was a mystic number, or because he liked extra sweet tea I do not know, but I had my suspicions by a strange twinkle I noticed in his eye that it was done to amuse my old-fashioned parent. If so, he succeeded perfectly. He was a brave man, too, for he drank the contents of the cup and asked for two more.

He asked me to dine with him at the Florence Club, where a number of young Florentine noblemen had assembled to do him honor. After dinner we had a great discussion on the mosquito theory and malarial fever in Africa, which soon developed into a hot battle, all, except the Count of Turin and another, against me. As none of the others had been in Africa and I had, I held my own easily. We afterwards left them, and had a long conversation of a couple of hours in a separate room. He came again several times to see me, and to call on my old parents. He kindly asked me to the Pitti Palace. I have met him since on several occasions in Venice. One morning after the war, hearing that I had arrived, he came to fetch me in a motor-launch and took me for a trip all over the Laguna, and then to lunch with him. Another day he lunched with me at the Excelsior at the Lido, and we afterwards went for a motor-launch excursion up the Piave to the various battlefields.

The Duke of Aosta, his brother, I have also met at a reception given by the most beautiful and the most cultured woman in Italy—*et surtout une grande dame jusqu'au bout des ongles*—Countess Valentine de Robilant.

In the war he showed magnificent qualities as a soldier. He was in command of the 3rd Army which saved the situation in the disaster of Caporetto. Tall, most dis-

tinguished looking, he was a brilliant and forcible orator, the bravest of soldiers.

I returned to Paris and London. The travel fever was beginning to seize me again. I felt terribly cramped in civilized countries, although I was having as good a time as it was possible for anyone to have. Indeed, everywhere, I was thrown in with the cleverest men and the most beautiful and most charming women and with them alone—the cleverest men and the charming women—I spent all my time—the others I politely dropped.

But for a man of action, the absurdities of life in cities, the ridiculous conventionalities (fortunately, the war has done away with a heap of them) were too much for me.

I had a brilliant idea. Why not go to the North Pole in a submarine under the Arctic belt of ice, and emerge in the supposedly open Polar Sea? I was prepared to spend a considerable sum of money of my own in the venture, but my fortune was not sufficient to pay entirely for the construction of a vessel and the maintenance of a crew. I searched in vain for anyone to help to finance, or to accompany me on that expedition. So I had to drop it. Perhaps it was fortunate.

CHAPTER XLV

FROM MOROCCO TO PANAMA

WHEN war broke out in Morocco between the Sultan Abd-el-Aziz and his brother, Mulai Hafid, I set out at once on a cargo boat which was leaving for the Moorish west coast.

We touched at Gibraltar, at Tangiers, at the Spanish port of Melilla, with its pitiable garrison of officers in patent-leather shoes and extra smart uniforms and soldiers in rags. Then we went to picturesque Larash and Rabat, to Saffi and Mogador, the latter with a strong-walled, antiquated fortress by the water line. Some Jewish rich merchants entertained me to a wonderful midday meal. In going round the house before lunch I discovered a gorgeous English bath with numberless polished, nickel-plated taps, with "hot," "cold," "shower," "spray," etc., written upon them; the temptation was great. I undressed and proceeded to turn the taps, but not a drop of water came out! In despair I called for assistance. The taps were stuck into the wall merely for decoration. There was no running water laid in the house.

The western coast of Morocco, with its walled cities perched on high rocks, was picturesquely beautiful. The harbors hardly deserved the name. One generally had to land in the surf—often with unpleasant results.

In Casablanca, occupied by the French military, I had an interesting time. First of all, General d'Amade, a fine figure of a soldier, whose name in Colonial work was

famous in his country, showed me infinite politeness. Then I visited Sultan Abd-el-Aziz at his camp just after the battle in which he was irretrievably defeated by his brother, losing thereby his throne.

In approaching the Sultan's camp on a sand dune—a group of miserable tents, torn and tumbling down—one felt a feeling of pity. A little farther was a circular enclosure of canvas decorated in blue and intended to suggest the representation of a castle. Two doors gave access to the place. On the ground lay eunuchs in a state of great depression. A group of gaily harnessed mules gave the only note of color in that lamentable scene. That was the home of Abd-el-Aziz, the true Sultan of Morocco. Close by a European tent gave shelter to a French guard.

I sent my card to the Sultan. A few moments later Abd-el-Aziz, with his extended arms, rushed out to give me a hearty welcome. By the descriptions one read of the Sultan, he was made to appear a weak, effeminate, timid individual, with only one object in life—prodigality. That impression was soon dispelled when one met him. Frankness, simplicity, and dignity marked his manner. With a man like Abd-el-Aziz, who had been betrayed by his own people and by all European nations—a man who all of a sudden had been thrown from the highest and absolute power and opulence into the most humiliating, abject position, I felt that conversation might be slightly difficult. But the Emperor seemed as serene as possible. We spoke in French.

"Am delighted to see you. You are English, are you not?"

"Yes, your *Majesty*," I replied, with the emphasis strong on the last word.

The Sultan looked round in a most expressive way.

First a gleam of pride, then a melancholy smile.

"I said 'your Majesty,' because in the eyes of all honest people of Europe you are the legitimate Emperor of Morocco."

"There is a heavy black cloud over my head and over my country," the Emperor sighed.

"The cloud is heavy and black," I agreed, "but no storm however severe was ever known not to leave room, one day or another, to a brilliantly clear sky. I wish you and your country a speedy return of happiness."

The Sultan seemed touched. There was, however, more resignation than hope in his words.

"Perhaps; if it is God's will. I have been good to all Europeans and to my people, whom I have endeavored to turn into a civilized nation. I hoped that all nations would be friendly."

"Nations are like individuals," I remarked, "when they have obtained what they want, they abandon one for another." The Emperor said nothing, but thought a lot, as his facial expression clearly demonstrated. "Morocco is such a beautiful country. Everything grows here as by enchantment. Wine, oil, cereals . . . Then you have fine cattle and magnificent horses. You have always a lovely blue sky overhead and a fertile soil under foot, with abundant mineral resources besides."

"Yes," added Abd-el-Aziz. "My country is the Garden of the Earth."

The Sultan seemed annoyed with England. He had followed her advice, and had always been loyal; but he had been betrayed. France had behaved just as badly.

"You see," murmured Abd-el-Aziz, with emotion, "they have taken everything from me. My country, my

money, my houses, my jewels . . ." (and with an extra big sigh) "Only my harem remains!"

I directed the conversation to other topics. He seemed to think that if England and France had not left him in the lurch all the trouble might have been avoided. "A trouble," he added, "which will never, never end." He had no resentment against anyone, not even Mulai Hafid, who had robbed him of his throne, nor for his perfidious former *entourage,* too cowardly to follow him in his disaster, and robbers enough to loot his palace even before he left it.

In that pitiable adventure only one figure stood out prominently. With the Sultan was one man, who remained faithful to the last, an Englishman called Balding, a military instructor who actually took command of the Moorish troops after Kaïd Maclean had departed. Balding tried his best to save the Emperor and his army, but all odds were against him and he failed.

I met Kaïd Balding later at Gibraltar—a picturesque figure dressed in a Moorish djellaba and turban. He was buying a European suit of clothes in exchange for his African attire. He, like his master, had been robbed of everything he possessed. He spoke in affectionate terms of the Sultan and told me how touching their parting had been. On his side the Sultan's appreciation of Balding had no bounds.

Abd-el-Aziz inquired tenderly after all the members of my family. I asked him to let me photograph him, to which he graciously consented.

"I shall send you some from England," I said, as I clicked the camera for the last time.

"How many—and what is it you will send?" the Sultan

specified. "Are you going to send twelve pictures or twelve cameras similar to the one you are using?"

As the camera was an expensive one, I hastened to inform him that I would send twelve pictures.

"Do not do like everybody else," put in Abd-el-Aziz. "They all say they will send pictures and I never receive anything."

He examined my camera attentively and reluctantly gave it back to me. He loved photography, and seemed sore that all his cameras—he had possessed dozens of them, one inlaid with precious stones—had been taken away from him.

"Give me your address in London. I want to keep it," added the Sultan, when I bade him farewell. As I rode away from the camp I turned round several times. There was the Sultan, standing in the doorway of his canvas imitation castle, a lonely figure abandoned by all. I waved my hand at him and he waved his hand back. As I was getting far away on the sandy stretch of desert, I turned my head back a last time. There was Abd-el-Aziz —an almost invisible speck on the horizon; a negligible speck in more ways than one, except for those like myself who knew him well and could not help feeling sorry for the injustice which had been meted out to him.

The great nations of Europe soon after recognized officially—and, let it be said, to his own great surprise—Mulai Hafid as the reigning sovereign of Morocco.

After leaving Morocco I went to Algiers and then to Italy, returning later to England, on my way to the West Indies and Central America, where I wished to visit the American construction of the Panama Canal.

Via New York and Jamaica I reached Columbus'

memorable landing place in the New World, Colon, at the mouth of the Canal on the Atlantic side.

In the year 1876 the French directed their attention to the possibility of cutting a waterway connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean. The Panama Canal Company, with De Lesseps as its President, was to cut a sea-level canal. In 1887 a change to the lock type of canal was made. On May 4, 1904, the United States Government took possession of all canal properties on the Isthmus. There were then some 600 West Indian laborers engaged in the Culebra Cut. The plan of the Panama Canal adopted by the Americans provided:

Starting from the Atlantic, there was to be a channel 500 feet wide at sea-level, leading from north to south, from deep water in Limon Bay to Gatun, a distance of 6.76 miles. There the Gatun Dam, 115 feet high, was situated, and it was imperative to raise ships by a flight of three twin locks from the sea-level to the level formed by an artificial lake 85 feet above the mean sea-level and filled by the impounded water of the Chagres River.

Having entered the elevated lake at Gatun, ships would proceed for a distance of 23.59 miles to Bas Obispo, where the channel through the Continental Divide began. The Canal in that portion went through the Culebra Cut.

At Pedro Miguel, on the Pacific side of the Divide, vessels would be lowered in one flight of twin locks from the 85-foot level to a small lake 55 feet above sea-level. At Miraflores, twin locks of two flights, and of identical dimensions with those at Gatun and Pedro Miguel, would bring ships to sea-level into the Pacific Ocean.

Up to May 1, 1909, 73,124,849 cubic yards of soil had been removed. There remained 101,541,746 cubic yards to be excavated before the completion of the Canal. Con-

sidering the gigantic nature of the undertaking, the difficulties of construction were comparatively small. No difficult problem faced the engineers, except, perhaps the construction of the Gatun Dam.

The great question of Panama resolved itself into whether it was preferable to build a sea-level or a lock canal. The strongest advocate of a sea-level canal—"The Straits of Panama"—was an eminent French engineer, M. Bunau-Varilla, a man of extensive experience in the construction of dams, harbor works and railways. His life work had been in connection with the Panama Canal. I had a long conversation with M. Bunau-Varilla in Paris. There were certainly disadvantages in a lock canal which were not to be found in a sea-level canal, such as the damage that might be done to locks by a cripple ship, by unexpected explosions, by treacherous hands, or by airships overhead; by possible, if perhaps not probable, volcanic commotions, or by the collapse of the dam. Also, with the increase in the dimensions of vessels, the margin which was reckoned as ample, in the construction of locks, might be found insufficient in a few years to come. On the other hand, the construction of a lock canal would afford immense economy of time. Moreover, it could at any time be transformed into a sea-level canal.

M. Bunau-Varilla defended the *ideal* form of canal, the open, wide, deep passage between the two oceans entirely freed of any artificial structures such as locks and dams—"the Straits of Panama," as he rightly called them, in contradistinction to a tide-locked "Sea-level Canal."

The Americans selected the cheaper and quicker way of opening a waterway between the two oceans with a lock canal.

In the company of Major Gaillard, the engineer in charge of the central division, I visited several times the Culebra Cut. The Cut was nine miles long across the highest part of the Continental Divide. Its width at the bottom 300 feet. It was there that the French had worked from 1881 until 1904. They had excavated some 50,361,000 cubic yards of material.

With the arrival of powerful steam shovels and improved equipment, the progress made in that portion of the Canal by the Americans was amazing. In 1908, 13,917,433 cubic yards were excavated, and in the first four months of 1909, 5,147,944 cubic yards were removed.

M. Bunau-Varilla was telling me of the anxious efforts which had been made by the French under him in endeavoring to pierce the mass of soft slippery soil until the solid core could be reached where railway tracks could be laid on firm ground. The principal trouble seemed to have been that the clay molded itself in the buckets and refused to drop off, thus requiring endless time and labor. A perfect system of hauling materials from the Cut was in operation when I was there, and an excellent drainage system had been perfected so that the rainy season caused no delay in the excavation.

In due justice to the French, it must be said that they had worked more on the Panama Canal than people gave them credit for. What work they did, considering the inferior machinery they had used as compared with modern machinery, was certainly well done. In the Zone one heard only words of unstinted praise from Americans of the work done by the French. Many of the Belgian engines used by the French were still being used by the Americans; so were some of the dredges.

The Americans followed a great deal what the French

had done on the Zone. French surveys and maps were, with slight variations and enlargements, being used in the construction of the Canal. The lock canal idea with a dam at Gatun was an old French idea, first advanced and then discarded by Godin de Lepinay in 1879.

The proverbial deadliness of the Panama Isthmus was the chief enemy of the first workers on the Canal. Until the Canal Zone could be freed from yellow fever, from bubonic plague, from cholera and smallpox; until the disastrous effects of malarial fever could be checked; until the Zone could be rendered sufficiently healthy so that the imported employees—whether American, belonging to Latin races, or negroes—could live there in reasonable safety, and, above all, in a peaceful and restful state of mind and happiness; until the normal physical and moral strength of each unit of the labor force could be kept up without effort; until the terror that sudden death from fever could, in the ignorant workmen, be absolutely eliminated—the progress of the work could never be satisfactory. So, rightly, the Americans, upon acquiring the Canal rights, spent two and a half years in rendering the Isthmus of Panama absolutely healthy by methodical sanitation. They collected and organized a physically well-selected working force, and housed it in sensibly built, well-aired, well-lighted buildings. They provided all those men with first-class food; and last, but not least, they enforced stringent laws practically suppressing intoxication. There was a remarkable man in the Zone in Colonel Gorgas, the head of the Department of Sanitation. The work of Colonel Gorgas can be summed up in a few words. Panama was one of the deadliest spots on earth. Colonel Gorgas rendered it one of the healthiest. Under him were a number of practical

medical men, whose enthusiasm and devotion for their work were beyond all praise.

It was the general belief that yellow fever and malarial fever had been stamped out of the Isthmus by killing off all the mosquitoes. I never was a believer in the mosquito theory. To my mind it was not through killing mosquitoes, whether they be the *stegomyia,* the *anopheles,* or the humble *culex,* that yellow fever and malaria were stamped out, but by something much greater the Americans had accomplished.

Mosquitoes lived in happiness, under conditions which were deadly to human beings, such as intense heat, darkness, stifling, still air saturated with dampness, and within the radius of fetid emanations of rotten vegetation, putrid water, or decayed matter. Three things were deadly to mosquitoes: powerful sunlight, pure water, and fresh, moving air. It was just the other way with human beings. Sunlight, fresh air, and pure water gave life, strength and happiness. What happened then? If in any locality the conditions were changed which made life impossible for mosquitoes, the inhabitants would be rendered healthy.

I have had many opportunities of verifying my statement—that local conditions, and not mosquitoes, were primarily responsible for malarial attacks. I have known of cases of yellow fever and malaria where no *stegomyia* or mosquitoes of any other kind were to be found. True enough, mosquitoes may become infected by feeding on infected persons or even in a more direct way by the atmospheric and water conditions of the region they inhabited. In infected *anopheles* malarial germs were certainly to be found; but such germs were similarly to be found in any mammal, reptile, bird, or insect, living in

that same locality. Why then not accuse them all in turn of transmitting fever to you, when you and they really got it from another and more fearsome source?

Colonel Gorgas and the Americans had achieved in the Canal Zone something infinitely greater, although they did not claim it as such, than the killing of all mosquitoes. They had cleansed the air of all miasma, and they had purified the water in a most effective manner. They had cleared the Zone of the semi-tropical growth with its entangled vines and creepers, its putrid, stifled undergrowth and decomposing vegetable matter. They had either oiled, thus preventing exhalations, or drained or covered over all stagnant waters; they had destroyed all decayed matter and allowed no decomposing matter of any kind to contaminate the water or air of the Zone. When that Zone across the Isthmus was entirely cleared of tall vegetation, the prevalent winds from ocean to ocean, helped by the friendly rays of a powerful sun, contributed more than anything else to the disappearance of yellow and malarial fever.

Americans had done wonders in the way of reducing native Panamanian towns from a state of inconceivable dirt and confusion to a model condition of cleanliness and order. Great attention had been paid to obtaining everywhere an excellent water supply. Everything was provided in the Zone for the laborers' comfort.

Americans not only took the greatest care of the living, but the dead were looked after in a manner undreamed of by Europeans. In case of the death of an American the body was embalmed, sealed in a metallic coffin, and shipped, free of cost, to his relatives in the United States.

In the capital of Panama I met the native President of the Republic, quite polite and submissive. His offi-

cial residence was luxuriously furnished in abominable taste. I found it difficult to carry on a conversation with that distinguished official, who seemed so ill at ease, so suspicious and frightened of saying something wrong, that after a few conventional compliments I beat a hasty retreat. I was amused in the capital of Panama to learn that the weekly gambling lottery, in which the natives squandered all their earnings, was invariably drawn up in the Palace of the Archbishop, where it actually had its headquarters!

I met in the Canal Zone all the leading workers of the Canal. I spent three weeks minutely inspecting every section of the works. As I was a guest of the Government every possible facility for seeing things was furnished me.

From Panama I went to beautiful Jamaica, with its soft-voiced negroes and its attractive English girls. I drove across the island in order to obtain a fair idea of the country, then took ship to New York and London.

I delivered a technical lecture on the Canal Works at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in London on Friday, June 18, 1909, Sir Francis Laking, Bart., the King's Physician, being in the chair. It was published in full afterwards in the proceedings of that Institution.

Previous to leaving America, I was requested by Mr. Roosevelt to go and see him in Washington as he wanted to "take up exploring," and wished my advice in matters of equipment, etc. I went one morning and was with him for a couple of hours. He had already asked the opinion of many people on what he had to do when he went to Africa. He wanted to know the exact spot where to hit an elephant. He had read in my African book that they were dangerous animals and wanted to be sure he could kill them first shot.

CHAPTER XLVI

IN SOUTH AMERICA

FEW people realized that Brazil was larger than the United States of North America, Germany, Portugal, Greece, and Montenegro taken together—with an area of not less than 8,715,778 square kilometers. The interior of Brazil was in 1910, when I started on my journey, a *terra incognita.*

I left London on December 23, 1910, on the R.M.S. *Amazon.* We touched at Madeira, Pernambuco and Bahia, arriving at Rio de Janeiro on January 9, 1911.

Thanks to strong credentials I carried, including letters from H. E. Regis de Oliveira, Brazilian Minister in London, I was received in Rio with the utmost consideration. From the President of the Republic down to the humblest citizen, all treated me with exquisite civility. Intense interest was shown by the Government and by the population in my plan to cross the continent. Only it was considered so dangerous by the route which I intended to follow as to be absolutely impossible for a human being to get through. It was suggested that I should be accompanied by Brazilian military and naval officers and by an escort of soldiers. Colonel Rondon was instructed by the Government to find suitable volunteers to accompany my expedition. After a long delay Colonel Rondon informed me that no officers would come, as they feared the Indians and wild beasts. Through the press and by offers of money I endeavored to find civilians who

would accompany me, but no one came forward. The Indians—millions and millions of them—they said, were ferocious cannibals.

I had prepared my expedition carefully at a cost of some £2,000 for outfit. I carried the finest scientific instruments that money could purchase for astronomical, meteorological, photographic, anthropometric and surveying work. Also all necessary implements for constructing boats and rafts, temporary bridges, cutting roads, etc. Twelve first-rate repeating rifles, excellent automatic pistols, and several thousand rounds of ammunition formed our armament. Following my usual habit, I never during the entire journey carried any weapons of any kind upon my person. In the way of clothing I merely went across the South American Continent in comfortable suits of clothes such as I wore in London or Paris.

I was indebted to Dr. Pedro de Toledo, Minister of Agriculture, for allowing me the free use of the telegraphs and cables of Brazil, and to use if necessary the flotilla of Government boats on the Amazon River. Credentials were furnished me from Rio, but owing to the way in which they had been worded they were more of a danger than a protection to me.

The expedition was considered so hazardous that the Brazilian Government published in official and other newspapers statements to the effect that "Mr. A. H. Savage-Landor's expedition across Brazil was undertaken solely at his own initiative and absolutely at his own risk and responsibility."

In a luxurious special car placed at my service by the Central Brazilian Railway I went to São Paulo, the most flourishing city of the Republic. I met in São Paulo

Antonio Prado, the greatest man in Brazil—a man of wonderful foresight in commercial and political matters.

Although the Paulista Railway also provided a special saloon carriage for me, I preferred traveling seated in front of the engine, where I could enjoy the scenery through which we traveled. I halted to inspect the immense coffee plantations of Martinho Prado, owned by Antonio Prado. Then I drove for miles and miles through endless groves of coffee-trees to the next great coffee estate, once owned by Santos Dumont, of airship fame—afterwards sold to the Dumont Company, a successful English concern.

By a special train on the Dumont Railway line I traveled on March 29th as far as Riberão Preto, a station on the Mogyana Railway.

I was treated royally on the Mogyana Railway, telegrams having been sent to all stations to provide me with anything I required.

Trains did not run at night. Magnificent scenery was to be admired on the Rio Grande and in some parts of the Minas Geraes Province, through which I traveled after leaving the Province of São Paulo. Nine hundred and eighty-two kilometers from Santos on the Atlantic Ocean I reached a place called Araguary, the terminal station of the railway.

A great crowd had assembled at the station. My car was invaded by boisterous people who embraced me and patted me on the back in the most approved Brazilian style. I was dragged to a hotel, where an unpleasant scene occurred. On entering I had noticed a nauseating smell, suggesting the non-existence of sanitary arrangements. The landlord, a murderous-looking creature, proceeded to turn a dying man out of his bedroom so that

I could occupy it. When I politely said that I would pay for the room but preferred to return to sleep in the railway car, the landlord worked himself into a rage, shook his fist under my nose, and informed me that he was the local Chief of Police and everybody was afraid of him. He only had to give orders and he could have anyone murdered. Then he stood on the hotel doorstep and harangued in violent words the crowd outside:

"We are all millionaires, all atheists, all anarchists in Brazil. Down with the infamous oppression and slavery of Europe! Down with kings and emperors! Down with Europe, the land of oppression and cruelty! Down with foreigners! We do not need foreign charity!"

Encouraged by the crowd, which unmistakably took his side:

"We will settle this matter to-morrow!" he shouted in my face, with his hand on his revolver.

"We will settle it at once," I placidly replied.

"No—to-morrow," he shouted, with a vicious expression on his face.

"Very good. At what time and where?" I said calmly.

"At ten o'clock," he eventually grunted.

As the crowd was turbulent I politely invited all present to come forward if they thought they had any claims to settle. Perhaps they might get more than they wished.

Eventually I departed and found accommodation in an equally filthy hotel near the station. No sanitary arrangements existed in Araguary. Everything was flung out of the windows into the streets. The odor was revolting everywhere.

I remembered that an acquaintance of mine, Mr. Louis Schnoor, the contractor of the Araguary-Goyaz Railway

in course of construction, must be at that time in Araguary. I went in search of him and was able to purchase from him that same evening a number of excellent mules. He also promised to find me two reliable men—not an easy job in that part of Brazil.

The following day at the appointed time I duly called on the irate Chief of Police. He had deemed it prudent to disappear. Having met him by chance later a long way from his residence I informed him that whatever he wished to settle must be settled then and there.

"You owe me nothing—nothing at all. If I can be of use to you, pray order me. I am your humble servant!"

Some of those Central Brazilian natives could display alternately villainous rascality and delightful manners.

Mr. Schnoor was a godsend to me. Thanks to him I was able to leave that pestilential hole the next day.

At eleven o'clock on March 31st Mr. Schnoor personally took me out to the end of the line, forty-five kilometers farther north, at Morro da Meza, a lovely spot overlooking a beautiful panorama. By April 1st he had completed all arrangements for my final departure from this, my jumping place into the wilds. It was from there that the actual marching on horseback and on foot began. From that spot I did not see a railway again for a whole year.

Mr. Schnoor supplied me with two men—Alcides Ferreiro dos Santos, an anarchist with a violent revolutionary temper, but of extraordinary bravery; the other, Filippe da Costa de Britto, a pure negro of boisterous nature, also of indisputable courage in moments of danger.

On April 3rd, after a touching farewell from the engineers and workmen on the line, who swore I was going

to sure death, I left the place, traveling by a short cut across country which took me in a direct line north-west to the capital of the Goyaz Province. The Paranahyba River, which after a run of thousands of miles at Buenos Ayres eventually became the Grand Parana, was even there of good width and flowing in a valley of gorgeous beauty.

In the rare villages the people went about armed to their teeth, and seemed to live in a constant state of fear and trembling of being murdered by friends and foes.

We generally halted for the night at farmhouses, dreary, miserable, and dirty beyond words. The beds of the people—a mass of rags—were shared by masters, dogs, and hens alike. Seldom did one see a smile upon the countenances of those people, although they were kind and ultra-polite in conversation.

On nearing villages in Central Brazil wooden crosses were to be seen. They marked the spots where individuals had been murdered.

I climbed the Serra Dourada, the dividing range between the waters flowing south into the Parana River and those flowing north, eventually, into the Amazon. At Curralhino I entered the main track between São Paulo and the capital of Goyaz. We were traveling over rugged scenery when a geological surprise appeared before me.

A great subsidence of the region north of us had taken place in days gone by. Down in the depths below stretched an immense valley in which lay Goyaz City. To the west stood the continuation of the plateau supported on a rocky vertical wall of immense height, containing on its face myriads of crystals and mica schists which shone brilliantly in the sun. With the cobalt blue of the distant hills, the deep green of the valley below,

and the rich brown, yellow, and red tints of the near foreground, that was one of the most exquisitely beautiful sights I have ever witnessed.

Like most Brazilian towns, Goyaz became less and less impressive as I approached it—a mere single row of whitewashed houses of humble architectural pretensions. With a feeling of oppression—and having marched over 531 kilometers from Araguary—I entered the city. The appearance of a stranger created a sensation in the timid population. There were no hotels in Goyaz. The Presidente or Governor of the province placed a house at my disposal and insisted on my being his guest during my stay in his city.

I had brought credentials to him from Rio and London, requesting him to do all in his power to further the success of my expedition—I, of course, paying all expenses. The Presidente—a man formerly of great ambitions, subsequently shattered—was *blasé,* and looked upon work of any kind as absolute nonsense. His advice to me was:

"Instead of coming to these wild, deadly regions, why do you not go and enjoy your money in Paris or Vienna?"

The State of Goyaz was geographically in the heart of Brazil. It contained immense pasture lands, forests of valuable woods, and great navigable rivers draining both north and south, such as the Araguaya River, the River Tocantins, and the great Parana. In better hands it might have been a region of untold wealth. It was instead the poorest, with a population of less than one soul to the square mile.

The officials in Rio de Janeiro had given me such glowing accounts of the bravery of the Goyaz people that I entertained hopes of finding a suitable number of fol-

lowers in that city. I asked the Presidente to get me thirty men, whom I would treat generously in every way.

While the Federal Government had given me letters requesting the Presidente to do all in his power to make my expedition a success, the Presidente informed me that he had received a confidential message from a certain Colonel in Rio de Janeiro to wreck, if possible, my expedition. Such low treachery seemed inconceivable to me. I told the Presidente in plain words that, whether his countrymen had the courage to come along or not, I at any rate would go on.

My plan was, roughly, to travel north-west as far as the Araguaya River, which I would descend as far as the Tapirapez—a tributary on the west side—proceed westward from that point to the Xingu and the Tapajoz, then to the Madeira River. It was necessary for me to hire or purchase a canoe in order to descend the Araguaya River.

"There is only one single boat on the Araguaya," said the Presidente to me—words of wisdom backed firmly by a revered Colonel, a leading citizen of Boyaz. The two gentlemen had arranged for me to hire that boat for four days at a cost of five hundred pounds sterling. The two had taken ten days to arrange the bargain. In ten seconds I disarranged it all, more especially as I planned a new route which would cover untrodden regions and would avoid the navigation of the fairly well known Araguaya.

Fourteen long and tedious days elapsed in Goyaz attempting to get horses and men. In despair I requested the Government to give me at least four soldiers—but an answer came that the Brazilian Army could not spare four men. Strangely enough, while the men of Goyaz were in perfect terror at the prospect of being asked to

go, several ladies offered—quite in earnest—to accompany the expedition. The women of Goyaz were infinitely pluckier than the men. They had my profound respect and admiration. Honest, devoted wives and mothers, hard-working, they were a great contrast to the men.

After endless trouble and at high prices I was able to buy a number of mules, horses, pack-saddles, and harness, a quantity of horseshoes and extra tools and implements for cutting our way through the forest, improvising bridges, etc. Everything was ready except the men. Alcides Ferreiro dos Santos and Filippe da Costa were at the last moment induced to accompany the expedition at a salary of one pound sterling a day each. The Presidente, seeing my determination to start, finally came to my rescue. He supplied me with six men.

"They are criminals," he said to me, "and they will give you no end of trouble." A fact fully demonstrated a few hours later when two of them vanished, stealing a quantity of valuable stuff.

The greatest danger on expeditions of that kind was the probability of being murdered by my own men who well knew I must carry considerable sums of money. None, however, suspected that I carried so much as I did. With a prospect of being absent for one or two years, or perhaps longer—with the impossibility of cashing checks and the necessity of paying large salaries to my attendants—it was imperative to carry several thousand pounds sterling in hard cash, partly in English and Brazilian notes, and in solid English gold. That sum never left my person during the entire journey—barring a few moments daily while I was bathing, but not when I was sleeping. Most of it was contained in leather bags attached to a

belt, the rest scattered in various pockets of my clothes. The belt with its heavy bags of gold and notes was a perfect torture to me, especially at night.

I had armed all my men with first-rate repeating carbines, as well as with a handsome automatic pistol and a dagger each.

CHAPTER XLVII

IN THE HEART OF BRAZIL—THE MATTO GROSSO

ON April 26th I bade good-bye to Goyaz capital, traveling in a direction north-west by west. We had been gone three hours when my men mutinied. Patience had to be employed. We went on over beautiful country, but with little animal life, barring insects innumerable—particularly mosquitoes, *carrapatinhos,* unbearable tiny parasites which swarmed all over us every time we dismounted our horses. Then we became acquainted with the *carrapatos* (Melophagus ovinus), a large insect possessing astonishing clinging powers. Its chief delight consisted in inserting its head under the skin of human beings and beasts. If removed in a hurry the head became detached and produced a nasty sore.

My men were unruly. They had no knowledge of animals or of packing them. Their language was disgustingly blasphemous. The animals were as lazy, as untrainable, as hard-headed as the men. In other countries I had been able to train horses and mules of my caravan in a few days. In Brazil, after several months, they were just as disobedient and stupid as on the first day. Perhaps the climate had something to do with the ever rebellious, bad-tempered nature of humans and beasts alike.

At night the slightest noise was sufficient to start a fusillade on the part of my men, who thought they saw wild Indians or savage animals. On several occasions bullets passed so near me that I suspected they were in-

tended for me. But my men were bad shots. I made sure of it by having a shooting competition, after which I felt in absolute safety so long as they aimed at me. I did not care to take away their cartridges lest they should think I was afraid of them. On the contrary, I always let them have as many as they liked.

We crossed the Rio Claro, 200 meters wide, where diamonds were to be found. We were nearing the country where, according to accounts, we would meet ferocious cannibals. Four of my men refused to go on. Only indulgent patience and a sense of humor on my part made them come on.

We had to endure a new pest—termites, or white ants, most insidious, destructive little brutes. In a few hours they were capable of rendering into powder the bottoms of stout wooden cases, or eat up clothes, shoes, or any article resting for a while on the ground. That region was literally covered with termite-hills from 2 to 6 feet high.

I reached and crossed the Araguaya River at a spot some 3,000 kilometers from its mouth. The river was there over 200 yards wide. On the western bank we were in the State of Matto Grosso, the wildest in Brazil. It was in the Serra da Cayapo, a low hill range to the south, that the Araguaya had its birth. In close proximity were the head waters of the Inducassu and the Sucura flowing south into the Parana, as well as the Taquary River flowing into the Paraguay. It may, perhaps, some day be possible by means of locks and artificial lakes to join one of the latter rivers to the Araguaya and form a continuous waterway from Buenos Ayres to Para—a distance as the crow flies of 3,737 kilometers. Easier still would be

to connect by rail the last two navigable points of those great streams.

One night one of my men fired a shot at me while I was asleep under my tent. As I had taken the usual precaution on retiring of shifting the position of my camp-bed, the bullet which was intended to perforate my head grazed my ankles, making a hole through my bed. I spoke kindly to the man who had fired, patted him paternally on the shoulders, requesting him not to do it again. He sobbed bitterly, and never afterwards had the courage to look me straight in the face. He finally abandoned me, stealing a number of useful things.

I left westwards on May 12th over undulating country. The moonlight nights were wonderful, with magnificently brilliant stars. My men suffered intensely from the cold (59° Fahrenheit), and ached all over with toothache, cramp, rheumatism, etc.

My men had taken along three dogs—watch-dogs they were supposed to be. Never have I seen lazier, more worthless, faithless brutes than those. One night an *onça* —a jaguar—leapt into our camp and they never even woke up!

Game was plentiful along our march westward from the Araguaya. Animals were so unaccustomed to seeing human beings that we could get quite close to them.

Even in camp my men never abandoned their weapons for one moment for fear of the Indians and wild beasts. As I always went about unarmed, and sometimes, in order to collect botanical specimens, strayed away alone for several hours without carrying a weapon, they maintained that I must have some special protection which they did not know, or else how could I always return to camp alive and unharmed?

One great joy of traveling on the plateau of Matto Grosso was the delicious water we always found. The *campos* or prairies seemed to get more and more beautiful as I traveled westwards. What magnificent grazing land! But not one single head of cattle. Good soil, delicious, plentiful water, healthy, temperate climate—it was a pity to see such wonderful land unknown and wasted.

Alcides had a smattering of medicinal botany which was a great danger to the company. He thought he knew the curing qualities of all plants. This once or twice brought his companions to death's door.

At the Rio Barreiros my men were uneasy as I told them we might perhaps meet some Indians. Although I assured them that there was no danger whatever, they loaded the magazines of their rifles and remained as quiet as lambs in camp.

An Indian with bow and arrows in hand appeared. My men were terrified. The Indian was a strikingly picturesque figure, absolutely naked barring an amulet or two and a loin belt, and a strange fiber collar around his genital organs. He was of a strongly Polynesian type, confirming my theory that South America was not entirely peopled by Indians of Mongolian origin. True enough, the Indians west of the Andes did possess Mongolian characteristics, but not so the Indians of Central Brazil.

A number of other Indians came into my camp. They belonged to the Bororo tribe. I found there a sensible custom similar to that of the Tuaregs of Africa. The children took the name of the mother and not of the father.

Anthropometric measurements and experiments with

the dynamometer, the impression of thumb-prints caused at first anxiety, then boisterous amusement among the Bororos. I made a fairly complete vocabulary of their language and collected a number of curious legends, including one of a great flood or deluge.

I traversed a region of extraordinary geological surprises, giant domes of rock, the surfaces of which were adorned with geometrical designs stamped upon them by Nature.

Farther on I reached the Paradão Grande—a giant hill mass displaying a great crater on its north side. On the west side of the crater was a colossal quadrangular mountain of red-baked rock, not unlike an immense castle, the walls of which were 660 feet high and several hundred yards long and broad. From the proximity of its summit on the south side I obtained a stupendous panoramic view of a great expanse of undulating country with strange cylindrical table-lands like broken columns rising above the horizon line; and other strangely shaped prismatic mountains and gigantic natural walls. A domed plateau, a conical peak with a natural tower upon it, and two pyramidal mountains rose far away in the background. Near the Paradão was a deep crack in the earth's surface—a regular cañon—which extended all along the center of the great valley.

On May 31st I left the basin of the Sangrador River, traveling at an elevation of 2,350 feet over sparsely wooded country, then through a beautiful meadow with a cluster of vigorous *burity* palms—the rendezvous of all kinds of birds and animals such as great flocks of parrots, gorgeously colored macaws, humming birds of iridescent tints, and *Felis onça* (jaguar), *anta* (tapirus Americanus), the *tamandua bandeira* (myrmecophaga jutaba),

with its worm-like tongue; *coati* (Nasua solitaria), and any number of *cervus elaphus,* locally known as *veado.*

June the 2nd, my birthday, was not a happy day for me. First of all a serious row occurred among my men, who wanted to murder my cook. Worse luck for me, his life was spared. Another of my best horses was lost and never recovered. All my men were down with fever which rendered them, if possible, more ill-tempered than ever.

We were traveling in a region of curious *cuvettes,* extensive depressions with an abundant central growth of *burity* palms. I next came to the birthplace of the Caxœirinha River—the principal source of the Great São Lourenço River, a formidable tributary of the Rio Parana.

At Capin Branco I discovered some curious caves formed by fissures in the rock. On the walls there were rock carvings of considerable interest, rudimentary conventional attempts at reproducing human figures, and remarkable representations of foot-prints both human and of beasts, reproduced with admirable fidelity. Most wonderful of all were the carvings of foot-prints of the jaguar, reproduced so faithfully that they looked as if they had been impressed by the beast itself. Remarkable were all the foot-prints of birds. Not so fortunate were the representations of human heads—evidently intended to represent an Indian chief with his ornamentation of feathers. Then numerous carvings of deer-horns were to be seen, representations of human genital organs, and geometrical designs. The face of the rock was literally covered with decorations, evidently sculptured by a race of hunting people such as the Indians were.

I had traveled 858 kilometers from Goyaz, and 1,400

kilometers from the nearest railway. I decided from that point to travel northwards instead of westwards, in order to explore the most important part of the Central Plateau —the very heart of Brazil—precisely where the great Rivers Xingu and Tapajoz had their birth. From a geographical and geological aspect I was well repaid for my trouble, but from the anthropological I was disappointed, because far from the country being swarming with Indians as supposed, I met with no Indians at all.

My men mutinied on hearing of my plan. They wished to compel me to return the way I had come in order to see them safely home. I refused. They demanded their pay, which was handed to them at once. Only Alcides remained faithful. He and I spent three entire days in mending the pack-saddles and harness, and rearranging the loads. We two alone would have to take along the entire caravan, and face the prospect of packing and unpacking the animals twice daily with thirty loads, each one of which weighed fifty pounds. Also hunt for strayed horses and mules every morning for miles to bring them back to camp. Besides I had to carry on my scientific, literary and photographic work.

On June 10th I was about to depart when the penitent followers returned, insisting on my taking charge of the money I had paid them. Each thought his companions might rob him. They entreated me to re-employ them. I needed them badly, therefore I forgave them.

I steered a course of 300 degrees b.m. (north-west) through thin forest and hilly country, at an elevation of 2,600 feet. We had reached the great divide between the waters flowing south into the São Lourenço and subsequently into the Parana and those flowing north, reaching after thousands of kilometers the Amazon. We found no

sign of animal life anywhere. What immensity of rich grazing land wasted! We crossed near its headwaters the Rio das Mortes (or River of Death), the most powerful tributary of the Araguaya.

We were traveling entirely by compass, my men, who had no faith whatever in it, swearing that we were going to sure perdition. They were in terror of meeting cannibal Indians, and daily threatened to kill me if I did not personally bring them back to Goyaz, as they were incapable of finding their way. With infinite patience I led them along, making forced marches varying from thirty to forty-two kilometers daily. We had provisions for eight months. Alcides and Filippe the negro were extraordinarily plucky, but the other men became more and more dissatisfied and morose. A constant watch had to be kept over them. Alcides, who looked after the commissariat, would not hear of economizing food, even when I told him in confidence that we might be eight months or a year before we could get fresh supplies. I foresaw disaster, but I decided to face it rather than talk and argue, which I ever loathed and despised.

The eye could describe an entire circle around the horizon and not meet one single column of smoke to indicate the presence of man. Not a bird was to be seen or heard, not a footprint of human or beast on the ground. The silence of that land was awe-inspiring. Our voices sounded abnormally sonorous in the pure atmosphere—from time immemorial undisturbed by sound. My men sang incessantly, so pleased were they with the astonishingly powerful resonance of their voices.

Traveling day after day, we had reached the end of a fairly flat plateau, varying in elevation on its summit from 2,530 feet to 2,570 feet. We were faced with a precipi-

tous descent—not unlike the almost vertical wall of a fortress. With picks and spades we cut a narrow path for some distance in order to start the reluctant beasts down the dangerously steep incline. Five mules and baggage rolled down the mountain side for several hundred feet. Antonio, who tried to save one animal, was dragged down and came within an ace of losing his life. After endless work, trouble and danger, we eventually got all animals and men down to the Jangada stream.

We traversed a region of giant monoliths, and came upon a circular crater 300 meters in diameter. Farther on was the picturesquely terraced Roncador River with a waterfall 90 feet high. My animals found little to feed upon and were getting weak. Their bodies were a mass of nasty sores and blisters. I realized that with the long marches demanded of them daily and the insufficient food they would not last much longer.

Central Brazil was a country of plateaus which showed the erosive action of deluges of such potentiality as to be hardly conceivable by human mind. One day I came to a spot which appeared to have been a lake bottom. On climbing a mound to the north I discovered a number of vertebræ forming part of the tail and spine of a giant prehistoric reptile. The bones were so heavy that I could scarcely lift them. On the summit of the mound I found the animal's skull. I duly photographed it as it was too big to carry away. Searching about I came upon another skull, also of a huge reptile, and a number of vertebræ. A large quantity of petrified bones of smaller animals were scattered about. Most interesting of all were two smaller skulls, one of a mammal—a jaguar or a leopard; the other of an ape or perhaps a primitive human being.[1]

[1] See *Across Unknown South America.*

I carried those two skulls and a number of other fossils—some 60 lbs. in weight—back to camp, where I met with the derision of my ignorant men. For several months I took care of the precious discoveries until one day my men, unknown to me, flung them into the River Arinos, and they were lost for ever.

I was exploring a region of weird scenery. Directly in front of me towered the Morro Plumão, a striking block of red rock several hundred feet high standing out alone in the center of a plain and resembling a church surmounting a medieval castle—not unlike St. Michael's Mount. I named it Church Rock.

There had been at that spot a great subsidence of portions of the plateau, leaving a border of high, vertical, red cliffs. A few hundred yards beyond Church Rock was another extraordinary sight—a quadrangular, rocky castle, a perfect cube of rock, of colossal proportions. Farther on another structure, not dissimilar to Church Rock, could be observed, and other natural castle-like structures.

We had an unpleasant experience. We were traveling through high scrub, stunted trees, and tall grass much dried up by the intense, quite suffocating heat in the depressed basin. A strong breeze sprang up. Suddenly a dense black and white cloud rolled along the ground. As it approached there were loud explosions and crackling like volleys of musketry. My horses and mules, pricking up their ears, sniffed restlessly, neighed and brayed. Before we could realize what was happening we saw tongues of flame shoot out from the earth. Within a few seconds, with the high wind, we found ourselves with a barrier of fire close upon and gaining fast on us. The dried-up trees seemed to flare up like matches. A

wave of intense heat took our breath away. To the left of us was an impassable barrier of rock; to the right the flames had already gained on us in a semi-circle like a claw of fire. The only way of escape was in front.

We whipped our tired animals to get as much speed as we could out of them. My men, with heads wrapped in order to prevent asphyxiation, wanted to abandon the animals in order to save their own lives. Alcides, Filippe and I kept in the rear endeavoring to save all. The flames had gained to such an extent on us that they positively roasted our backs and necks. The mules and horses, enveloped in dense, choking smoke, began to stampede, sniffing, braying and neighing frantically. In their disorderly flight they crashed against trees, stumbled over rocks and rolled over themselves. Struggling up on their feet again they resumed their mad race for life. It was all we could do to keep a few yards in front of the flames. At last, in a desperate effort, we managed to get slightly ahead and, descending into a deep depression, found ourselves clear of the smoke.

Our eyes were smarting; we were coughing and sneezing, our throats were parched. Under shelter, and when we had reached a place of comparative safety, we readjusted the loads on the pack-saddles. We had unavoidably deviated several kilometers from our course. After a long detour in order to avoid the flames, and having had that day a trying march of forty-two kilometers, I halted for one entire day on the Rio Manso, in Latitude 13° 53′ South, Longitude 55° 13′ West.

On continuing our journey we had endless trouble in taking along our animals over trail-less deep ravines and furrows, where the mules and horses slipped and rolled down, baggage and all. My men were giving trouble.

To lead them on with persuasion and kindness was an exhausting mental effort. They constantly threatened to kill me if I did not retrace my steps to Goyaz with them. No matter what they did or said, I went my way, never using violence or a flow of language to persuade them. My weapons were gentleness and kindness, absolute calm and silence. Few people realize the force of silence—the greatest force a man can use in moments of danger. It was certainly invaluable to me on my exploring expeditions.

We had gone ninety-six kilometers in four days since leaving the Rio Manso, and were close to the Serra Azul or Blue Mountains—mountains of vivid cobalt blue, quite a wonderful spectacle.

We crossed the range, passing close to the principal source of the Cuyaba River. Then we descended to so low an altitude as 750 feet. All the waters flowed northeast or north. We were there within a stone's throw of the birthplace of such important rivers as the Rio Arinos-Tapajoz, of the Rio Verde, and of the several sources of the Rio São Manoel or Dos Tres Barras. Also not far from the sources of the great Xingu River.

The Serra Azul was interesting geographically as it marked the northern limit of the highest terrace of the great central plateau, and also because from its slopes rose two of the greatest rivers of Central Brazil—the Xingu and the Arinos-Tapajoz, crossing the Republic from south to north as far as the Amazon. I was able to correct all existing maps which placed the Serra Azul from 70 to 200 kilometers south of its actual position. The Cuyaba River had its birth to the north of the Serra Azul, not to the south as marked on nearly all maps.

My men suffered intensely from the cold, the tempera-

ture at night descending to 48° Fahrenheit. Again the men, except Alcides, mutinied and, rifles in hand, demanded their pay to date as they wished to leave me. The pay was duly handed them. Alcides and I conducted forward the caravan of animals. I had gone but a few hundred yards when one after the other, crying like children, the men returned the money to me for safe keeping and wished to be forgiven and come along. I discovered that the men, in order to force me to return the way we had come, had gradually thrown away most of my provisions which should have lasted several months. Food remained for only a few days.

The country provided absolutely nothing to eat. I had to face the problem of dying of starvation or hastening to some place where I could obtain fresh provisions. It was out of the question to reach directly Manaos, 1,600 kilometers away as the crow flies—at least four to five thousand kilometers traveling with necessary deviations. I would certainly never go back to our point of departure, Araguary, 1,596 kilometers away, nor on Goyaz, 1,116 kilometers distant. The only alternative was to try and reach the ancient settlement of Diamantino, the farthest village in Central Brazil, established by the first Portuguese settlers, who had gone there in search of diamonds.

It was with a bleeding heart, when I had reached a point 200 kilometers north of the Serra Azul, that I had to alter my course, which had been until then due north, into a south-westerly direction in my endeavor to find Diamantino before our provisions gave out. We had not met a human being for some weeks. We made daily extra long marches, finding our way entirely by compass and astronomical observations. We came to the "Lagoa dos

Veados," a lagoon three kilometers long and about one kilometer wide, an important spot near which the great Arinos River had its birth. A spring came out of the earth forming the Rio Preto which, soon joined by the Rio Novo we had met descending the Serra Azul, formed the head-waters of the Arinos, a potent tributary of the Amazon.

Within a short distance of the Sete Lagoas we came to a sweetly pretty streamlet, the Mollah, then the Caitté and the Coristo. They were the real sources of the great Paraguay-Parana River. It was interesting to note that within almost a stone's throw rose two of the most powerful rivers of South America, one flowing due north into the Amazon, the other almost due south as far as Montevideo, where it entered the Atlantic Ocean. I then came to the Estivado River—there only 3 yards wide—which may also be considered a secondary source of the Arinos.

We were pushing on for all we were worth. We had come to the end of our food. On the River Macuca I discovered a magnificent waterfall 100 feet high. We were afterwards traveling over an extensive flow of red lava which radiated suffocating heat from the rays of the sun it had absorbed. The animals were so worn they could just drag along as we went our fifty kilometers daily.

One day, from a height, we perceived in the distance a trail, the sight of which gave us fresh courage. My men in excitement drove forward the stumbling animals. At last we came upon a few miserable tumbling-down houses. Smothered in vegetation, down a precipitous ravine, over large boulders and stumbling into big holes . . . we were actually in the main street of Diamantino!

The village was in itself the very picture of misery,

but it seemed to us as if we had dropped into London! There were two or three Brazilian traders, two Italians, and a Turk. They were there to purchase rubber which found its way to the coast via the Parana River. Formerly diamonds were found in abundance—hence the name of Diamantino.

Food-stuff was bad and expensive. Beans and flour four shillings a pound; salt three shillings for two pounds; skeleton-like chickens fifteen shillings each; eggs twelve shillings a dozen; tins of inferior sardines fifteen shillings each; a pound of tinned butter fifteen shillings.

A genial banquet was offered me by the exiles in that desolate far-away spot. They came in a body to fetch me. All turned out in black frock-coats and each carried an umbrella.

"Is it raining?" I inquired in astonishment, as a minute before I had gone out of the house and seen stars shining brilliantly.

"Oh, no, indeed; we carry the umbrellas in honor to you!" they replied in a chorus, accompanied by grand bows.

According to local social etiquette, no one was fully dressed without carrying an umbrella, whether it rained or not.

Speeches were delivered on arrival, more speeches before, during, and after dinner; to which I replied in my best Portuguese.

I purchased enough food to last us six months and which cost a small fortune. I intended to proceed at once northwards.

Four of my men became intoxicated, mutinied, and wished to leave me. I paid them off. It was a relief to me when they were out of sight, if only for a few hours.

It was impossible to get fresh men in Diamantino. The few laborers were kept in slavery and could only be purchased—for indeed, notwithstanding all nominal civilized laws, slavery existed then in Central Brazil as it did before slavery was abolished. Only, in the old days of legal slavery it was limited to negroes. When I was there the slaves were not only negroes and mulattoes, but even white men and women. The slave sold himself or was sold by his family. A debtor became automatically the slave of his creditors. So that if you wished to take a man away, even for a few days, you had to purchase him from his owner, and you had to disburse a sum equivalent to some two or three hundred pounds sterling.[1] The *seringueiros,* or rubber collectors, were held at their miserable occupation by that cruel method. The more they worked the more they became indebted to their employers. The debt increased by leaps and bounds so as to make it impossible for the slave to ever redeem his liberty. This was a hypocritical way of making slavery legal, although in the eyes of the world Brazil had nobly suppressed slavery. It must be said for the masters that slaves were not ill-treated—on the contrary, they were encouraged in every way in their vanity so as to supply them with expensive articles of food or luxury which would make it more and more impossible to repay the debt.

Labor was incredibly scarce in Brazil. That was the only way in which a laborer could be held. In justice to the honor of even the lowest class Brazilians, it must be said that, although a man would not think twice of murdering or robbing a friend or a stranger, Brazilian slaves were seldom known to defraud, in the ordinary way, their masters by escaping.

[1] See *Across Unknown South America.*

I was willing to buy some of the Diamantino slaves with a promise to set them free at the end of the journey, but their fear of the ferocious Indians was so great that they preferred to remain in slavery.

A man who was in the local prison had been persuaded by Alcides to accompany us. The two policemen and jailers, attracted by the high pay, also offered to desert and come along. But on finding out through what dangerous country I intended to travel, the prisoner—who had temporarily been let out—asked to be manacled once more and be sent back to jail. The jailers backed out of their promise, for they said if the prisoner did not escape they would have to remain and keep guard over him.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE TERRIBLE ARINOS RIVER

ONLY two men, Alcides and Filippe, remained faithful. I was preparing to start, leaving behind all baggage that was not absolutely necessary. Two of the mutineers, who had found living on their own rather expensive, begged me to forgive them and take them along. At noon on July 1st, I left Diamantino, traveling first north-east then north-west. We ascended to the summit of a tableland 1,600 feet high.

The last words I heard from a venerable old man as I rode out of the village rang in my ears for days and days.

"You are going to sure death—good-bye!"

Death or no death, we plunged once more into the unknown.

After two days' journey I came across plentiful *Siphonia elastica* or *Hevea Brasiliensis,* producing the best quality of rubber known. We went through thick, dirty scrub and forest, then we gradually began to descend to lower elevations on the north side of the tableland. We reached the Arinos River. My animals were too exhausted to continue. There was no grazing for them in the forest, and they were doomed to succumb. As the Arinos took me in the direction I wished to travel, I abandoned my animals and would attempt to navigate the stream, which had a diabolical reputation.

We had by then traveled on horseback 2,000 kilometers from the last railway, of which 600 kilometers were over absolutely unknown country.

There were the miserable sheds of three *seringueiros* (rubber collectors). I noticed at that spot a huge canoe, left there some ten years previously by a rubber prospecting expedition whose members had all died of fever. The canoe had been roughly scooped out of a giant tree which was not quite straight. Her longitudinal center line described, therefore, an angle not dissimilar to that of a boomerang—which at once suggested infinite difficulty of steering. The canoe had a total length of 42 feet, was 3½ feet wide, with sides from 3 to 5 inches thick. Her bottom varied in thickness from 6 inches to 1 foot. Her weight was over 2,000 lbs. I puchased her with accessories for 45,000 reis—roughly £30 sterling.

She was in a pitiably rotten condition. We worked hard with saws and hammers, tar and wadding, in order to stop up a broad crack which extended from one end of the canoe to the other in her keel. We strengthened her as best we could. We established rough seats inside and built an elevated deck upon which the baggage might be comparatively safe from moisture. I rather doubted whether anyone else but ourselves would have ventured to start on so unsafe a craft on a journey of several thousand kilometers along one of the most diabolical rivers in the world. Yet she was the only canoe on the Arinos River, and it meant using her or else stopping several weeks to carve out a new one for ourselves. On her stern I fixed the steering gear—a paddle 12 feet long. When we had finished our work we launched her again and I hoisted the British flag—the first time it had ever flown over that river. The canoe was baptized the *Elfrida,* after my sister's name.

Of the four men who remained with me, not one had ever used a paddle or steered a canoe before. I relied

AUTHOR'S SISTER, ELFRIDA.

chiefly on the current to take us along. Alcides was entrusted with the steering. We carried a large quantity of fishing lines and hooks of all sizes, and cartridges of dynamite.

Unlike rivers elsewhere, Brazilian rivers were extraordinarily clean looking. Never did one see a tree-branch or a twig floating upon their waters. That was because the specific gravity of woods in that part of Brazil was so great that none floated.

We were there in a zone extraordinarily rich in rubber (*Siphonia elastica*), growing wild, chiefly near the water and in swampy places.

One of the three rubber collectors was a mysterious, tall, gentlemanly fellow of refined manners and culture. He was extremely silent and at first avoided meeting me. Later he came into my tent. He was a German of good family, who had drifted so far in search of a fortune, had got deeply in debt—some £400 sterling—and had become a slave. His employer could, if he wished, sell him for that amount to anyone he chose. The German seemed quite happy and had no wish to be bought out.

Indians of the Cayapo tribe lived in that zone, but were unapproachable. I heard their war songs in the distance, but I never could get near enough to see them. We were then in Latitude 14° 2′ 2″ South, Longitude 56° 17′ West of Greenwich, the correct elevation 1,271 feet.

On July 6th, trusting chiefly in Providence, I bade good-bye to the *seringueiros* and put off.

"Beware of the rapids, they are terrible . . . Do not let the canoe knock against rocks or she may split in two! Good-bye!"

With such encouraging parting words from the *serin-*

gueiros we drifted down with the current. Antonio and Filippe paddled—or believed they were paddling. Owing to her angular shape the canoe did not answer the helm. We traveled chiefly broadside, or else snake-like from one side of the river to the other.

We had gone but a short distance when we got entangled in some submerged trees and nearly capsized. We jumped overboard and righted her once more. On the bank of the river we perceived a wild figure, a mulatto slave, rifle in hand. On seeing the red ground of the British flag he eagerly inquired whether there was a revolution in Matto Grosso. On hearing that it was not the red flag of revolution but of peace—the British flag—he ran to the water side and entreated me to deliver him from his terrible fate. If I did not he would kill himself. He was a slave—his master robbed and ill-treated him.

I tried to induce the man to remain where he was, as I did not wish to interfere with local customs. Besides, if a man chose to get into debt it seemed only right that he should repay the money he owed. The fellow would hear of nothing. He jumped into my canoe and would not get out of it again. I therefore said he might remain and receive the same salary as the other men. He was from that moment a free man. Benedicto—that was his name—sobbed to his heart's content.

I gave the men a lesson in proper paddling and Alcides a few points in steering. We traveled at the rate of about thirteen kilometers an hour. The river was at its lowest, and we were treated to innumerable rapids which would otherwise be well covered with water. The water was crystal-like; the forest exhaled a delicious scent; masses of violet-colored convolvuli hung in festoons from the

trees. The first day we went 70 kilometers. For purposes of subsequent identification I named all the islands I found. In Latitude 13° 15′ 6″ South, Longitude 56° 46′ West, Esmeralda Island was a beautiful one.

We had covered 63 kilometers one day and 89 kilometers 850 meters the next, when we arrived at an island we named Lucky Island, at the junction of the Rio dos Patos with the Arinos. In the evening a strange figure, rifle in hand as usual, appeared on the right bank of the river.

"Who are you? What do you want? Where are you going?"

I sent my canoe to ferry the queer specimen across. With unsteady eyes like those of a feline animal, he every now and then suspiciously leapt to his feet, handling his rifle; then, seeing that no danger existed, sat himself down, but always watching our movements intently. Seldom had I seen criminal characteristics so strongly stamped on a man's face.

Up to that day I had thought my men's conversation disgustingly coarse and inhuman, but it was nothing in comparison with the utterances of our visitor. What appalling oaths! What perversion of ideas—what hatred for the Creator, our Savior, and humanity in general! He was tired of life. He was a slave and owed his master 1 conto, 200 milreis (£80). He was dying of starvation and was going mad. He entreated me to take him with me. I gave him the entire night to reconsider his decision. During the night he related to my men the story of his life. I prayed my stars that the fellow would change his mind and stay where he was, as I feared his company might have a shocking influence on my men—bad as they were.

The next morning the man refused to be left behind. He promised faithfully to give no trouble. When I told him I would allow him to come, returned him his rifle and ring he had deposited at my feet as an offering to induce me to take him, and told him he would receive a salary equal to the other men, X.—by which letter we will henceforth call him—jumped into the canoe to embrace me. On his brutal face was for a moment—only for a moment—an expression of gratitude. He rested his head upon my shoulder and sobbed for several minutes.

With a crew of six men matters were greatly improved, as four could paddle, one steer, and the sixth be on the prow with a long pole on the look out for dangerous rocks.

Millions of bees, mosquitoes, flies, ants, and other insects infested the air and earth and settled upon our hands, faces, and stung us all over. But no parrots, no monkeys, no mammals of any kind, and no signs of human beings living or having lived there. It was not so with the river, swarming with fish of great size which, having never seen human beings, followed our canoe, gazing curiously at us. Some amphibious animals were also encountered.

Water was coming incessantly into the canoe through the fissure which extended along her entire length. One man had to continually bail the water out.

I could always foretell, watching the sky, when trouble was ahead of us in the shape of rapids or waterfalls. I had noticed that whenever those occurred clouds of more or less magnitude formed at comparatively low elevations directly above them, and owing to the perfect stillness of the air remained there in the otherwise limpid sky.

The pluckiest animals I met in Brazil were the *ariranhas* (Lutra Brasiliensis). Entire families of those amphibious mammals frequently came to fiercely attack our canoe. They snarled frantically and showed their teeth angrily, spitting like cats. The red of the British flag seemed to have a peculiar effect upon them. When I lowered the flag into the water they became infuriated, and followed us for hundreds of yards, coming so near that my men hit them with their paddles.

Innumerable and of great size were the islands I passed on the stream, and which I baptized with all the names I could think of—kings and queens, relatives and friends. On July 16th I came to one magnificent island, 2,000 meters long, with plenty of rubber trees upon it. I named it Charles Landor Island, after my father.

The river was in some spots extraordinarily full of fish. In a few hours we caught hundreds and hundreds of pounds of giant *trahira* (Macradon Trahira)—weighing each 80 to 100 lbs.—and *surubim* (Platystoma Luna). On July 17th I baptized a large and handsome island Armida Landor, after my mother's name. We came to some fearsome rapids which we shot.

The landscape was heavenly, but the river as we were getting farther down could have given points to the River Styx of infernal fame. Fearsome rapids succeeded rapids. Submerged rocks rendered navigation treacherous. Hardly a day went by that we did not have some narrow escape. As the canoe was ever half filled with water, our valuable bags of flour and rice suffered greatly. We lost most of our supply of salt. I had enclosed all my instruments and photographic plates in air- and water-tight cases. My clothes and bedding were continually wet without any hope of drying them.

On July 19th I baptized a beautiful island, 3,000 meters long with forest upon it, Albert Rex, in honor of the King of the Belgians, and another, 5,000 meters long and equally beautiful with gorgeous vegetation upon it, Elisabeth R. Island, after the Queen. The next day I named an island 500 meters long Noailles Island, after the delicious French poetess, Countess de Noailles, in remembrance of many exquisite hours I had spent with her and her friends in her salon in Paris.

When we made our camps on the banks of the river we were frequently attacked by millions of *sauba* or *carregadores* ants, which gave us sleepless nights. They were from one inch to one and a quarter inches long and possessed powerful clippers affording them incredibly destructive powers.

Some of the islands I met were of immense size, the one I named Guanabara Island, after Mr. Alcindo Guanabara of Rio, being 6,400 meters long.

One day we shot a dangerous rapid. Obstinate Alcides steered us straight into the center of a vicious whirlpool. The canoe jumped up in the air, spinning on herself and flinging two men and much baggage overboard. All our paddles except one were lost, and we were absolutely helpless. The canoe, half filled with water, swung round and round of her own accord in the whirlpool. After anxious moments we were able to pick up the two terror-stricken and exhausted men from the water. As we floated helplessly around the vortex I watched with a sad heart my camp-bed and bedding, our cooking utensils, two cases full of tinned provisions, a bag of flour and one of rice, most of my clothing and that of my men, a dispatch box with money, a lot of documents and official letters, one of my chronometers and innumerable other

useful things being sucked down by those terrible waters.

When Providence got us out of that troubled spot we beached the canoe, and started shaping ourselves a new set of paddles.

The loss of my camp-bed meant much to me. From that day I was compelled to sleep on hard rocks or on packing cases. Sleeping on the ground meant absolute torture, owing to the innumerable ants and other vicious insects.

That accident made my men so nervous that when we came to other rapids they proposed to tow the canoe down and carry overland the baggage on their heads. That work often proved to be more dangerous than shooting the rapids, owing to the difficulty of holding on to the tow-rope and keeping pace with the canoe. We were frequently dashed against rocks or dragged into the stream.

In one place, after going down a nasty rapid, it was imperative to paddle the canoe over to the opposite bank of the river across a basin 650 meters wide, through whirlpools of some magnitude just over a high waterfall. We had a dreadful struggle, the current dragging us all the time closer and closer to the waterfall. The paddles and steering gear seemed to have no effect in those turbulent waters. We watched with anxious eyes the approach of the foaming falls, only a few yards away. My men paddled and paddled away in a frantic effort to reach safety. We just managed to drift alongside some rocks which stood in the center of the stream. We held on to them for all we were worth. Having rested sufficiently we proceeded to cross the second portion of the stream, even more dangerous than the first. My men certainly went up in my estimation that day, as they be-

haved with amazing pluck. Eventually we landed upon a mass of rocks on the opposite side of the stream. There, by means of ropes, we took the canoe down the fall and for half a mile through the rapids.

One man had always to remain inside the canoe in order to steer when being towed—a dangerous job. Alcides, who was extraordinarily courageous, undertook the risky mission, although he could not swim. On that occasion the high waves rolling back with great force upon themselves frequently sent the canoe flying up in the air and jerked us terribly at the tow-ropes so we had to let go. Alcides was pitched clean out of the canoe. We all plunged into the water in order to save the canoe and Alcides, who had a narrow escape from drowning. After two hours, and absolutely exhausted, we led the canoe to a place of safety.

We came in for heavy storms with high wind. Owing to the big waves we had great difficulty in crossing the extensive lake formed where the River Juruena joined the Arinos, in Latitude 10° 21′ 7″ South, Longitude 58° 35′ West. Where I landed on the opposite side of the lake were two islands of great beauty, one 800 meters long, Elfrida Landor Island, named after my sister; the other, Francesco Island, 1,200 meters long, named after her husband, Francesco Mangioni.

During our navigation we frequently came to sand beaches, on which I made an attractive collection of miniature sand plants and flowers of most delicate tints.

I met signs of Indians near the river. Apparently a tribe had halted near the water some years previously. I also perceived some almost obliterated ancient trails leading out of that abandoned camp. I named the most beautiful island I had so far met George Rex Island.

Farther down stream a big *sucuriú* snake (boa-constrictor) peeped its head out of the water to gaze inquisitively into our canoe, causing some excitement among my men. Near the island, fourteen kilometers long, which I had named Victor Emmanuel, we came upon a large number of big snakes. One day we killed a huge *sucuriú*, 18 feet 5 inches long, which had eaten an entire deer.

My men were getting tired of exploring and were perplexed because no sooner had we surmounted a danger than a greater one stared us in the face.

In one rapid we were swept away by the fearful rush of water, and thought our last hour had come. No sooner were we recovering from the amazement of being alive, than we drifted speedily on to another and worse rapid, infinitely more terrific than the one we had just negotiated. We were in mid-stream, the right bank, the nearest to us, was 200 meters away. We held on to some rocks on which we unloaded our baggage, meaning to let the canoe down the diabolical rush of water by means of ropes. It was a dangerous job, for we were immersed waist deep in the rushing current and could only keep our footing with difficulty. No sooner had the canoe started down the steep incline than she gave a mighty jerk and, with the exception of Alcides, all lost hold of the ropes. I was just in time to grab Alcides, who still held on to the rope and was being dragged into the vortex at the bottom of the rapids. I, too, lost my footing, and we were both flung with violence against a rock to which I clung with one hand while I still held on fast to Alcides with the other. There we remained powerless for some minutes until Filippe, the negro, with wonderful courage, since he was no swimmer, came to our rescue. With

ropes they threw at us the other men eventually got us out of our perilous position.

The canoe had stuck her nose between two rocks at the bottom of the rapid, her forepart being entirely submerged. The vibration caused by the rush of water forced against her was so violent that I thought she might break in two at any moment. To get her off it was necessary to get inside her and secure a rope which dangled from her stern.

Filippe volunteered for the job. At great risk he got inside her and threw at us two ropes attached to her. We pulled and pulled for several hours, but the canoe was so jammed between the rocks that we could not get her off. Night came. We were trembling with cold after hours of immersion. We watched with concern two heavy cases of provisions which were still inside the canoe being washed away and lost for ever.

At two o'clock in the morning—the accident having taken place at 4:30 p.m.—we were able to get the canoe out of her perilous position. A big hole had been smashed in her side, and we had to beach her.

Utterly exhausted, I had gone to sleep on the rocks when I heard a peculiar sound as of something sliding along by my side. On opening my eyes I found myself face to face with a boa-constrictor, some twenty feet long, inquisitively looking at me, his head not more than 1½ feet away from mine. We were both rather surprised. The snake gracefully wriggled away and in all speed disappeared in the forest. I was so tired that I went fast asleep again.

We were off again the next morning. The hole in the side of the canoe was stopped up by sacrificing a pajama suit and a couple of shirts.

I had observed for several days a small globular white cloudlet, which ever remained motionless in the otherwise clear sky, to the north just above the horizon. That was an indication that we must be nearing a great fall of water, the evaporation of which formed the lonely cloud.

More hairbreadth escapes occurred in shooting almost impassable rapids and crossing vicious whirlpools—innumerable islands were explored and mapped and baptized with names of lady acquaintances. There were so many islands that I was getting short of names for them all. In one place the river, which was by then in places as much as 2,000 meters wide, was forced through a narrow channel only a few yards broad. We happened to be on the wrong side of the stream for towing down the canoe, owing to the high and much broken rocky bank. We had to cross at great risk of being swamped into that fearsome passage, and just managed to reach the other side. We had an exciting time towing the canoe along that diabolical channel. In order to prevent the canoe escaping we ran barefooted upon the sharply-pointed, broiling hot rocks. We went up and down cuts 10 to 30 feet high in the rock, never letting go of tow ropes. I was truly amazed at our agility. Also, we knew that if we lost the canoe all would be over with us. By the time we had taken her along the 200 meters of channel our arms ached terribly, our hands and feet bled profusely, the skin of our fingers and palms of the hands was torn off.

One fine day we heard a loud roar like thunder. Great clouds of mist rose up from the water. We were near the edge of a mighty waterfall, quite as big as Niagara. My men, terrified, began to quarrel, as Alcides, who had

a way of reasoning of his own, said we might go right to the edge of the waterfall as there was absolutely no danger of going over. The other men warmly disagreed. I meekly put in that it would be preferable to land rather than risk so useless an experiment. We were then less than 100 meters from the portentous jump (48 feet). The men had stopped paddling in order to compel Alcides to steer toward the bank. The canoe speedily drifted sideways—nearer and nearer the awful chasm. The bank on the right was almost vertical, with no place where we could land. Down floated the canoe. My men were horror-stricken. Once or twice they caught hold of hanging creepers from the steep bank, endeavoring to stop the canoe, but the creepers gave way. When they snapped the canoe was nearly capsized. We were only a few meters from the fatal leap. . . . My men, in despair, cried, "We are lost! we are lost!" We passed close to two rocks projecting out of the water. I quickly jumped on one of them and held the canoe, my men hastily imitating my example. Just in time. We were only 10 or 15 yards from the spot where the water curled over and rolled down the fall.

My men in great excitment started a brisk war of words, saying they would not continue the journey if Alcides were kept at the helm. Alcides challenged them all to a duel with rifles. I intervened saying the duel might take place when we had finished the journey and not before. We must first take some ropes, climb to the summit of the high bank, and tow the canoe back to a place of safety. Which we did.

That fall—the August Fall—was a grand sight. It was divided by an island into two separate falls, one on the right formed by two immense, superposed. horseshoe-

shaped terraces, 300 and 400 meters in length respectively; upon the lower terrace the rebounding waters were thrown up again with great force into the air, the spray forming numerous and beautiful rainbows. On the left side the waterfall was shaped like an amphitheater of rock. At the bottom was a diabolical whirlpool.

One fact was certain. It was impossible for the canoe to descend the fall by water. The only way was to take the canoe overland until we reached a navigable spot below the fall. There was a hill range on our side of the stream. The canoe must be made to go over it.

When I spoke to my men they mutinied and took to their rifles, saying they would follow a lunatic no more. Fancy the idea of carrying a canoe weighing over 2,000 lbs. over a hill range! They calculated that it would take 100 strong men to carry her up and down on the other side. We, all counted, were only seven, tired and worn into the bargain. They must have their pay at once and leave me.

I ordered Filippe and Antonio to cut down ten or twelve of the straightest trees they could find. They refused. I quietly took a rifle, inserted a clip of cartridges and placing my watch before me gave them five minutes to obey or be shot. If any of the other men dared to move I would fire. I then ordered Alcides to cut thirty rollers each about 5 feet long. The men were silent and green with rage. They obeyed. The trees in that region were of soft wood and easily cut down. Alcides sarcastically inquired whether I required the entire forest cut down or perhaps I might wish the hill-range flattened down for my convenience! My answer was an order to cut sixty rollers instead of thirty. My men saw

that I was in no joking mood and carried my orders out to the letter.

When all was ready I explored to discover which was the easiest point over which the canoe could be made to climb the hill. Then we cut a sufficient passage in the forest for the canoe to pass through. It was hard work. I constructed a kind of portable railway with the longer trees we had cut, on which I used the rollers. Although we employed levers it was a portentous effort to get the canoe on the first rollers. Afterwards, the canoe was pushed along with comparative ease. My men were amazed and delighted. We shifted the rails as we went along.

The trouble began when we arrived at the foot of the hill. First because it was difficult to keep the rollers in position on the rails, then when we started to push the canoe up she slid back almost as far as we had pushed her up. By using ropes made fast to trees and by a careful application of the laws of leverage, after fourteen hours of incessant work, the canoe at last reached the summit of the range. I shall not refer to the various narrow escapes we had, when the ropes snapped or when trees broke down under the strain. In one of those accidents one of my men came within an ace of being killed.

The descent was rapid, notwithstanding the ingenious arrangement I had devised to control her speed. Altogether forty hours of incessant hard labor and we launched the canoe in the river below the fall, after a journey overland of 2½ kilometers.

The more we traveled the more numerous and terrible seemed to be the dangers encountered. Whirlpools which would make the Niagara ones sink into perfect insignificance were innumerable. No sooner had we gone

down one rapid than another had to be negotiated. We had hardly any food left. My men were in despair. They said they had agreed to go on a journey of exploration, but I was taking them direct to Hades—if we were not there already!

At one rapid, where it was impossible to tow the canoe down, I had to open an artificial channel several thousand meters long on one side of the rapid where the river had eroded a channel afterwards filled with hundreds of rocks. We worked for hours rolling the big rocks on one side or the other of the channel—4 feet (1.20m.) wide. We eventually took the canoe safely through.

A splendid waterfall was the São Simão, 1,000 meters broad and 30 feet high. Fourteen kilometers farther we came to another waterfall, that of "All Saints." Below that fall was a basin where three arms of the river joined and were encased between high rocky walls. The entire rush of water was forced out of the only exit—a passage 35 meters wide and several hundred meters long between high vertical walls. No sooner were we washed into that channel than we were confronted with a central wave 40 feet high, formed by the dashing waters coming with violence from three different sides, and trying to push through simultaneously. The canoe shot up in the air almost in a vertical position on the crest of that enormous wave. What was left of our baggage, men, and dogs slid down in confusion, the canoe gliding back into the water and progressing as swiftly as an arrow through the channel, now on the point of dashing to perdition against the rocky cliffs, then speeding helplessly towards the center of the passage, when once more we rode up on the crest of the central wave, buckling over and sliding down on the other side of that foaming mass of water.

Up and down we went several times on that high central wave, many times did we again shave the rocks on either side of the channel, my men—quite helpless—yelling "We are lost! we are lost!" When we emerged from the narrow passage the waters looked so infernal that I really thought we could never escape alive. We were knocked about in a way that temporarily stunned us, waves striking me in the face with such force that it took me some moments to recover. Eventually, with the canoe full of water, we landed beyond the whirlpool. We had to cut ourselves new paddles, as all ours had been washed away. It took my men some time to get over the emotion of that experience.

At last we met humans again. I came across a small tribe of Mundurucu Indians—six all counted. They were tiny fellows, the tallest 5 feet high, in appearance extraordinarily like the Japanese and Tagalos of the Philippines.

On August 19th we reached a magnificent bit of river scenery, where the immense São Manoel River or Tres Barras joined the Arinos-Juruena. From that point to the Amazon the united streams took the name of Tapajoz. Several astonished people rushed down to the waterside when they saw my canoe appear. They were Brazilians in charge of the Collectoria of São Manoel—rather excitable creatures, who shed profuse tears and embraced me tenderly when I told them who I was and where I had come from.

Perfectly horrified, the Chief, Mr. J. Sotero Barretto, told me that he would "confiscate that log of wood," by which he meant my canoe, as he needed a trough for his pigs! "It would just do for that purpose, but certainly not for navigating a dangerous river like the Arinos."

Perhaps he was right. That was the last time I put my foot inside the canoe. I removed for good the British flag which had flown daily at her stern. It gave me quite a *serrement de cœur* when I patted the canoe on her nose and said good-bye to her. Notwithstanding her miserable appearance she had done wonderful work. Three days later, in a fearful gale of wind, rain, and lightning, I saw my faithful canoe dashed mercilessly by the waves against some rocks. She broke in two and foundered. I was sorry.

From that point the River Tapajoz was fairly well known, as rubber collectors traveled up once a year from the Amazon, a journey which occupied from forty to sixty days.

CHAPTER XLIX

ACROSS THE VIRGIN FOREST—THE TAPAJOZ RIVER

I DECIDED to leave the river and cross on foot the virgin forest, traveling west as far as the River Madeira. I purchased at São Manoel a sufficient quantity of food to last us three months. Three days after my arrival I proceeded to a spot sixty kilometers down stream, where stood the hut of the *seringueiro* Albuquerque. At the fazenda of Colonel Gregorio I got an Indian called Miguel, and a boy to accompany me. The loads my men had to carry on their backs were not too heavy, 35 to 40 lbs.

In the afternoon of August 26th we started off on our tramp across the virgin forest. I had with me three Apiacar Indians, Miguel, and his friend, and my usual men. I carried the heaviest load of all in order to give good example. From the very first my men, unaccustomed to carry weights, began to throw away our provisions in order to lighten their loads. After the first day they all refused to carry their loads any farther. In a heavy rainstorm our entire supply of salt, about 50 lbs., was lost, and most of our sugar melted. We struggled over hilly country, over rocky masses, incessantly cutting our way through the vegetation. We had been marching 4½ days when I discovered that out of our three months' provisions there only remained food enough for a few days. My men confessed they had thrown away the rest. The Apiacars left me. My six

men, to whom I had trebled their original pay, Miguel and his friend agreed to come along. But when it came to marching forward, they threw themselves down, and said they could stand the hardship no longer, and would leave me.

Partly with kindness, partly with threats of blowing their brains out if they did not carry our their contract, we went along. Swarms of ants of all sizes and degrees of viciousness destroyed all we possessed not made of metal, and bit us without mercy. Milliards of bees rendered life miserable by clinging to our faces, and hands. Then fetid insects of huge size, which generally settled on one's lips, or entered one's mouth, with their sickening odor produced vomiting.

One day all my men were taken ill with fever. The forest was stifling, the water often poisonous.

The last blow came when my men informed me that we had no more food left. All that remained—six tins of sardines and one tin of anchovies. They refused to come on, and wished to fall back on the Tapajoz River. They threatened to shoot me. It was out of the question to continue with the whole party and no food. So I left my men in charge of the greater part of my baggage, gave them plenty of ammunition, so they could shoot game, and money enough for them to go back to the river and buy fresh provisions. I would then continue westwards with two men, and having reached the Madeira River would return—a journey of unknown length and difficulty.

The men agreed. I took with me all the documents, negatives, instruments and chronometer, compasses, etc. We drew lots. Filippe the negro and Benedicto, both terribly ill, were selected by fate to accompany me. We

divided the six tins of sardines. We took three and left three for the halting party. We tossed for the tin of anchovies, which remained to us. The Indian Miguel and his friend were at the last moment induced to come along.

Early on September 2nd I made a start, without a word of farewell from the men I left behind, for whom we might perhaps be sacrificing our lives. We traveled as usual by compass. Miguel, in front of me, was cutting a passage or *picada* under my direction. It was curious to note how difficult it was for men to travel in a straight line while cutting a way through the forest. If left to themselves they generally ended by describing a circle.

At night when we made camp we were drenched in a rainstorm. Miguel came to me and in a dramatic tone asked me to let him go back as we were marching to sure death. He would hand me all he possessed if I let him go. . . . "If not—God help me!" he exclaimed, bursting into tears, and resting his head on his hands.

I said I would certainly let him go the next morning, and would give him his pay up to date.

Miguel, accustomed to Brazilians, thought my words too good to be true. I was lying in a hammock I had improvised with a waterproof sheet and some straps, and with a rifle by my side, when, by the light of a flickering fire, I saw Miguel get up and, screening his eyes with his hand, look fixedly at me. Miguel—who was a Christian—took the dagger from his belt and walking to a tree scratched a cross upon its bark. Sticking the knife with force into the tree, he clasped his hands over its handle and bent his head, muttering prayers. Twice—perhaps thinking he was observed—he turned towards me to see

whether I was still asleep. Then with the dagger in his hand he approached cautiously, ready to strike. When near enough I jumped up and administered him a potent blow in his chest with the butt of my rifle. Stumbling back, down went Miguel on his knees, touching my feet with trembling hands and begging my pardon. More tears and sobs, more entreaties to be discharged. I confiscated his rifle, ammunition, and dagger, and sent him to his hammock.

The next morning I paid Miguel and his friend up to date, returned his rifle and cartridges, but kept the knife as a memento. Their departure meant abandoning some of my instruments, photographic plates, and many useful things which were too heavy to be included in our loads.

Filippe was now entrusted to open the *picada* under my direction. From that point our march westward across the forest became tragic. Here were some entries in my diary:—

On September 3rd we went twenty kilometers—no lunch—opened at night the last of the three sardine boxes. Our share 3½ sardines each.

September 4th. We traveled over five successive ranges of hills. Went twenty kilometers. Nothing to eat all day.

September 5th. Another terrible march over broken country. No food.

September 6th. Went over eight hill ranges with deep ravines between. No food.

September 7th. My men were exhausted. At night a terrific storm added misery to our sufferings. Ants completely ate up the upper part of my shoes. Only the heavy soles remained. With bits of string I tried to

convert those soles into sandals, but they were not a success and I flung them away.

As the days went by and we found nothing to eat, my men lost their courage entirely. Filippe the negro, who was a great smoker, had bragged that so long as he had a cigarette he did not feel the pangs of hunger. When his tobacco came to an end Filippe became a raving lunatic, and in a fit of passion was about to stick through his heart the long knife we used for cutting the *picada.* Benedicto implored me from morning to night to kill him. The mental strain of leading along those two fellows was fatiguing.

September 7th. We marched along. . . . We came to an enormously high tree, 5 feet in diameter. Upon its summit some yellow fruit stared us in the face. Four tiny monkeys were eating it. Benedicto and Filippe joined their hands and offered prayers that the monkeys might drop some fruit down. I tried to fire my Mauser. Not one single cartridge went off. In our weakened state it was out of the question to climb so big and high a tree, and less still to cut it down. When the monkeys dropped down the empty shells we scraped with our teeth an infinitesimal taste of sweet substance adhering to the inside of the shells.

Curiously enough—contrary to all notions of people—while starving, and although water was plentiful and excellent, we hardly ever drank at all, as we did not feel the need of it.

We had been four entire days without food. I thought I had better open the valuable large tin of anchovies—the last of all our food supplies. When we opened it we found that it contained a heavy piece of slate and some

coarse salt. It was a Brazilian counterfeit, such as those constantly sold by swindling masters to *seringueiros*.

September 8th. Went twenty kilometers. No food.

September 9th. Came to a deep stream, 15 meters wide, with plenty of fish in it. We had fishing-lines, but no bait. No worms were to be found underground in a country so infested by ants. It was tantalizing to see food and not to be able to get it. Some believe that money can do anything in the world. I had then on my person £6,000, of which £4,000 was in actual cash. Yet I was starving, barefooted, and miserable.

The country gave absolutely nothing; that was the reason why that region was totally uninhabited.

I was asleep in my hammock on September 9th when I felt two paws resting on my chest. I opened my eyes and saw standing up on its hind legs a jaguar staring at me and sniffing in my face. When I moved, the animal leaped away and disappeared.

September 10th. Seventh day of fasting. Hunger affected my men's brain. Benedicto and Filippe, inveterate atheists, had suddenly become extremely religious, and muttered disconnected prayers all day. My strength was vanishing more and more every day. In despair I ate some *sauba* ants. Their taste was so disgustingly bitter that it made me ill. One *sauba* bit my tongue badly. It swelled to a great size and remained swollen for several days.

September 11th. A terrible march across a region of dense and much entangled forest. Innumerable *liane* or vines hung from trees and caught our feet and hands, and twisted themselves round us when we tried to get them out of our way. The bark of nearly all trees had long spikes.

Near the water the sharp-edged leaves of giant palms often cut our hands and faces.

September 12th. We had lost all hope of finding food, and dragged on a few hundred meters at a time, now Benedicto fainting from exhaustion, then Filippe, then myself. My feet were swollen and aching owing to the innumerable thorns which had got into them while walking barefooted.

September 13th. All wish for food had disappeared on that tenth day of fasting. I experienced a sickly feeling in my digestive organs, which gave me an absolute dislike for food. My memory played curious tricks. At moments I could not remember in what country I was traveling, nor could I remember anything distinctly. We were then in the height of the rainy season, with daily rainstorms of unbelievable magnitude. At night my improvised hammock made of a waterproof sheet became like a bathtub full of water with an overflow in cascades at the sides.

Filippe and Benedicto were in a pitiable condition. Their hearts beat so faintly—one could hardly detect the beating at all—when they dropped exhausted on the ground. On several occasions I believed they were dead.

That day I, too, fainted. When I awakened I felt my face sore. The skin of my entire left cheek and the lower eyelid had been eaten by ants. Bad as it was, I think we actually owed our salvation to those terrible ants. Had it not been for the incessant torture they inflicted on us each time we fell upon the ground, we should have, perhaps, lain there and never got up again.

On September 14th we made another painful march of twenty kilometers up and down high hills.

September 15th. Another trying march. We collapsed

every few hundred meters under our loads. As the river described a big curve we had left it three days before, and were marching across country. In the evening we struck the River Secundury again, there 70 meters broad.

September 16th. We followed the river bank. The forest was there beautifully clean underneath, like a well-kept park. I felt we could not last much longer. Every few hundred yards we collapsed, and had the greatest struggle to get up again. We were utterly exhausted.

September 17th. Great gentleness had to be used in leading my men along in their state of mental depression. I experienced a strange swaying sensation in my head, and it seemed as if the trees of the forest were closing down and were tumbling upon me. That was an optical illusion, of course, but that night I experienced the real thing. The upper part of a tree was blown down by a strong gust of wind, and in its fall just missed my head by a few inches. It tore down my hammock with me in it.

September 18th. We came to a small clearing, where some years before *mandioca* had been cultivated. We searched and found one solitary root, the size of a small carrot. It was wild *mandioca,* which, eaten raw, was said to be poisonous. We had only a few matches. Anxiously we succeeded in lighting a fire and roasted the precious root. When it was ready to be consumed we divided it in three equal parts, each as large as a cigarette stump. We devoured our share, though it tasted as bitter as aloes. It made us very ill, and produced painful vomiting. It took away completely what little strength we had left. We struggled along disheartened. We saw an abandoned hut on the opposite side of the stream, there 70 meters wide and 4 to 5 feet deep—but it was night, and we did not dare cross over.

September 19th. We unsteadily forded the stream in the center of which the water reached up to our necks. We were scarcely able to stand up against the current. On the other side was a broken-down canoe which had been abandoned. We worked feverishly for several hours trying to repair her. Part of my coat was sacrificed to stop up holes in her sides. When, summoning our last atom of strength, we launched her, she immediately filled with water and sank. Building a raft was out of the question, as no wood in that region floated. They were all too heavy. Near the hut we discovered some *caju* and *guyaba* trees, also some more wild *mandioca* roots.

That was the sixteenth day of fasting, and it can well be imagined how welcome that primitive meal appeared to us. No sooner had we eaten than all became violently ill. I dropped down unconscious—my men stated afterwards—rejecting everything, and quantities of blood besides. When I woke up—I had lain like dead from the evening until the sun was well high in the sky the next day—I found myself stretched on the ground with a pool of coagulated blood by my side. Poor Filippe and Benedicto were also in a bad way.

On the hut was a board on which was written the name "El Paraiso" (Paradise). It was certainly not my idea of heaven.

Our first meals were not a success. I perceived in one corner of the hut ten large glass demijohns, 2½ feet high and 2 feet in diameter. They were the usual *garaffons* used all over Brazil for carrying "fire-water."

I at once conceived the idea—contemptuously sneered at by my men—of using them as floats in the construction of a raft. In fact, whilst my men on their knees prayed the Almighty to let them die quickly, I brought the demi-

johns to the river bank and then stripped off the floor of the hut, which had been made with long split *assahy* palms. I used the latter for constructing a triangular frame, to which I could fasten the *garaffons*. Then in the forest I collected vines with which to tie the various parts of the raft together.

On September 20th we worked all day—again without food—in constructing the raft. Benedicto clumsily stumbled against one of the bottles. It rolled down the steep bank into the river and floated quickly away down stream. Only nine *garaffons* were left.

I made the raft of a triangular shape with two parallel rows of three demijohns, each at a distance of 3 feet apart, then one set of two *garaffons*. One single *garaffon* formed the bow of the raft. Naturally I stopped up the necks of the bottles. The lassitude with which we worked was pitiful to watch. We had no strength left. It was beyond us to tie firmly the pieces together. When finished the raft was a shaky affair, but I was as proud of her as if I had built a dreadnought. I baptized her the *Victory*.

My feet were in such an injured condition, full of thorns, swollen with numberless *jiggers* which had bored channels under the nails and soles, that I felt I could not walk another step. If that raft would not float it simply meant that we were lost for good.

On September 21st we launched the *Victory*. Much to my incredulous men's surprise she floated gracefully like a duck on the water. I got on her, took her half-way across the stream and back. But when we three got on board and sat astride on the longitudinal platform, the load was rather too heavy for her. With our luggage on board she had just sufficient buoyancy to keep afloat.

Having cut ourselves primitive paddles, we were about

to start on our journey down stream when Benedicto, who had gone on shore, jumped clumsily on board. The raft turned over and we were all flung into the water, there 7 feet deep. I pulled the craft ashore, and then proceeded to save the two men who were struggling in the water. That mishap was the ruination of my chronometer, of the aneroids, and the photographic camera. Four hundred developed glass negatives had got soaked. In order to save them they had to be unpacked and spread out in the wind to dry.

Filippe and Benedicto refused to come on board again, and said they preferred walking along the river bank. I would navigate the river alone and keep in touch with them by occasional shouts. In the afternoon we started afresh. I got along fairly well, punting and paddling. I even successfully went down a small rapid, just avoiding coming into contact with rocks. After two kilometers Filippe came on board again, and we went along briskly, one punting, the other paddling. In going down a second rapid we were thrown violently against some rocks. The central demijohns received a violent knock, one of them cracking badly and filling with water. This caused a heavy list to port, and rendered steering impossible. Again and again the current threw us against other rocks. Another demijohn went.

"We are sinking, are we not?" exclaimed Filippe, with water now up to his waist.

"No, go on!" said I. As I spoke those words I fancied I heard distant voices. Someone was singing . . . there seemed to be several voices. . . . Had Benedicto found someone in the forest?

Benedicto shouted back that he had found no one.

Suddenly Filippe exclaimed: "Look! look! there is a canoe!"

I incredulously scanned the river. I perceived something move, and heard voices distinctly. Filippe's joy and mine was intense when we counted, not one, but three canoes approaching.

We had already traveled eight kilometers on the raft when we got near the boats. Their crews stood up in them, rifles in hand, as we approached. With our weight the raft was entirely submerged, and we appeared to them to be mysteriously floating, sitting on the water. When reassured they took us on board, and the raft, relieved of our weight, came to the surface again; the amusement of our saviors was intense.

I explained who we were. The strangers, who belonged to a rubber-collecting expedition of the trader Dom Pedro Nunes, halted on the river bank and, hearing of our pitiful plight, immediately proceeded to cook food for us. Dom Pedro Nunes' rubber expedition—the only one that ever traveled up that river—went up once a year as far as the head-waters of the stream, taking eight to ten months on the journey there and back. An extraordinary series of lucky coincidences contributed to our meeting that expedition in so miraculous a way.

Had we not constructed the raft, had we not been on board at that particular hour, we should have missed meeting the expedition. Had we been following the bank of the stream on foot we never could have seen or heard the boats, as owing to the dense vegetation it was not possible to keep close to the edge of the water. In fact, Benedicto had gone past the boats and had not detected their presence.

The trader and his men treated us with tender care.

We were practically naked when they met us, my attire consisting of the leather belt with the money and a portion of a sleeveless coat. They gave us clothes. In a few minutes a huge flame was blazing and several large pieces of tapir meat, through which a stick had been thrust, were being broiled over the flames. When ready we pounced upon them like famished tigers. We grabbed handful after handful of *farinha* from a bag laid open before us, and filled our mouths as fast as we could. Pedro Nunes was just handing me a cup of coffee when I dropped down unconscious, rejecting everything and a quantity of blood besides.

All thought I was dead. Pedro Nunes said I was unconscious for a long time. Afterwards I felt an unbearable pain in my inside, and an unconquerable lassitude. It was due, perhaps, to the sudden relaxation from the strain of weeks of mental worry, coupled with the endured physical sufferings.

The *seringueiros* and Pedro Nunes—all men of the roughest type—had tears streaming down their cheeks watching us in our dreadful plight. Pedro Nunes told me that it would have taken six or seven days' steady walking before we could have reached the first hut of rubber collectors. We could have never got there on foot. Our damaged raft could not have floated more than a few hours longer.

From the point where I met the expedition, close to the junction of the Canuma with the Madeira River, traveling by river it would have been possible to reach Manaos in two or three days. Pedro Nunes, however, could not return, nor sell me a boat, nor lend me men. So that I decided to go back with him up the Canuma and the Secundury Rivers, trying to find a spot at its

most south-easterly point where I could again recross the forest back to the men I had left near the Tapajoz.

Pedro Nunes refused payment for the clothes given us, so I presented him with my Mauser automatic pistol, and gave the crew which had rescued us a present equivalent to twenty pounds sterling. To the second in command, who provided me with a pair of boots, I presented £10 in my gratitude to him, as they would to a certain extent save my sore feet from the innumerable thorns on my prospective walk across the forest. I purchased from the trader a quantity of provisions—all of inferior quality but they were all he had—including six tins of condensed milk, which made our joy.

Late in the afternoon we started with Pedro Nunes up river again, the expedition traveling up stream at a great pace with the many men rowing and punting. On September 22nd and 23rd we traveled all day and night up the Secundury, reaching a trader's hut, São José, in charge of a mulatto. My intention was to walk back from that spot across the forest to my original starting-point near the Tapajoz, where I had left my men and baggage. I left Filippe at São José in charge of my valuable possessions, notebooks, instruments, negatives, etc., and supplies for three months which I had purchased from Pedro Nunes.

On September 25th, accompanied by Benedicto, and a *seringueiro,* and with provisions for thirty days—Benedicto and I still utterly exhausted—we started on the march back to the Tapajoz. Trying to keep up with the new man, who was in excellent form, I stumbled along in excruciating pain, now losing one shoe, now the other, as they were a great many sizes too big for me. We found troublesome deep ravines. In one, the sides of which were

almost vertical, we let ourselves down, holding on to *liane*.

When we reached the bottom there was a tiny brook winding its way between great rounded rocks, leaving a space 2 feet wide for the flowing water.

I was climbing up on the opposite side and had reached a height of some 30 feet on the steep, almost perpendicular, incline, and was pulling myself up by holding on to a vine, when it unexpectedly gave way. The weight of provisions I carried on my back made me lose my balance, and I dropped backwards and then down head first. My head—instead of getting smashed against the rocks as I had fully expected on my flight down—by an almost incredible bit of good fortune entered the cavity between two large rocks, against which my shoulders and the load of *farinha* got jammed, while my legs were up in the air. Benedicto and the other man pulled me out. Although severely shaken and aching all over, I resumed my journey.

On September 26th we had to abandon one sack of flour and eight tins of salt butter, as my men could not carry them at the rate we were marching—twenty to thirty-four kilometers daily.

On September 27th, 28th, and 29th, in drenching rain we marched steadily, encountering much entangled and troublesome vegetation, which played destruction on my new garments. My trousers, particularly—of cheap material—were reduced to shreds.

The constant damp—we had not been dry one minute since the beginning of July; it was then October 1st—had caused a boil as big as an egg under my left knee and another on my right ankle, already much swollen and aching. The boots presented by the trader had fallen to pieces. Stiff-jointed, limping along, the feet once more

full of thorns, we struggled through the forest, cutting our way through all the time. I had high fever.

On October 3rd and 4th we went over rocky country, most trying for us. I knew we must be near the camp where I had left the main part of my expedition and baggage. By the appearance of the forest I could tell we were nearing the big river. I came upon one of my old camps only six kilometers from the Tapajoz. A thunderstorm of great magnitude impeded our progress. When we reached the hut of Albuquerque, the *seringueiro,* all I could display in the way of clothes was a shirt and no lower garments. As Albuquerque had a wife I hid behind a tree and called to the *seringueiro* to come to our assistance; while Benedicto, less bashful and certainly not more clothed than I was, marched right into the hut.

Alcides ran out in haste, his cheeks streaming with tears, and, embracing me, sobbed: "Senhor! Senhor!"

Antonio, who followed behind, shook hands, merely saying "Good morning!"

"Where is white Filippe? Where is the man X.?" I inquired.

"They are fishing in the river. Come quickly!" he shouted to them. "El senhor has returned!"

Filippe came at once. The man X. shouted he was fishing and would come later.

Alcides was upset at the pitiful condition I was in. He ran into the *seringueiro's* hut to get some clothes so that I could enter the house decently attired. Alcides cried like a child for some time in his delight to see me again. He and the other fellows believed we had been assassinated by Indians, or that we had died of starvation.

The men were all ill with fever. They had abandoned all my luggage in the forest, and had fallen back on the river, where they could find plenty to eat.

On reaching the Tapajoz I became very ill. I lay helpless in a hammock, burning with fever.

On October 8th I felt so worn that I thought I could not last many hours. Albuquerque, the *seringueiro,* and his wife, who stood by my hammock, where I lay in a half-dazed condition, shook their heads compassionately, and I faintly heard them say: "Poor fellow, he will not be alive in another hour."

On October 9th I was still alive and feeling slightly better. Albuquerque, who was, in his roughness, a kind-hearted fellow, slaughtered all the chickens he possessed in order to give me cup after cup of chicken-broth to strengthen me. It was generous of him, as chickens had a local value of £1 each, and he could not replace them for several months.

On October 11th the trading fleet of Dom Eulogio Mori, a Peruvian, arrived. Albuquerque took us out to them in his canoe. I knew that so long as I stayed under a roof I could never recover. I needed motion again and open air to set me right. Unfortunately, the boats were traveling in the opposite direction to the one in which I wanted to go. As luck would have it we met the fleet of trading boats of Colonel Brazil, which had gone up river during my absence and were now returning. I transshipped at once, as losing that opportunity would have meant waiting several months for another.

One of the crew died of yellow fever while we were having lunch. After lunch we dug a grave and buried him. Offering a stout reward, I had persuaded my men to go back into the forest to pick up the baggage they

had abandoned. The termites had played havoc with most of the wooden boxes and my collections.

On October 16th I gave Albuquerque a present of £20 sterling, as he would not accept payment for his kind hospitality and the slain chickens. With all my men I started down stream in Colonel Brazil's boats. From São Manoel the River Tapajoz was fairly known and traveled over by rubber traders.

At a spot called São Isabel I met the king of the Tapajoz River—the chief rubber trader, Colonel R. E. Brazil, who practically controlled the entire trade of that immense waterway as far as the Amazon. The entire fleet was halting there, loading thousands upon thousands of kilos of magnificent rubber. Colonel Brazil insisted on my being his guest, and placed a boat at my disposal to take me down stream until I could find a steamer. On October 20th I proceeded with him and eight boats towards the Amazon.

After negotiating safely the famous Mangabel Rapids, one night while I was asleep my boat sprang a leak, which had been ineffectively stopped up. She sank quickly in 6 feet of water. The cold immersion, and sitting all night in wet pajamas while the boat was being refloated, brought on another violent attack of fever.

On October 23rd we went down the Limao, then the Bubun Rapids. At Pimental we had to go overland for some twenty kilometers, as there was a series of rapids too dangerous to be navigated. I arrived at Bella Vista, a spot dear to me because from that point I was able to travel by steamer, the *Commandant Macedo*. She only came once a month to take down the rubber, and traveled down to Itaituba.

Itaituba would, I thought, some day be a flourishing place, being the key to the Tapajoz River.

Living in houses made me collapse altogether. I was in a pitiful state from fever. I continued my journey, bidding good-bye to Colonel Brazil, who had shown me unbounded hospitality since leaving the forest. I presented him with my favorite repeating rifle, a very handsome weapon which had been specially made for me in America, and which had accompanied me on several previous expeditions. It was the only thing of value that remained in my possession barring solid cash.

Basking in a cane-chair on the deck of the excellent little steamer, beautifully kept by her Commander and part proprietor, Captain Macedo, I steamed down comfortably towards the Amazon. Near its mouth the Tapajoz was fourteen kilometers wide.

Late at night on November 5th we touched at Santarem, situated at the junction of the Tapajoz with the Amazon. There the man X. and Benedicto insisted on leaving me. They received their full pay, and Benedicto a handsome present of money. The sum I handed Benedicto was large enough to make him well off for the rest of his days. But Brazilians of that class were wasteful beyond belief. Among other things Benedicto bought £25 sterling worth of tins of jam!

On November 6th, emerging into the great Amazon, we proceeded on our way to Belem (Para). The river was so broad that it seemed as if we were on the high sea as we tossed about in a strong north-easterly gale.

On November 18th we steamed into the bay of Guajara with the city of Belem and a number of steamers looming in the distance. Perfectly hateful was my first experience of a civilized city, with its yelling robber-porters,

the tinkling tram-bells, the irritating rattle of mediæval carriages on the cobble stones, a filthy hotel, with deadly food.

At Belem I dismissed Alcides, Antonio, and white Filippe, paying for them second-class passages by sea and first-class by rail, and full wages up to the date of arrival at their respective homes in Goyaz and Araguary. Also, recognizing the almost superhuman task which they —although unwillingly—had carried through, I handed each a handsome reward. A few hours later they returned to me dressed up in wonderful costumes, gorgeous silk ties, patent leather shoes, gold watches and chains, and blinding, jeweled scarf-pins. Everything was extremely expensive in Para—not less than three or four times the prices of London and New York. They had wasted away most of the money I had given them.

Para was a handsome city, with a great future. It was the key of the Amazon River, although actually 138 kilometers from the mouth of that stream.

CHAPTER L

THE AMAZON—PERU—BOLIVIA—CHILE—THE ARGENTINE

MY object in going to Para was to see my men safely on board ship and to purchase new cameras and instruments so that I could start on the second part of my expedition, following the entire course of the Amazon almost up to its source, then cross the Andes and reach the Pacific Ocean.

My English acquaintances in Para tried to dissuade me from attempting the journey. I was so weak that I could hardly stand up or walk. Beri-beri commenced to develop in my right foot.

On November 12th I left Para on the ship *Anthony* of the Booth Line on my way up the Amazon to Manaos —a river amazing for its immense width and the volume of water it carries, but not for its beauty. It was so wide that one could seldom see both sides at one time; its waters muddy and smelling of decayed vegetation; its banks overcrowded with untidy forests; its climate oppressive. Beautiful beyond words were the cloud effects and ever-changing lights in the sky—especially at sunset.

I arrived at Manaos on November 15th. Although so ill and suffering that I could hardly stand, with my foot so swollen that it was impossible to find a ready-made shoe or slipper large enough to fit it, I hastened to make preparations to go to the rescue of Filippe the negro and another man I had left in charge of part of my luggage near the mouth of the Canuma, a tributary of the Madeira River.

Thanks to the energy and kindness of Dr. Alberto Maso, a Swiss gentleman, a delegate of the Minister of Agriculture for the Territory of the Acre, and through the good offices of Mr. J. G. Aranjo, the President, and Dr. B. Miranda, the Secretary of the Associaçao Commercial do Amazonas, the Commandant of the Federal troops placed at my disposal his steam-launch. But the launch had lost her propeller and had no crew. I must provide all at my expense. The crew must number not less than sixteen, although in any other country three men would have been more than sufficient to run her. It cost me over £100 sterling to fit the launch out with all that was necessary. Then I had to employ a pilot at a salary of £7 15s. a day; no steamboats, however small, being allowed to travel without one.

After endless trouble with the crew and its drunken captain I was actually able, on December 4th, to leave Manaos on the launch *Amazonas,* taking in tow a rowing boat.

By 8:30 the next morning we entered the Madeira River, and by seven o'clock in the evening we arrived at the mouth of a channel connecting the Madeira with the River Canuma. We halted for the night at the mouth of the channel. The pilot, who had gone up to a house, called me to come up at once. I struggled up, and to my amazement Filippe the negro came out, and, in a great state of excitement, embraced me. The other man was with him. The two fellows had been picked up by a boat two days' journey up the Canuma, and had been taken down, expecting eventually to reach Manaos.

Filippe had saved all my photographic negatives, all my notebooks and surveys, and some instruments. Next morning we turned back full speed towards Manaos, but

owing to dirty weather had to put into Itaquatiara for shelter. Itaquatiara, placed as it was opposite the mouth of the Madeira River, which brought down the trade of Bolivia and the Acre Territory, seemed to me to have every possibility of becoming a most important trading center, and even of some day supplanting Manaos, situated inconveniently on the tributary Rio Negro.

On landing at Manaos I found Maxim-guns and artillery on one side of the principal square with police troops in charge and ready to fire, while on the other side were Federal troops also ready for battle. It was with some concern that I had to take my valuable baggage, saved after so much anxiety, between those warlike bodies of men, in order to reach the hotel which stood on the opposite side of the square. The Governor at the last moment became scared, went over to embrace the Commandant of the Federal troops, and no battle took place. Only a short time before the Amazon flotilla had bombarded the town—but the people of Manaos were accustomed to little jokes of that kind.

It was Filippe's turn to receive his pay and an ample reward, as he had been the pluckiest and most faithful of my men on that expedition. Filippe had tears in his eyes when I paid him off.

"After all," said he philosophically, "we have suffered . . . but now I shall be happy for ever, and shall be able to marry the girl who is waiting for me."

I asked Filippe if he would follow me on another expedition.

"You only have to order me, and I will go with you," he replied with determination.

I sent him off by steamer to Rio de Janeiro, furnishing

him with a first-class railway fare from Rio to Araguary, where he belonged.

On December 16th, accompanied as far as the ship by the General of the Federal troops and a number of acquaintances, I left Manaos on my way to Peru by the steamer *Atahualpa*. We went down the Rio Negro and then entered the Solimões River. I was badly in need of rest. The steamer, which had accommodation for only ten, carried seventy or eighty passengers, fifty of whom formed a part of a Spanish theatrical company on its way to Iquitos. They had taken possession of the ship's deck, which they had turned into a stage, where rehearsals went on all day and the greater part of the night. They were somewhat fatiguing after the silence of death of the virgin forest.

We passed the mouth of the Putumayo, famous for its atrocities, and reached the next morning Esperança, the Brazilian frontier post.

We arrived at Iquitos, 2,300 kilometers from Manaos, on December 23rd. Yellow fever was rampant and reaped many victims daily.

From Iquitos the river was no longer navigable by ocean-going steamers, and it was necessary to travel by small trading launches, which occasionally plied up river. We stopped ten to twenty times a day, wherever there were people who came to trade their aigrettes and rubber in exchange for liquor and rubbishy articles of cheap European manufacture.

I left Iquitos on December 29th on the launch *Rimac*. The Prefect of the Loreto Province had sent wireless messages ahead—there was a new installation of the Telefunken system—making every possible arrangement so that I could travel quickly. That part of the journey

was fairly well known, and had but relative interest to me. The only thing I wished to do, therefore—and although in a distressing condition of health—was to accomplish a record journey from there to Lima, the capital.

Where the two great rivers Maranõn and Ucayalli joined, both descending from the Andes and forming the River Solimões we had so far navigated, we entered the Ucayalli. We touched at places rejoicing in such grand names as New York, St. Helena, Philadelphia, Buenos Ayres, California, etc. They were mere groups of sheds of miserable construction, with a population of a mixed type of Spanish and Indian, and also of a great many pure Indians.

At midnight of December 31st we went up the tributary Tapiche. Then, on January 3rd, we went up and down the Yanna Yakka River, a stream of almost stagnant water as black as ink.

It was only on January 6th that I saw the first hills of importance—the Petronilla Hills—since leaving the lower Amazon.

We came in for a heavy storm. A boisterous gust of wind caught and nearly capsized us, sweeping off the deck our chicken-coop and all loose articles. We tried to get under shelter, and made fast to a big tree, but the wind and downpour of rain increased in fury, the launch tore up her moorings, bringing down the big tree with a tremendous crash on the top of us. The Peruvians knelt down in fervent prayer as the diabolic clashing of thunder and the vivid flashes of light added terror to the scene. A large, lighted, petroleum lamp which was swung on the mast got off its hook and fell on my head, soaking me with petroleum. Fortunately, the light had gone out on

its rapid descent or it might have set me ablaze. After endless trouble we were able to make the boat fast once more.

By January 9th we had gone a fair distance. We saw many brightly dressed Indians in their red shawls. At sunset we perceived to the west what appeared a moving cloud—in reality millions of *garças,* or aigrette storks, flying in a circle.

On January 10th at Masisea I left the launch *Rimac* and proceeded on board the Peruvian Government launch *Esploradora,* which had been detained there by the Prefect of Loreto to await my arrival. She was to take me as far as possible toward the foot of the Andes.

On January 11th I proceeded up the Ucayalli and then entered the Pachitea River.

We encountered a number of Cashibos (Carapaches and Callisecas) Indians, said by some to be cannibals, by others to be the "white race of the Amazon." They were not white at all, but were a yellow race. They were somewhat wild.

Having arrived at Port Bermudez at the confluence of the Pichis River with the Chibbis, I left the *Esploradora.* On January 17th I proceeded to navigate as far as possible by canoe the Pichis River, a tributary of the Pachitea. Owing to the strong current it was only the following day that I was able to reach Yessup, where mules were awaiting to take me across the Andes. I had traveled 980 kilometers from Iquitos to Masisea, 520 kilometers from Masisea to Puerto Bermudez, and 40 kilometers from the latter place to Yessup. I obtained excellent Peruvian muleteers to accompany me over the Andes.

I started at once with my caravan of pack animals on the rough trail over the mountains. Rain came down in

torrents. My mules sank in mud chest deep. They stumbled and fell, and splashed us all over with mud. Soon after leaving Yessup we began to ascend, marching steadily among giant *aguaso* trees, beautiful palms, and wonderful ferns of great height. Following a narrow trail, three to four hundred feet above the River Azupizu, and occasionally crossing at great height over cable suspension narrow bridges, with no parapet whatever, and which swung to and fro as you rode your mule over them, we came to the country of the Campas Indians—handsome tame people, who claimed direct descent from the Incas.

At the *tambo,* or rest-house, of Azupizu, owing to the threatening weather, we took the precaution of sending the animals across the stream at night. The next morning the river was so swollen that I was compelled to cross from mountain-side to mountain-side in a primitive sling-car running along a wire cable. The car consisted of two planks roughly suspended on bits of telegraph wires attached to a double pulley. Like all people who used that mode of conveyance, I had a disagreeable experience when I went across, a distance of over 200 meters. The ropes employed for pulling the car back and forth got badly entangled when I was half-way across, and the car stuck. The Indians pulled and shook them with vigor, producing jerks which swung the car violently and bumped me to such an extent that it was a miracle I was not shot off my seat into the foaming river, 400 feet below. After a whole hour on that "scientific aerial service" the ropes disentangled themselves, and I eventually landed in the arms of a swarm of excited Indians on the opposite mountain-side.

At the little town of La Merced I changed my tired

animals for a fresher lot. At La Herreira and St. Ramon two more shaky suspension bridges had to be crossed, the oscillations being so great as we rode across that it was ever a marvel to me that animal and rider were not precipitated into the river, hundreds of feet down below. There was no parapet of any kind, and the planks of the floor were so rotten that it was not uncommon for the animals to put their legs right through them. Hundreds of picturesque Indians were met on the road—the men in their heavy, knitted stockings, the women in bright, much-pleated blue or red petticoats, red shawls and felt hats.

Beyond Huacapistana the trail became good, the scenery enchanting. Tarma, the most picturesque town of the high Andes (altitude 10,034 feet), had an imposing avenue of *eucalypti,* narrow, tidy streets, and neat, white-washed houses.

I left Tarma, ascending a high pass, where the cold wind blew fiercely, with frequent showers of rain and hail. In the evening I arrived at Oroya, a point important to me as it was there I saw for the first time a railway since leaving Araguary in Brazil nearly a year before. Oroya was perhaps the highest railway station in the world, at an elevation of 12,156 feet. Trains ran to Lima twice a week.

I was allowed to take the journey to Lima in a "gravity car" in the company of the engineer, Mr. Beverly Mayer. To do this we had to get to the highest point of the railway at the tunnel at Galera, 17,572 feet above sea-level. Having cleared the tunnel we got on the small gravity car, keeping all the time in front of a train which traveled in the same direction. It was quite an exciting journey, the incline being so great that we soon acquired a vertiginous speed—in fact, too fast, as our brakes acted

no more on the rails rendered extra slippery by snow and rain. We were sliding down at an alarming pace. The cold was intense. In one place, going over a bridge connecting two mountains, I noticed an engine which had leapt off the rails and lay upside down, a hopeless wreck in the middle of the foaming torrent several hundred feet down below.

At 7:30 p.m. on January 30, 1912, I arrived at Lima, 222 kilometers from Oroya. The total distance from Iquitos to Lima over the Andes was 2,079 kilometers, which distance I had performed in the record time of one month, the time generally occupied by local travelers being from fifty to seventy days.

From Lima, early the next morning, I proceeded to the port of Callao, a few kilometers farther, where, at La Punta, I dipped my hands in the Pacific Ocean, thus ending my trans-continental journey, which had begun from the Atlantic at Rio de Janeiro—with its zigzags and deviations, 22,000 kilometers in length; that is to say, 13,750 miles.

The violent change of climate and elevation from the stifling heat of the Amazon to the eternal snows of the Andes had improved my health somewhat. Then the sea air had a most beneficial effect. The attack of beri-beri was gradually passing away, and though my toes were still atrophied, my foot had gradually got back almost to its normal size. Sea air, they said, was the best cure for that unpleasant complaint.

I was charmed with the beautiful city of Lima, its wonderful churches, its clean streets, and its delightful inhabitants. Undoubtedly, the Peruvians were the most polished people I met in South America—the women most beautiful.

I was anxious to return to Europe. Although I had hardly any strength left, I would not leave the South American continent without visiting the interior of Peru, Bolivia, and Chile. Through the kindness of Mr. C. de Gras, the British Minister, and Mr. Mockill, the Chief of the Peruvian Corporation of Lima, arrangements were made for me to travel in comfort through the country of the Incas.

I left Lima five days after my arrival, on February 5th, reaching by sea the port of Mollendo on February 7th, the terminus of the railway line to Arequipa and Cuzco. A luxurious private car, with two bedrooms, sitting-room, and kitchen, was placed at my disposal for the entire time the journey would last.

The scenery along the railway was beautiful. At Arequipa the railway reached an elevation of 7,549 feet. The town was fascinating with its picturesque arcades, its magnificent Spanish church, and its up-to-date observatory.

I continued my journey, the train climbing in great curves over a high plateau, 14,000 feet above sea-level. Herds of stampeding llamas were to be seen, and the peculiar stone walls erected by shepherds as shelters against wind and snow. It was snowing hard. The cold was intense, as I traveled seated in front of the engine in order to obtain a better view of the landscape. Many of the people on the train suffered from *soroche,* or mountain sickness.

At Juliaca Junction my car was switched off from the Puno to the Cuzco line. I traveled over a grassy tableland with high, snowy peaks looming against the sky. Both the country and the people of those high regions reminded me much of Central Asia. The cairns of white

stones amassed for luck by passers-by were just like the *obos* of Tibet.

I arrived at Cuzco (11,062 feet above sea-level), interesting as an ancient Spanish city, but principally for the remarkable remains of Inca civilization in its vicinity.

Thanks to a telegram sent by the President of the Republic, Mr. B. B. Lagujia, the Prefect of Cuzco, placed at my disposal excellent horses and an orderly, so that I could with ease go and inspect the Inca ruins which were of a grandeur beyond description. The most imposing were the three-walled fortress of Sacsayhuanan, the subterranean passages, the *rodadeiro*, or toboggan slide, the recreation ground, the ancient altars for Sun worship, the "round table" of rock where the Incas had their feasts, and the rock throne from which the Inca king watched battles. The ground was strewn with stone ammunition used in fights.

Some kilometers beyond Cuzco were the ruins of Virracocha at Tinta, where the gigantic walls of a palace were to be seen, and ruins of other fortresses. The gateways of Choquechaca strangely resembled Egyptian architecture.[1]

I left Cuzco, crossing beautiful scenery on my way to Lake Titicaca, where more Inca ruins were to be found, such as the Sillistayni tower at Puno. Lake Titicaca itself, at an elevation of 12,202 feet, with its magnificent background of snowy peaks, was impressive. I traveled across it in a steamer of the Peruvian Corporation. We spent the entire night, crossing the lake from north to south, and arrived at Geraqui, the port for La Paz, capital of Bolivia, a handsome little city situated in a deep hollow, at an elevation of 12,129 feet.

[1] See *Across Unknown South America.*

Mentally I was so exhausted that, although I saw things, I could take in no more. Worse luck, at La Paz carnival was at its merriest. It was impossible to go out of doors without being smothered in chalk powder or cornflour, or, worse still, be under constant douches of aniline-dyed water. Even bottles of ink were emptied on one's head by the more enthusiastic from top-floor windows.

I left La Paz, traveling at first over alluvial country to Oruro, then on to Antofagasta, via Uyuni. Immense deposits of borax were to be seen at Ulaca, then the beautiful volcano Ollaque (12,123 feet), like a giant dome, snow capped and smoking profusely. It stood on the boundary line between Bolivia and Chile. A mountain strangely resembling Fujiyama of Japan in its graceful sloping lines was subsequently to be admired, and other extensive borax deposits between Sebollar and Ascotan, one borax lake being some forty kilometers long.

I arrived at Antofagasta and sailed in the Pacific Mail steamer for Valparaiso. I traveled across the Andes to Buenos Ayres by the Trans-Andine Railway—a hot and dusty journey, very dull, and not particularly comfortable, with scenery most disappointing to anyone like myself who had seen the Andes in all their grandeur farther north.

While I was on the railway between Mendoza and Buenos Ayres there was a strike of the railway employees. The railway was attacked by the strikers at several points. Amateur engineers ran the trains. When only two hours from Buenos Ayres the heat was so intense as we crossed the great Pampas that I had placed a pillow on the ledge of the open window, and resting my head on it, had gone to sleep. Suddenly I was awakened by a

loud explosion and found myself covered with debris of rock. A big stone had been flung by the mob at the passing train and had struck the side of the window only three inches above my head, smashing the woodwork and tearing off the metal frame of the window.

I arrived safely in Buenos Ayres, a beautiful city, too well known to be here described. A few days later I was on my way to Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro by the S.S. *Aragon*.

From Rio by the R.M.S. *Araguaya* I returned to England, where I arrived, absolutely broken down in health, on April 20, 1912.

AUTHOR'S JOURNEYS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER LI

A LECTURE AT THE SORBONNE—THE KING AND QUEEN OF BELGIUM—POPE PIUS X

AFTER my return to Europe, and having gone on a visit to my parents and sister in Italy, I came back to London to write a book on South America.

I took a flat overlooking the Thames in the Savoy Court, London. For one entire year I worked steadily sixteen to eighteen hours daily, hardly ever going out of the building. There was more labor spent on a book of that kind than people imagined, for besides the heavy task of writing the voluminous manuscript, there were hundreds of photographs to be printed, colored illustrations to be elaborated from sketches taken on the spot. Then I had to compute and check the astronomical and other observations, and do a map from my own surveys of the unexplored regions I had traversed. The map of the River Arinos I had explored when finished was 30 yards in length, and took me nearly two months' hard work to complete. Soon after my arrival I had delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution before a large audience, the Duke of Northumberland taking the chair. Strangely enough, some months later a novel appeared, by one of England's foremost writers, who had used the skeleton of my narrative and built on it a very attractive book—*The Lost World.*

At a lunch party given by a charming American young lady who owned nothing less than the London underground railways, I met Repington, the famous war correspondent and military expert, and three delightful ladies from Paris, who made me promise to go and deliver a lecture in the French capital. Shortly after I received a telegram saying that the Grand Hall of the Sorbonne was placed at my disposal whenever I chose to go over. So great an honor could not possibly be refused. I went to Paris and found that chiefly due to the enthusiasm and devotion of my friends the proposed lecture had developed into a gigantic affair. It was given under the auspices of the School of Anthropology of Paris. Paul Deschanel—President of the Chamber of Deputies—afterwards President of the Republic—took the chair, Jules Roche, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, delivered a hearty speech of greeting, President Poincaré was present, and also officially the Minister of War and the Minister of Marine, M. le Corbeiller, who was representing the Municipality of Paris, M. Roume, Governor-General of France's African Colonies, the British and American Ambassadors, and the Brazilian, Argentine, Peruvian, Chilean, Bolivian, and Persian Ministers, etc. M. Liard, the Recteur de l'Université de Paris; then the French explorers Charcot, Charles Pierre, de Crequi-Monfort, Colonel Marchand, Colonel Monteil, etc., as well as innumerable French and foreign notabilities. The French Government also paid me the compliment of sending the military band of the 46th Infantry to play patriotic tunes before the lecture and in the interval. All Paris came. The lecture was to begin at nine. At seven the hall was so packed that there was not even standing room left. I was told by the Chief of Police that 6,000

people had been packed in the theater constructed to seat 3,500, and that over 4,000 more people had been unable to get admission and were clamoring outside.

On the 20th of March I delivered my lecture in French. The newspapers said afterwards that I had spoken "elegantly lucid French." While previous to the lecture the papers had written about "the explorateur Anglais," after the lecture I had become the famous "explorateur Français." A photographer, in taking a flashlight picture of the audience, caused a grand explosion which set a lady on fire, but after a few seconds calm was re-established and I was able to proceed. I had been told that no man living was able to hold a Parisian audience at a lecture for more than three-quarters of an hour or an hour. Barring a short interval, I spoke from nine until 11:30, and not one single person budged. The hall might have been empty, so immobile were the spectators. I think what impressed the crowd most was the simplicity of my narrative, absolutely devoid of dramatic action, although what I related to them was enough to make most people's hair stand on end. In my extensive lecturing career I have never met with a more attentive, intelligent, sensitive audience. They answered immediately to the words spoken, whether there was a pathetic note in the speech or a humorous touch. The lecture was illustrated by 150 lantern slides. So absorbed was the crowd in the description that when I ceased speaking they remained as if in a trance for several seconds, as if they expected more. Then the applause thundered for a long time.

Paul Deschanel, France's greatest idol, got up and delivered a magnificent speech, in proper oratorial style, most effective and forcible:

Monsieur le President of the Republic, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I am sure to be interpreting your unanimous feelings in thanking Mr. Savage-Landor for his remarkable, most interesting and substantial lecture. Through him we have made the most instructive and exciting journey.

. . . . . .

Mr. Savage-Landor is a writer, a scientist, an artist, an orator. He goes without weapons, with a handful of native servants. He braves everything. Hunger, thirst, malarial fevers, the impenetrable forests, the venomous insects, snakes, wild beasts. But in serving humanity he flies from its *misères* (its meanness), its passions, its envy. Ah, sir, you have taken of life the best part.

Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to leave you under the impression of this splendid epic.

. . . . . .

Here Deschanel expressed his gratitude to the illustrious people present:

. . . and to the English Ambassador, the great and loyal friend of France with whom we rejoice in celebrating once again the heroic virtue of his race.

. . . . . .

And you, Mr. Savage-Landor, may you be able to continue for a long time to come your admirable journeys, for the honor of your country, for the good of science, of civilization and of humanity!

The speech, delivered with the *beau geste* typical of Deschanel's oration, was received with thundering applause. All rushed on the platform to shake hands with me so that Poincaré, who had moved forward to speak to me, was cut off. He sent his secretary to tell me that he was compelled to leave, as the Ministry might have to resign owing to Madame Caillaux's murder of Calmette the evening before, and a meeting of the Ministers was due at 11:30. Could I go and speak to him in the courtyard behind the Sorbonne, where his auto was waiting?

I went at once. Then something happened which touched me much, and showed me the extreme refinement of the French people. In returning towards the hall I met the audience like a human flood boisterously breaking out, and evidently greatly excited over the lecture. Some one, in coming face to face with me, exclaimed aloud:

"Ah! Voilà Mr. Landor!" and in saying so he drew aside, his head inclined in sign of respect and with hat down.

"Mr. Landor . . . Mr. Landor . . ." repeated other voices, as a way was quickly opened for me—every man in that crowd with hat down to his knees and respectfully bowing. Not a shout, not a hurrah! but I thought the touching mark of reverence was the most beautiful compliment they could have paid me.

Two evenings before the lecture I was sitting next to Calmette at a dinner party given by that enchanting hostess, Countess Greffulhe. Little did I think then that the next evening he would be murdered. Then a few nights later I again dined with Paul Deschanel, M. Noulens, the Minister of War, and a number of other distinguished politicians. Deschanel, off his business, was one of the gayest, wittiest men imaginable. Almost childlike in his amusements, but always witty in the extreme. He kept the company in fits of laughter the entire evening. The lecture had been such a success that I was asked to repeat it in the Trocadero, which held ten thousand people, but war broke out before the appointed date, and it never came off.

I received an invitation to visit H.M. King Albert and Queen Elisabeth of Belgium at their beautiful castle of Laacken.

I went to Brussels and drove out to the castle, where

I had tea with Countess Ghislaine de Caraman-Chimay and other ladies-in-waiting, then had a most enjoyable conversation with that Angel of Goodness and Charity, the Queen. She looked so sweetly pretty and so gracious, so gay and unaffected, and so brilliantly clever. I spent a truly delightful hour in her company. Then I was taken to see the King in his study. Jovial, but rather timid, he received me amiably. We discussed at length some of my journeys, particularly the African and South American. He showed me an old atlas with an interesting map of Africa—all the central parts marked unknown and on which Stanley had traced in pencil for King Leopold his proposed journey across the Dark Continent. The King wore modest civilian clothes, which did not fit at the neck—or anywhere else. His necktie had a tendency to race all round his collar. He was not a man of fashion. He was a deep student, a dreamer, and could not be bothered with the intricacies of dress. He showed me rare works from his library, then a magnificent Brazilian macaw, which the Brazilian Minister had given him. Then he sprang to his feet and said he would take me around the gardens and hot-houses, where King Leopold had accumulated the greatest collection in the world of rare tropical plants. Rain was coming down in torrents. I was in my frock-coat and tall hat, the King was in a slouch felt headgear, cowboy-like. He stopped a moment to ponder in the doorway. He seemed perplexed.

"I do not know whether I have an umbrella to lend you," he said timidly, looking with compassion at my shiny silk hat, which was about to be destroyed. "Oh, yes! I think I can get one." He sent a servant for an umbrella, which was the most disheveled affair I have

ever seen, the ribs when he opened it shooting out in all directions.

Off we started, the King insisting on sheltering me. He would not hear of my carrying the umbrella. In fact I was distressed because His Majesty was getting wet all over endeavoring to keep me dry. Under a regular downpour we wandered for hours over the magnificent grounds. He showed me the famous pagoda, and the extraordinary hot-houses full of untold wonders. Each time there was a door to be opened he invariably rushed forward to open it for me, which I thought was exquisitely kind. I rebelled and would not let him, but he said I must obey.

All those wonderful collections were subsequently destroyed by the Germans, who made stables for their cavalry in the glass-houses.

In the evening I dined with their Majesties. They were in deep mourning and received no one, so that I deemed it a particular honor to be asked. Before dinner the three children were brought in, most beautiful children, picturesquely attired in velvet rather tight-fitting clothes, with invaluable lace collars and cuffs. The Princess, full of life and mischief, had an immense head of curly hair, which stood out rebelliously on all sides. She looked like a little savage. I had to relate to the royal children some incidents of my journeys—they were all eyes, listening—then they were sent to their rooms, and we went in to dinner. The King, the Queen, Countess Ghislaine de Caraman-Chimay, the King's A.D.C., and I. The King sat on the Queen's right, and I on her left. The conversation was brisk in the extreme and very witty. One thing which I greatly admired at the Belgian Court was that the servants entered to serve, and

at once left the room, so that conversation could proceed unimpeded. On hearing that I seldom touched wine, the King, most courteously, said, so as to make me feel at ease, that they too would only drink water.

Her Majesty told me a charming anecdote which touched me intensely. When she was a child she had obtained the German translation of my work on Tibet. So absorbed was she with the narrative and the tortures, that she smuggled it under her pillow so that she could read it in bed. Her mother discovered it, scolded her, and took the book away.

The kindness of their Majesties for me had really no bounds. My automobile had come to fetch me, but the King gave order that I must be taken back into Brussels in his own special car. I felt too grand for words, and a trifle uncomfortable when we entered the brilliantly lighted streets of the city and the people, recognizing the royal car, the traffic cleared the way and all pedestrians took off their hats believing the King was inside.

In Paris I met nearly everybody worth knowing, and I had many valued friends. English and American tourists were apt to judge Parisians by the people they saw on the boulevards—nearly all foreigners—or by visiting horrible places, stupid and dull beyond measure, supposed to be naughty. The real, well-to-do Parisian never entered those places. For exquisite hospitality, for things done in elegant simplicity, the French of the better families were masters.

There were comparatively few leaders of aristocratic society in Paris—Countess Greffulhe was perhaps the queen of them all, her beauty, her amazing charm, her original ideas, the extraordinary schemes which she hurled at one when least expected, made her one of the

most adorable ladies I have ever known. I have not known anyone, man, woman, or child, who met Countess Greffulhe and was not at once fascinated by her.

She had a regular genius for organizing charity performances on a colossal scale; she was a most active patroness of art, industry, music, the theater, the ballet. She had with her her sister, Countess Ghislaine, and a friend, Miss O'Connor, who were of great assistance to her. When those three delightful ladies put their heads together something wonderful was sure to come out. One day I received a telephone message to go at once to her house. When I arrived I found Countess Greffulhe in her motor.

"Get in quickly, we are late."

Off we sped for some minutes, knowing there would be some surprise at the end.

We alighted at the house of the marvelous poetess, Comtesse de Noailles, where a dinner party of ten ladies was taking place. I was the only man.

"I wanted to see," exclaimed Countess Greffuhle, "whether this would frighten you more than Tibetan tortures. But you do not seem frightened at all!"

The party was wonderful, as Comtesse de Noailles had collected there all the pick of feminine brains in Paris, but I had a hard task before me to answer alone the ten fascinating ladies around the table. They kept up a hot and incessant fusillade of questions. The Parisian ladies, like their sisters of many other countries, had a way of all talking at the same time.

Señor Pallavicini, the Argentine Minister to the Vatican, wrote to me that His Holiness Piux X wished to see me and hear about my journeys. He seemed to have been particularly attracted by the fact that I had gone

to the most savage countries unarmed. I went to Rome. At the Vatican I was received with exceptional honors, similar to those accorded to foreign royal princes. The General of the Pontifical Army, in a gorgeous uniform, was at the head of the grand staircase to receive me, and at once brought me through superb rooms and passages to a small waiting-room where a Cardinal was in attendance. The Pope had been very ill, and received no one, but had made an exception in my case.

The Cardinal left me for a moment, and returned presently to say the Pope was ready to receive me.

Presented by the Argentine Minister, who had arranged the visit, I was received with extended arms by His Holiness. Although not a Roman Catholic, I respectfully kissed the holy ring on his finger as was *de rigueur* when received by him. The Pope made me sit by his side holding my hand in his, while he asked me innumerable questions about savages and barbarians. He had admired my traveling among them without carrying even a penknife. "The belief in the protection of God," he said, "was better protection than any rifle or pistol."

With his beautiful head and hands, Pius X, dressed in white and with a white skull cap, was as near as possible what one imagines a saint to be. He had a noble and serene face, and with it a soft calm voice, full of goodness and piety. Yet with it all he did not lack humor and he quite enjoyed a joke with a hearty honest laugh.

I spoke to His Holiness about some of the Catholic Missions I had met in distant parts all over the globe, and the wonderful work they were doing. Some of the missionaries were positive martyrs. He listened attentively. When I related in a simple manner incidents with plenty of action in them and perils I had run, the Pope lifted

his hands up in the air, in admiration, and then deposited them on mine, exclaiming: "God has always had His protecting hand over you, or you would never have escaped alive." Which was true.

We were in the Pope's study and library. Presently Piux X got up, and, owing to age and weakness, unsteadily walked to a desk.

"I want to give you a small remembrance of your visit to me," he murmured as he searched in a drawer.

He returned to his armchair holding a beautiful silver medal, some three inches in diameter, in a handsome morocco case with the Papal arms in gold.

"I want you to keep this, then you will not forget your visit to the Vatican . . . and . . . I also want you to have my portrait . . . wait . . . I am going to write something on it."

With a remarkably steady hand for so old a man, His Holiness wrote on a large photograph the following dedication:

To my beloved son, Henry Savage-Landor, with the most sincere congratulations for the great work of civilization he has accomplished in his scientific journeys and with the wish that the memory of the good he has done and the sufferings he has endured be of true comfort to him. We herewith heartily impart the Apostolic Benediction, June 27, 1914.

Pius. PP. X.

His Holiness kept Señor Pallavicini and me there about an hour and a quarter. He made me promise that I would go again. He blessed my parents. I was deeply touched. I felt in the presence of an absolute saint. If there are saints on earth *he* was certainly one. One only had to look at him. His simplicity, his honesty, his innocence of thought, were marvelous. Prior to his

being elected Pope he spent every penny he possessed in helping the needy. When made a Pope he insisted on his relations remaining in the humblest positions they occupied. He never availed himself of his powers to let friends or relations get on unjustly. It may be remembered that when he had gone from Venice to Rome for the election of the new Pope he had purchased a second-class return ticket. He was in despair, when elected Pope, because the return half of the ticket would be wasted.

From His Holiness I was taken—as was the etiquette—to visit Cardinal Merry del Val, Secretary of State. A handsome figure, smartly dressed, with superabundant intelligence and a joyous way of expressing himself. We had a cheery interview, full of repartee and amusing anecdotes.

Cardinal Merry del Val, too, presented me with his photograph with a precious dedication.

Escorted to the head of the grand staircase by Cardinal Merry del Val and the General of the Papal Army, we returned to our carriage, and I dashed back to the hotel to discard my dress suit, which seemed rather incongruous at ten o'clock in the morning. But it was the Vatican's etiquette, and one had to conform to it.

CHAPTER LII

THE SIEGE AND BOMBARDMENT OF ANTWERP—A DIFFICULT MISSION

THE day before the Great War was declared between France and Germany in 1914, I was in London. Some well-known Parisian ladies and gentlemen and the lady-in-waiting to the Queen of the Belgians were dining with me. A French general was also of the company. The latter arrived late and greatly perturbed, as he had just received a telegram from his Government with orders to return immediately to Paris and keep himself in readiness.

"This," he said gravely, "means war with Germany."

I tried to reassure him, as I truly believed in those days that nations could not be so intensely foolish as to enter into a war which would either last a few weeks or else many years—in either case causing irreparable disaster to all nations of Europe. My French guests were not so optimistic. They shook their heads, and after dinner went back to their hotels to make preparation for a speedy return to their country.

War began. I was filled with admiration for the Belgian defense of Liège, which, let it frankly be said, was the true savior of Europe and the most brilliant page in the history of the war.

It took me a few days to settle important affairs in London. As soon as ready I left for Antwerp by the ill-fated steamer *Brussels,* whose celebrated Captain

Fryatt was later infamously shot by the Germans. We carried on board quantities of food sent by generous British people to help the Belgian sufferers, and also, well hidden under sacks of rice and cases of tinned milk, four 4.7 naval guns, which we had secretly taken on board during the night and were conveying to the Belgians for them to mount on armored trains. There was an exciting moment at the Dutch customs when we entered the Scheldt, as arms and munitions of war were not allowed to go through that neutral point. Luckily, the guns passed unperceived, and we landed them safely in Antwerp.

We had on board a remarkable man, Major Gordon, private secretary to the Duke of Wellington, to whose superabundant activity and skilful organization the Belgians owed much. It was he who, when the first sixty thousand refugees were coming over to England, advertised the fact to such an extent that within a day he had obtained from the charitable British public offers of sixty thousand homes. It was Gordon who obtained provisions galore from traders and manufacturers, as well as mountains of clothes, boots, etc., from private people to send out to Belgium.

Brussels had been occupied by the Germans, who were directing their attention to encircling Antwerp.

While in Antwerp I was graciously received by the Queen, who was working hard organizing relief for her suffering subjects and doing angelic work in the hospitals. I came in contact with nearly all the leading Belgian Generals and the Ministers of State. Monsieur de Broqueville, among the latter, was perhaps the one whose personality towered over the others.

Neither the French nor the British military authori-

ties ever understood the real value of fortified Antwerp, or at least not until it was too late. The proposed great German advance on Calais would have been an impossibility if we could have only helped the Belgians to hold on to Antwerp. Forty thousand men and a number of big guns sent there in time could have accomplished the feat at that period of the war. It would have rendered submarine and aerial warfare much less easy for the Germans. Had we been able to stop submarine, airship, and aeroplane operations when they were still in their infancy, things might have turned out quite differently in the end.

The placing in a state of efficient defense of the fortified position of Antwerp by the Belgians was completed in the first three weeks of August. From August 22nd the Belgian field army occupied positions in advance of the most distant forts surrounding the city, but was separated from the troops fighting in the forts of Namur by the German army coming to invest Antwerp.

On August 25th took place a brilliant engagement of the field army against the Germans entrenched to the north of Vilvorde, about half-way on the high road between Brussels and Malines, more particularly at Elewyt, Hofstade, etc. It was on that day that the first bombardment of Hofstade and Malines took place.

On August 26th the Germans were driven back by the gallant Belgians. A sortie which the Belgian army made on August 27th bore excellent fruit. The besiegers were driven back everywhere. Great joy prevailed in Antwerp that day, for the news also came that a great Russian victory had taken place in Eastern Prussia. and the Serbs had defeated the Austrians.

On August 28th took place the second bombardment

of Malines, the batteries of the Germans being located at Elewyt and Hofstade. News arrived that Louvain had been completely destroyed by the Germans, including the famous library of the University. Swarms of refugees, homeless and starving, were to be met struggling on the roads leading into Antwerp. The villages, most of the farms south of Antwerp, were hastily abandoned, and everybody sought shelter within the fortified position.

On the 2nd of September came the visit of a Zeppelin over Antwerp. It dropped a dozen big bombs on the city, which did comparatively little damage. Only a few people were killed. It was amazing to notice how calm the Antwerp people were through it all. Zeppelins or no Zeppelins, they walked unconcerned along the streets. Only every now and then one saw people glance at the sky in a significant manner. When anybody looked up, everybody else quickly looked up, too.

On the 4th of September a German division attacked Termonde, but had to retire against an inferior number of Belgians. The Germans, however, set the place on fire before leaving on September 5th. Small fights took place on the advanced line of forts to the south. Two forts were able to successfully drive back the Germans.

Matters were precipitating. On September 7th there was a heavy fight on the Durme, and on the 8th at Heyst and Berg. On the 9th the Belgian army made a magnificent sortie and captured Aerschot, the fight continuing steadily in the neighborhood until all day of the 13th. The Germans sent considerable reinforcements, and on the 18th they again bombarded Termonde and endeavored to construct a bridge on the River Dendre at Baesrode.

On the 19th of September came the news that the Germans were moving some of their large artillery in the region of Wavre-Bruxelles. I was that day at Malines. The place had suffered terribly from the bombardment. Fighting was still going on close by; the thundering of big guns was incessant. Archbishop Mercier's palace had been badly hit, and the cathedral had suffered greatly. The beautiful stained-glass windows were smashed, while the chairs inside the house of worship were scattered in debris all over the floor. Outside in the open were numerous deep and broad holes caused by the German 150-mm. shells.

I climbed to the summit of the church tower, which had also been damaged by artillery fire. From that height one could perceive in the distance the inundated country near Antwerp, where the attacking Germans had lost several guns and many men when the Belgians gave them an unexpected bath.

The King and his army were stationed at Lierre when I paid a visit to that place on September 20th. Two days later I witnessed the fourth bombardment of Malines. The German shells were mainly aimed at the more prominent buildings. Heavy fighting was taking place at Alost, twenty-two kilometers southwest of Malines.

There was brisk fighting on September 28th when the Belgians made a plucky attempt to retake Malines. At eleven o'clock the announcement came that the Germans were bombarding, with their 420-mm. guns, the southern forts of Antwerp. It was worth seeing one of those shells to realize in full what they could do. To give an idea of their weight it will suffice to say that two powerfully built Belgian officers and myself had difficulty, with our combined strength, in lifting up the mere disc form-

ing the bottom of an exploded shell—a disc of solid steel 16½ inches in diameter and about 3 inches thick. The entire shell intact weighed, I believe, over 2,000 lbs.

The heavy bombardment of the forts continued all through the days of September 29th and 30th, while a well-directed shrapnel fire was kept up on the troops massed in the intervals between the forts. Violent attacks were made endeavoring to force those intervals between the forts—so much so that the troops of the southeast section had to retire on the right bank of the River Nethe. The bombardment continued with extraordinary violence the entire night of October 1st. The Germans succeeded in cutting off the Antwerp water supply. Matters became so critical that the Government decided to leave Antwerp the following day.

I had been absent from Antwerp for several days on a special errand. The Belgian War Office had supplied me with a fast 50-h.p. motor car driven by a skilled military chauffeur, a plucky young fellow, Count Guy de Burlet, who was the nephew of the ex-Prime Minister of Belgium. We were returning with dispatches from Bordeaux, the then French capital. We came in for a bit of luck, as on the night of October 2nd-3rd we were approaching the besieged city, almost completely encircled by the enemy. We were traveling on the route via Gand and Lokeren. We were astonished to find that region absolutely evacuated by the Belgian troops. On our way out we had met dozens of sentries stationed at important points on that road and at bridges. Our acetylene headlights for some reason obstinately refused to burn that night. We took it as a warning from Providence that there was danger ahead. We traveled cautiously in the dark. We actually passed through the

German positions without being stopped or fired at. Much to the amazement of everybody we entered doomed Antwerp at two o'clock that night, just in time to deliver the dispatches to M. de Broqueville, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The dispatches I conveyed were the last that entered Antwerp, and contained, I was told, the instructions from France to let the fortress fall.

Sunday, October 3rd, was a memorable day. The fort of Waelhem had fallen, and the city was about to surrender. Immense crowds of rufugees left the city. In the afternoon the population became slightly reassured on the arrival of Mr. Winston Churchill, smoking giant cigars and with a swarm of newspaper photographers in attendance. Also at the news, quickly divulged, that the British were at last arriving to save the city.

In the afternoon one naval brigade arrived and received an enthusiastic ovation from the populace. It was quaint to see dashing through the streets of Antwerp familiar Hammersmith and Brompton Road motor buses, laden with British soldiers, and cases of ammunition. But as the few buses went by and the expectant eyes of the populace perceived no more coming, those who had for a moment entertained a faint ray of hope realized that not enough reinforcements had been sent. They were merely sufficient to prolong the agony, perhaps, for one or two days.

The proclamation of the Governor advising the citizens of Antwerp not to fire on the incoming Germans also had a depressing effect on the population.

Major Gordon, who was almost as much of an optimist as I was, came to me with an amusing scheme. I did not like to say no, out of politeness, but I fully perceived

the futility of it. He thought that if I undertook to give that night in the largest hall a public lecture on my travels, it would reassure the population. Large posters could be printed and posted at once all over the city. I said I would willingly do it, but, under the circumstances believed people were little bent on attending lectures. Gordon, much excited, took me to General Yungblutt, who was in command of Antwerp, and laid before him the proposition.

The General, pale and grave as if a heavy weight hung over him, listened to Gordon. He looked fixedly and sadly at him and then at me, as if to discern whether we were both in our right minds. Then in a slow, almost tragic, tone:

"Thank you with all my heart for your offer—but," he added hesitatingly, "I think the evening is hardly propitious for a lecture. It is probable that Antwerp will be bombarded to-night, and that might disturb the audience in listening to so interesting a discourse."

I took the first opportunity to explain to the General that it was Gordon's idea, not mine, although I would have carried it out with pleasure if it had been of any use. That incident reminded me that I had been asked some months before to deliver a lecture on my South American journey before the Royal Geographical Society of Antwerp, of which the King was the President. The date fixed was precisely in October. I duly presented myself at the Society on the appointed day, but found that all the officials and most of the members had fled!

Colonel (now General) Seely and Gordon turned me that same evening on to another and rather difficult job. Together with my driver, the young Belgian soldier, de Burlet, and two other Belgian military chauffeurs, I was

dispatched with two lorries and my automobile in order to convey provisions, tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes to our men in the most advanced trenches outside Port Malines. Under the fire of the enemy we duly discharged the heavy cases, handing them to the British officers in charge. The bombardment by the Germans of the intervals between the forts was severe between three o'clock in the morning and six o'clock in the afternoon, and continued heavily all day of October 4th.

De Burlet and I went out that day advancing under heavy artillery fire as far as Reeth to the north-east of Waelhem, and about fifteen kilometers south of Antwerp. We halted on an elevated place in order to watch the raging battle. Some of the shells came unpleasantly near. No sooner had we halted our car near a farmhouse than a great explosion occurred which blew up a portion of the building. The Germans made use of captive dirigible balloons and aeroplanes in order to signal to the gunners the exact position of anything appearing on the landscape. The Germans were remarkable at sweeping the country with artillery fire. If a few people collected anywhere a shell was immediately sent in their midst.

We stayed some time watching the firing and photographing the camouflaged Belgian batteries of Krupp and Creuzot-Schneider 15-cm. guns. The officers were happy because they had just silenced a German battery.

One of the most extraordinary sights I saw that day was a group of children, from three to six years of age, playing on the road as calmly as possible while shells were bursting all round them. Their distracted parents stood silently watching the battle from the door of their farm house.

The cannonade and the firing from the mitrailleuses and rifles were deafening. While we passed through the village of Reeth the Germans sent a shell into the church during Mass, causing considerable commotion in the congregation. Many were injured.

We returned to Antwerp only to go out again next day, October 5th, to watch the bombardment towards the north of Termonde. That time I was in the company of Major Gordon, one of the bravest men I met in that campaign. The Belgians had heavy fighting during the day. German shell fire on the advanced Belgian trenches was so heavy that nearly all the occupants were killed. An officer we met, though badly wounded, had been able to save himself by lying flat in the trench covering himself with the dead body of his orderly. That same day the Germans made a desperate effort to cross the River Nethe and seize Lierre, but were repulsed with heavy loss. The British Brigade did good work that day near Lierre.

On October 6th I was again at Antwerp. The town was in great commotion, although many of the people were still uncertain whether to leave or not. The faith which they had in the judgment of the English was amazing. Many fugitives stopped when they saw an Englishman to inquire whether they had better escape or remain in the city.

Matters came to a crisis. The Germans succeeded in crossing the Nethe and obtained a solid foothold on the right bank of that stream. That meant the end of all things. The bombardment became heavier than ever, especially of the Belgian positions north of the Nethe. Considerable German reinforcements arrived. The position became untenable.

The young soldier de Burlet and I again volunteered to go out to the outer trenches at Vieu Dieu, five kilometers from Antwerp on the road to Lierre, to bring cigarettes and food to the British soldiers fighting there. The cannonade was incessant and well directed. We delivered the stuff safely.

On October 7th came the bombardment of the second line of forts by the heavy artillery of the Germans. No fort could possibly hold out against such a fire, especially as the German guns outranged the Belgian and British, and we could not effectively reply. No more British reinforcements arrived. There was nothing then left for the Belgian army but to retire on the left bank of the Scheldt.

Since the early morning the population of Antwerp had begun to leave the city *en masse*. When I came down from my room at the St. Antoine Hotel towards ten o'clock in the morning, I learned that all the foreign ministers had cleared out, the Cabinet Ministers had hastily departed, and even the hotel proprietor, all the servants, the cooks, the lift-boy, had vanished. There only remained in the hotel the British staff-officers, Colonel Seely, Colonel Bridges, my driver de Burlet, and myself. Tragic as it seemed, the situation was in a certain way for us perfectly ideal. A hotel with no proprietor, no servants, no bills to pay, no tips to anybody! I decided to stay until the Germans brought up their giant guns to drive me out. I did not have to wait long.

In the evening I had been watching from the door of the hotel the flight of the population, when my attention was attracted to a red light flashing signals from the tower of the cathedral. I mentioned the fact to someone close by. Surely those were Germans signal-

ing for their guns to get the exact range? I was answered that the signalers must be Belgian, so I paid no further attention.

Just as de Burlet and I were standing in the hotel door we perceived a Belgian soldier, just escaped from the trenches, smothered in mud, so worn with fatigue that he was lying like dead on the pavement. We went to his assistance, picked him up and carried him into the empty hotel. We took him in the lift, which shot us, nothwithstanding our efforts, to the top floor. There we selected the best room and laid the helpless soldier on the bed. We went down below to get him food and some beer, which we placed by his side, where he would find it when he could be roused from his sleep. As it turned out after, it was dubious charity we had performed. We forgot to wake him up when the bombardment began! But we had intended to be kind. One had to help so many people, one became so distressed at the sufferings of all, that it was difficult to keep in mind each individual case.

I peacefully retired to my humble bed. I had slept hardly an hour when at midnight I was awakened by the sound of a shell which whizzed just over the hotel and exploded close by. That shell was followed by others, which came rapidly and regularly one after another, every twenty seconds or so, whizzing nearer and nearer the hotel, and most of them exploding in the Place Verte, where the cathedral and hotel were situated. I waited until some forty or fifty of them had gone by, and then thought I had better get up. I began to suspect the Germans were aiming precisely at the hotel because the British Headquarters were there. No doubt the signaling I had seen some hours before had done its work

well. Most of the shells dropped within a few yards of where we were. I saw afterwards statements that the Germans had bombarded the city of Antwerp with their 420-mm. guns, but that was not so. They used chiefly their 10½-cm. and 15-cm. artillery against the city.

Towards three o'clock in the morning I came down from my room. Guy de Burlet was already down. He informed me that the Germans were shelling the pontoon bridge on the Scheldt, and that if we did not leave the city soon we should have to destroy or abandon our automobile. We therefore decided to take the motor-car across the Scheldt that morning, and watch the bombardment from the other side of the river. Next to the hotel were the abandoned quarters of the Gendarmerie, where we had sheltered our car inside a spacious empty stable. As a precaution we had closed and locked the big and heavy outer door. With shells dropping in abundance around us de Burlet and I went to fetch the machine. When we tried to open the huge door, which had been damaged by an explosion, it broke down altogether and fell heavily, blocking the doorway. We two were unable to dislodge the obstacle. No one could be got to assist us, as all the people we met were in a hurry to get away. At last a French military chauffeur volunteered to aid us. Another surprise awaited us. Nothing in the world could induce the motor to start. But that was always the way with our motor when we were in a hurry. Over half an hour was wasted, each of us taking a turn at spinning the rebellious handle.

Meanwhile, shells dropped uncomfortably near, and I blessed my exploring days when I humbly traveled on horseback, on camels, or on foot, instead of in a luxurious car, and could start off at any moment without spinning

vicious handles, or screwing and unscrewing numberless pieces of machinery. After endless efforts and language as pretty as it was possible to imagine, the motor eventually began to throb. We drove to the hotel to fetch our luggage. Many buildings were already ablaze, rendering the sky as red as blood. We made our way to the pontoon bridge, where masses of fugitives were silently waiting their turn to pass. I had in my life seen many heart-breaking scenes, but few to compare with that one. It was all the more impressive because the Belgians were brave and composed through it all. Not a word of regret, not an oath at those who ravaged the country. They stood it all in silent fortitude.

On the narrow pontoon bridge only one car at a time could pass through. Owing to the low tide a steep movable wooden incline, forming part of the bridge, had to be ascended on the left side of the Scheldt. Shells were dropping in the water on either side of us, some disagreeably near.

A huge lorry crossed the bridge just in front of us, but was not sufficiently powerful to negotiate the slippery incline. When half-way up it slid back and came within an ace of smashing our car. So, in that delightful spot we had to remain—at least twenty minutes—until a sufficient number of volunteers could be found to push the lorry up the incline and out of the way.

Having found a high and convenient point of vantage —when we had the car across the water—I remained the entire morning watching the bombardment, and the sad spectacle of the city partly in flames. Toward eight o'clock in the morning (October 8th) the Germans observed the gray car, and sent us two shrapnels which exploded so near that we thought we had better move

on. Besides, there was nothing else to see. Antwerp was finished. The last few days in Antwerp had been painful. All the motor-cars which could not be taken away were destroyed, all the petrol reservoirs set on fire. All the immense stores of rubber—Antwerp was one of the greatest rubber markets of the world—had hastily been removed by sea to London.

The entire Belgian army retired in good order, taking away all the artillery. Even the six armored trains with 4.7 guns which had done such excellent work during the last stages of the siege under the British Commander Littlejohns—the jolliest of men, the bravest of officers—were saved. Nothing, in fact, of military importance was left in Antwerp.

As we drove slowly along the road we saw many heart-rending scenes. The road was packed with people, motor cars, artillery, infantry, cavalry, vehicles of all kinds, and thousands upon thousands of refugees on foot, carrying bundles, boxes, baskets, or wheeling along carts or wheelbarrows upon which valuable furniture or children, or extra-old relatives were being taken to a place of safety. With all that, there was no confusion, no excited sound of human voices, no pushing about. No, indeed, the greatest order prevailed on the road right through that painful march. The artillery and motors formed an uninterrupted line in the center of the road, the infantry and cavalry marched on the right, the refugees to the left. The refugees were struggling in the mud and slush, particularly the women, dressed in their smartest Sunday finery and richly feathered hats. They were trying to save their best. The poor wretches seemed thoroughly exhausted, carrying heavy portmanteaus and huge packages. Others had preferred to leave their valu-

ables behind in order to carry children on their shoulders, or to save a shivering pet dog or a bird in its cage.

So far as we were concerned we fared well. Beyond a collision which damaged seriously our petrol tank, beyond the indescribable sadness which filled our hearts, nothing remarkable happened on our march westward until we arrived at a spot between Bruges and Ostend. There I was arrested by some British cavalry officers for the great crime of photographing an English Tommy smoking a pipe. The officers contended that the picture was of great military value, and could be of use if it fell in the hands of the Germans. In fact, one officer seemed to suggest that I was taking that picture specially in order to supply the enemy with that valuable information—an English soldier smoking a pipe; background a white wall! The military confiscated both my cameras, which they were compelled to return to me five minutes' later, as, with my many years' experience of traveling and campaigning, I was not foolish enough to go about without being provided with sufficiently strong permits to protect myself from the excess of authority which was occasionally encountered when men donned a khaki or any other uniform for the first time.

After Antwerp, Ostend became the new capital of Belgium. The place was alive with ministers, high officials of all kinds, soldiers, refugees.

From Ostend, Colonel Seely, who appeared to be in command of British operations in Belgium, sent me on a difficult mission back the way I had come, and possibly into Holland, a work which necessitated going through the German lines twice.

Now that the war is over I may divulge what the mission was. The British Naval Brigade, sent by Winston

Churchill to Antwerp, for some reason or other—and possibly through misinformation received—lost its way and crossed the boundary into Holland. Officers and men were made to hand over all arms and were interned.

I had arrived in Ostend that day. At three o'clock the following morning Major Gordon, sent by Colonel Seely, banged at my door. He asked me if I wanted to do a noble deed for my country. I thought the hour badly chosen, as I was tired and sleepy, but I said I would, if I were not required to give another lecture as he had proposed in Antwerp. I dressed quickly and was taken to Seely's sitting-room. There I was told that a civilian who could speak French and German was wanted immediately to go back through the German line, which was not yet continuous, and bring back the two thousand Naval Brigade men who had been interned in Holland! It appeared that, although the news had just reached Ostend, the Naval Brigade had crossed into Holland some twenty-six or thirty hours before.

The modest request nearly took my breath away. I pondered for a moment. I told Seely that if the Naval Brigade were still close to the frontier, and if the men would show fight, I would do my very best to take them out. If they had been removed far in the interior and had been disarmed, his request would be impossible to carry out. Someone in the room suggested bribing the Dutch guards, which I distinctly declined to do. I would either take the men out by fighting, or leave them there. I was not prepared to do dirty work against neutrals, or even the enemy. Seely asked what remuneration I expected, to which I replied that I gladly risked my skin for my country, but certainly not for a remuneration of any kind.

I roused de Burlet. Within half an hour we were off in our car, retracing our journey full speed towards the Dutch frontier. When near the German line we avoided the high road and proceeded carefully along the smaller lanes. Thanks to the information and assistance received from patriotic natives, we were just able, hiding here and there in barns, to elude the numerous patrols of Uhlans which were already rampaging over all that part of Belgium. In one place we nearly went bang into a patrol as we were crossing a high road. We succeeded in getting safely behind the German line. At the little town of Assenede, precisely on the Belgian-Holland boundary, only about one mile from the point where the Naval Brigade had entered Holland, we hid the car. De Burlet put on borrowed civilian clothes. We found a strong Dutch guard, which stopped all people going through the boundary.

With the aid of the Burgomeister I dispatched the local doctor on a bicycle—as he was well known and could easily pass—to collect all possible information, so that I could devise some sure plan of action. The Burgomeister and a number of the Belgians agreed to help me in every way.

An hour later the doctor returned, with the news that the Naval Brigade had been completely disarmed. Officers and men had been conveyed the previous evening ninety miles away, to a place called Fort Bath, situated on an island, where they had been shut up inside the well-guarded fortress.

That rendered an attempt to rescue them absolutely impossible. How could I alone save immediately two thousand men from a well-guarded, walled fortress?

During the day numbers of German patrols went by,

and I doubted whether I would be able to take back the car. During the evening we made our escape, with no lights burning and again avoiding the high roads. Torrential rain helped us to a certain extent. Towards midnight we again reached Ostend and reported to Seely.

CHAPTER LIII

THE FRENCH—THE BRITISH—ARRAS—THE SPY MANIA—YPRES

WITH the Germans already at Bruges everybody moved out of Ostend. The place, which had been thick with people, civil and military—positively swarming with them—in a few hours became a city of the dead. Everybody who could leave went either by road into France or by steamer or fishing-boat to England.

I went to see the departure of the last British steamer taking refugees to London. When she was well laden with women and children a German aeroplane flew overhead at a great height and dropped two bombs. They fell about 100 yards away.

De Burlet and I had a repetition of our experience in Antwerp. The Majestic Hotel, in which we stayed, only the day before full of Ministers and Generals—among whom was Foch—became abandoned by everybody, servants included. We were the only two guests who remained. Hurry and scurry always seemed to me privileges of railway porters, but not of men who respect themselves. So I never would hurry. We had our lunch in solitary grandeur, helping ourselves to all the best things we found on the sideboard. Later, Dr. Farren and M. de Rentiennes, two Englishmen connected with the Belgian Refugees, joined us and we had a jolly party, all the jollier as it did not cost us anything.

News arrived that the Germans were close to the city. De Burlet and I during the evening took our departure westward for Nieuport. In the middle of the night, among all kinds of horse vehicles, motors, tramcars laden with soldiers, and refugees struggling knee-deep in mud and slush, I perceived Her Majesty the Queen, looking pale and tired, but as courageous as ever, in her motor-car. She, the bravest, kindest, and noblest of all women, was one of the last to leave Ostend. She joined the King at Nieuport and remained with him until that place, in its turn, became untenable.

From Nieuport I took several interesting expeditions, one in the middle of the night to Dixmude and Roulers, right up to the German lines; another in the evening of October 14th back to Ostend. We were asked by a distressed wife whether we could go and rescue her husband lying ill in the Civil Hospital of Ostend. He was the only patient left in the ward, she said, and she feared the Germans might kill him. We went. It turned out an exciting expedition. First of all, on leaving Nieuport the guards at the bridge of the Yser warned us that they were about to cut the bridge and we might not be able to get back. Having extracted from them the promise that they would, if possible, keep the bridge intact for us for one hour, we dashed full speed into Ostend, only fifteen kilometers away. We raced into the hospital, searched everywhere in the wards until at last we came upon the fellow we wanted. He was completely paralyzed. Before he knew what was happening or we could explain who we were, we had already carried him bodily to the car—he shrieking in intense pain and fear. We had no time to lose. We covered him up as best we could with our overcoats and wrapped his head in a woolen jersey belonging

to de Burlet. As we were tucking the man in with pillows and blankets we had brought from Nieuport, a Sister of Charity appeared in the doorway to tell us that before we could take the patient away there was 11fr. 50c. to settle for his washing bill; otherwise we had better leave the patient where we had found him! As we were searching our pockets for the change, a Taube aeroplane, which was circling overhead, dropped a bomb on the hospital. The Sister of Charity gave a display of record speed in running towards the nearest cellar. The hospital was badly damaged by the bomb.

Then came excited cries from people who had watched us from the street that the Germans were entering the town. We made off in due haste, and at the rate of nearly a mile a minute soon found ourselves at the bridge of Nieuport. Just in time. A minute later the bridge was blown up.

We restored the husband to his cherished wife. She never said "Thank you!" nor how grateful she was for what we had done. To say the least, we had risked losing the car, worth not less than £2,000 pre-war price—not to speak of our lives if the aerial bomb had dropped upon our heads instead of fifty yards away. We need not mention what might have been our fate if the Germans had captured us. No, the lady did not thank us in so many words. In the evening she laid before us a sumptuous meal of tinned meats, a bottle labeled "champagne," and a box of cigars. "I'd rather you had all these nice things than the Germans," she said. "They are doomed, anyhow!" That was her way of repaying us for restoring her better half to her.

The next morning she came to us in tears, imploring

us to take her husband away again as he had been moaning all night and she had not been able to sleep.

"Please take him away with you! He is such a nuisance in the house!"

Wives were wives all over the world, in war as well as in peace-time.

It was more than evident that the Germans would soon arrive in Nieuport. The Allies were not prepared to defend the place.

I was curious to see where Belgium would next make her capital, now that Ostend had been abandoned.

"If things go on at this rate," answered, with a smile, a high Belgian official, "we shall have to establish our next capital in an airship. Poor us, there is nothing left of our country! But," he added, "let us hope that, after the airship capital, if England and France help us, the next residence of the Government will be once more in Brussels."

The capital of Belgium, however, did not have to float in mid-air after all. In a fragmentary form it became scattered along the North French coast, and in the tiny nook of Belgium which to the end remained unconquered, and which the King never left.

The Queen, notwithstanding the constant danger from land and sea, remained by his side—a magnificent example of devotion. They lived in a tiny cottage on the beach at La Panne, where I had the privilege of seeing them on several occasions. One day I even had a photographic duel with Her Majesty, who was an ardent photographer. I took some excellent pictures of her and of the King. A German sumbarine came to the surface only a short distance away, when we were all together talking on the beach. Both the King and Queen remained as

placid as possible. After a while the submarine dived and disappeared. In the evening with Her Majesty I witnessed the bombardment of Ostend (in German possession) by the British fleet. It was a wonderful sight, the rumbling of the heavy guns sounding like thunder. The vivid green flashes from the naval guns with the orange-colored exploding shells fired at them by the Germans made it quite an impressive scene.

The headquarters of the Belgium Army were a few kilometers away at Furnes. The Minister of War established himself at Dunkirk, where the retreating Belgian Army had assembled. Other officials migrated to various isolated spots along the French coast, while the official capital, thanks to the hospitality of the French, was established at Ste. Adresse, near Havre.

One day I motored to the new capital. Ste. Adresse was an enchanting spot. The entire Atlantic Ocean spread before it. Swarms of little villas, big villas, tall villas and flat villas were to be seen, all new and of most capricious architecture. There were new hotels, a new post office, new palatial mansions all with spotless, yellow walls.

Who built that brand-new city? Valuable marble slabs of great size and engraved in gold capital letters, big enough even for the blind to see, struck your eye, no matter where you looked, and supplied you with the desired information. You had only to read. You were in "Nice Havrais," for the humble, merely "Ste. Adresse," *CREATION DUFAYEL.* And *CREATION DUFAYEL* everything was in Ste. Adresse, barring the impressive cliffs and the ocean, which still perhaps remained the work of the Almighty. Although one got a little tired of the name of the furniture magnate, congratulations

were due to him for building a delightful little city of undoubted attraction in one of the most charming spots along the Northern French coast. The larger buildings were used for the different "Ministères," barring the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, which was in the Villa Hollandaise, by the sea. In the shop windows of the larger buildings inscriptions indicated that within was to be found the office of such and such a Minister.

I was fortunate enough to visit on three different occasions the greater portion of the firing line of the Allies in France.

The destruction of beautiful Louvain, of Malines, of Rheims, was evidently not sufficient to satisfy the Germans. Arras, with its admirable treasures of the Hispano-Flemish period, came next in their program. I visited the place during the bombardment. I had been compelled to spend the night at Etrin, seven kilometers from Arras, a terrific battle taking place in that region on the 18th of October, which made it too difficult for me to enter the city at night. Thanks to the kindness of an old farmer and his wife we garaged our motor in a hay-shed. From a convenient but not very safe point of vantage we observed the battle for several hours, the cannonade and rattling fire of the mitrailleuses and rifles being deafening. Shells whizzed in great numbers overhead, being directed on the road on which we were and along which were placed French batteries. The flashes of cannon and rifles, which gave a ghastly greenish light, lighted up the sky, and only the bursting shrapnels, which gave out a reddish tint, lent a little more warmth to the coloring of that diabolical scene. One of the most astonishing things to me in the war was the delightful calm of Belgian and French peasants in the zone of operations.

"Ils sont embêtants, ces Allemands!" (They are most annoying, those Germans!) said the old farmer's wife to me. "They have been firing like this for the last ten nights, and it is quite impossible to sleep!"

In fact, sleep was out of the question that night. At three o'clock in the morning de Burlet and I attempted to rest our weary bones in the car, but the explosions of shrapnel were so frequent and so loud that we could not close our eyes.

In the morning we entered the city of Arras. What a distressing sight! Columns of smoke rose everywhere. A powerful odor of smoldering buildings affected our nostrils the moment we entered the city. In the houses which still remained standing every pane of glass of the windows was smashed. Not a soul could be seen in the streets, except now and then soldiers carrying wounded companions on stretchers. We had to leave our car and proceed on foot towards the center of the city, for many houses had fallen across the road and formed an impassable barrier of bricks and debris. Elsewhere shells had dug big holes in the pavement and made it impossible for the car to go through.

It was in the center and most picturesque part of the city that the bombardment did most damage. The 16th century Town Hall, which was one of the finest monuments in Northern France, and one of the purest specimens of Flemish architecture of that epoch, was damaged beyond all conception.

From Arras I went along the firing line as far as Doulens, the soldiers in the trenches constantly calling out *"Vive la Belgique! Vive l'Angleterre!"* as our car, which displayed both flags, went by. We had to do some careful driving, as we were traveling between one long

line of trenches and innumerable batteries of French artillery on the other side of us, so that we were actually on the line of fire of the latter

One thing that impressed me along our front was the immense number of guns, old and new, the Allies possessed. Endless parallel lines of batteries; one could only then realize the portentous daily expenditure of ammunition to keep them all going along a front of some two hundred and fifty kilometers.

While going through the zone of operations we were constantly stopped by sentries on the road and politely requested to show our passes, which, of course, we did. A grand military salute usually followed, and we proceeded. Occasionally the sentries were placed under railway bridges which crossed the road, or round curves in spots where we could not see them until we came suddenly upon them. When going at a great speed (over sixty kilometers an hour), as we generally did when the roads were good, it was not easy to stop the car suddenly. On several occasions we had narrow escapes as the sentries had strict orders to fire on everyone passing them without stopping. Many French officers had been killed in such a fashion by over-zealous sentries.

We had entertaining experiences. Between Arras and Beaumay we were traveling fast, as the Germans were shelling the road on which we were. A sentry jumped out of an underground shelter and held us up. He declined to let us proceed, as the pass—a special one—was not the color he had been accustomed to see. I asked to be taken before the commanding officer, whose quarters were in a château close by.

The Colonel, on perceiving a civilian, asked the ser-

geant who took charge of us whether he was bringing a prisoner.

"Yes, Colonel," replied the sergeant, "this man's papers are not in order."

I handed my papers to the Colonel, who read them attentively.

"Are you," inquired the officer, "the Mr. H. Savage-Landor who gave the Lamas of Tibet so much trouble?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Colonel," I replied.

"Then you will certainly be my prisoner . . . until you have had your lunch with me. I want all my officers to meet you. We shall give you as good a meal as we can."

More charming, genial, thoughtful people than those men, and yet most businesslike when it came to fighting, it would be impossible to find anywhere.

The cannonade that day was terrific. While we were enjoying a delightful lunch many German shells burst close to the house. The building shook violently, and the glass rattled every time the French batteries close by thundered back.

"Do you hear?" said the Colonel jokingly to me, when an extra loud shrapnel burst a few yards from the house, "we are so pleased to have you here that we are providing for you music, as you might expect in the best restaurants of Paris or London. It is not exactly Wagner perhaps we are giving you, but it is German music, I can assure you."

I thanked the officers in the most effusive French fashion, and told them they would greatly oblige me if they could have the music a little farther away. I did not care for German music quite so near, especially music of that kind.

We had charming toasts in excellent champagne, and

we drank the health of the King of the Belgians, of the French nation, and of the King of England. Then, with promises to meet again, we were released from our delightful captivity.

On another occasion we had a tragi-comic experience. I was traveling between Antwerp and Bordeaux. I found in France that the further away one got from the fighting line the more exuberantly and martially patriotic the people became. They seemed to detect a German spy in every person they saw. We arrived one evening at a place called Orival, a small village near Rouen. Our headlights were extinguished, as something had gone wrong with the acetylene. A sentry, an old peasant of the French territorial army, jumped towards us and, on being presented with our pass, immediately placed us under arrest, and hastily called out the entire guard of thirty-two men. They stood round us with their bayonets fixed, shoving them almost into our faces.

"Why are we arrested?" I inquired. "Surely our passes are all right?"

"Of course they are all right," replied one of the territorials. "That is why we arrest you. German spies always have their papers and passports in order."

It appeared that two German spies had been signaled traveling in a gray car. As our car was gray, and we were two, they made sure we must be the two spies.

The best plan in cases of that kind was to remain calm and be patient. My Belgian driver, unfortunately, got out of temper, and told them they were a lot of silly idiots! Our documents were all right, and they must let us pass. Pushing them aside he turned the handle of the motor and set the machine throbbing. They imagined we were trying to escape. Thereupon a scene of great

excitement followed. We came within an ace of having some of the bayonets thrust right through us.

"If you move we will kill you!" shouted the territorials.

"Shoot the dirty Germans!" called a voice from behind.

"Search their motor for dynamite!" proposed another.

"They've come here to blow up the bridge!" shrieked a third.

"Down with the Kaiser and all German spies!" yelled yet another villager.

Hundreds of them had collected around. I felt that a bit of quiet, flattering oratory would come in useful.

"Gentlemen," I said, "the words I have heard from your lips give me great pleasure. I repeat with you 'Down with the Kaiser! Down with the Germans!' I am glad to witness your praiseworthy patriotism, although I can assure you you are applying it on the wrong persons at the present moment. Please remove your bayonets from under my nose. I have no intention whatever of escaping. Place us, if you wish, under a strong guard, and send immediately for your superior officer, who will easily clear the entire matter. Gentlemen, again I heartily congratulate you on doing your duty so well—much too well. France should be proud of you. Please search the motor and if you find one ounce of dynamite I will pay you 10,000 francs."

A sergeant, who had been listening, made his way forward and told the territorials they were making a big mistake. But mistake or not, the brave territorials decided to hold us in captivity for one night at least, while the sergeant promised to send to Rouen for an officer.

The excited population ransacked the motor in search of explosives, while the strong guard of thirty-two men,

armed to their teeth, led us to an empty house, where eventually two small beds were procured for us. Our dinner consisted of one egg and a glass of water each. The small house in which we were confined was surrounded by soldiers. There were sentries under all windows, and one sentry at the door of our bedroom, with orders to enter the room every few minutes to see if we were still there.

In the meantime a large crowd had collected under our window. I could hear conversations like this:—

"Spies or not, they should have been shot at once."

"If I had been near enough I would have torn out their eyes myself," remarked a harsh feminine voice.

"They are certainly dirty Germans who had come to blow up the bridge."

"Oh," answered an elderly man's voice, "we will certainly shoot them to-morrow morning at sunrise."

In the morning an officer arrived and burst bluntly into the room.

No sooner had he glanced at my papers than he shook me warmly by the hand, gave the territorials the very devil for their stupidity, and offered the humblest apologies for the discomfort to which we had been put. He ordered the guard to be removed at once—an order which was not obeyed, for the brave territorials had all quickly vanished when they saw what turn matters were taking.

So, after fourteen hours' imprisonment, the tragi-comic episode ended, and we continued our journey, the entire population helping us to rearrange our motor and being as kind as kind could be.

Barring that incident, I have only met with the greatest courtesy and help from Belgian and French officers and soldiers.

I was at Ypres when the great battle was still raging. Shells were whizzing plentifully overhead. Quantities of wounded men were encountered on the road, while the artillery thundered incessantly. The bombardment of Ypres had been formidable, and had turned that pretty little Flemish city into a mass of ruins.

The shelling of the city which began on November 2nd and continued intermittently for four days, did comparatively little damage, but during the nights of the 5th and 6th three German batteries—one of 15.5 cm. caliber guns near Poelkapelle, the second of 24 cm. caliber between Ghelnvelt and Bealaerc, the third apparently situated behind Hollabeke—fired incessantly. The latter battery sent 30-cm. projectiles, weighing each about 1,000 lbs. They were unpleasant things to be near when they exploded.

At the British Hospital outside the town of Ypres I saw in the garden a conical hole some 20 feet deep and 60 feet in diameter dug by one of those shells. The explosions were so formidable that thick wooden doors and shutters of houses 400 to 500 feet away were smashed to pieces merely by the concussion.

I was photographing the huge hole when an ambulance filled with wounded arrived at the hospital. One burly soldier of the London Scottish had his left arm shattered by a shell. I asked him if he wished to send any message to England.

"I'd be much obliged," he said, "if you would kindly telegraph to my wife to tell her that I am perfectly all right."

It was that magnificent spirit of our soldiers which eventually carried us through everything.

When I was at Ypres the first time the city was se-

verely damaged, but not so the famous Town Hall. Merely one shell had gone through the roof and had shattered the valuable glass windows. Another had struck the façade. On November 6th the battery near Poelkapelle began firing on the city with projectiles, particularly devised to set the place ablaze. Half an hour—between 3:30 and 4 p.m.—was sufficient for those diabolical engines, which dropped upon the city in sets of four, to accomplish their infernal work. In many spots in the town rose uncontrollable flames and columns of black smoke. Nor was it possible for the fire brigade to approach those spots and extinguish the flames, for the enemy, true master in the art of devastation, kept pouring a regular shower of missiles in order to let the flames accomplish undisturbed their work of destruction.

When night came Ypres was an immense brazier. The belfry, the cathedral, the markets which had until then escaped, became completely destroyed.

In the company of Major Gordon, I paid a visit to the cemetery, about two kilometers from the city. I had been asked by the Queen of the Belgians to take some photographs of Prince Maurice of Battenberg's grave to send over, I understood, to Princess Beatrice. It really gave one a *serrement de cœur* as one entered the cemetery. A regular forest of humble wooden crosses, stuck at different angles upon freshly disturbed earth, was before us. As one stooped to read the names of the heroes pencilled on each cross, one recognized well-known names of Britain's finest families. Behind the cemetery in an adjoining field, trenches, hundreds of feet in length, were filled with bodies of soldiers, and—ghastly to say—the number of bodies to be buried was so great and the time to do it in so short, that only a covering of earth three or

four inches deep lay over those poor fellows. Here and there hands and feet stuck out of the ground.

We learnt that the Duke of Wellington's heroic son lay dead on the battle-field a short distance from where we were, in a zone still under heavy fire. We borrowed two spades in order to go and bury him. Unfortunately, the German fire became so heavy that we could not approach the place. One shrapnel burst within a few yards of our motor-car.

I had a comic scene at British Headquarters at St. Omer. I possessed a large package containing, among other things, negatives I had taken at La Panne and Ypres, including some of the grave of Prince Maurice of Battenberg. In passing through St. Omer the package fell out of my car. Before we could halt it was stolen. The British Provost-Marshal, who was under the impression of impersonating the Almighty, threatened me with arrest for the great crime of sleeping in an armchair at the hotel while the French police were trying to recover my lost property. The scene was a pitifully grotesque one. Of course, the Provost-Marshal did not arrest me, because he had not the power to do so, which I am sure vexed him much, as I was extremely cheeky to him.

Some people at the beginning of the war thought that on the battle-field everything was gloom and distress. There was no place where men were so jolly and charming and ready to help one another, where selfishness disappeared absolutely, as when men were on the fighting line. Fighting and the thought that they might be dead the next day served to bring out all the pleasant qualities in good men, and some of the bad in bad ones.

The French and the Belgian officers and soldiers I

ever found delightful. The British soldier was quite adorable in his simple, helpful, good-natured ways. His bravery had no parallel. He faced death every minute of the day and night with a smile upon his face, and quaint words upon his lips. They one and all were perfectly ready and glad to die, if necessary, for their country and their King.

They told an amusing anecdote along the British firing line. It appeared that some British soldiers were instructed to bury several hundred Germans killed. They dug a huge trench and flung them into it one after the other. One German, however, on being lifted from the ground, cried out:

"Ich bin nicht gestorben! Ich bin nicht gestorben!"

"What is he saying?" inquired the sergeant in command.

"He says he is not dead," interpreted someone.

"Don't believe him!" ordered the sergeant; "Fling him down. They are all such liars in that country!"

Soon after the great battle of Ypres, where we had as many as 25,000 killed and wounded, I returned to England for a few days. Some friends asked me to dinner. A stiff old lady sat next to me. Upon hearing that I had just come from Ypres, she enthusiastically exclaimed:

"Oh, how delightful! Did you have fine weather when you were there?"

I think it was from that heavenly remark, which went quickly all around London, that *Punch's* joke was developed and even improved upon.

I delivered some war lectures at the Queen's Hall and at the Palladium in London, in Edinburgh, and in Windsor, in favor of the Belgian Red Cross, of which Queen Elisabeth was President.

At the Queen's Hall I was introduced to the public by a famous Lord Mayor. After informing the audience that the lecturer that night was "one of the most celebrated men on earth, a man whose name was a household word, a name dear to everybody in the country, I mean Mr. . . . Mr. . . . Mr. . . ." (He could not recollect the name. Somebody from behind whispered it to him.) "I mean, of course," (with renewed vigor) "Mr. Herbert Spencer Landseer!"

In the lecture at the Palladium, at which Mr. Vandervelde, the celebrated Belgian Socialist Minister, gave a long and complimentary speech, I had a worse experience of another kind. The screen for the lantern pictures had been lowered so near the edge of the stage, that I had to stand with a good portion of my feet actually outside the stage. Every time they opened a door behind, the wind shook the canvas screen, which nearly pushed me off my perch. How I managed to speak for one hour and a half, and simultaneously perform that balancing feat, was really a wonder.

CHAPTER LIV

WAR INVENTIONS

A FEW days after war was declared I invented an apparatus for squirting chlorine gas in order to drive the enemy out of the trenches or be asphyxiated. I had conceived my idea from the portable pumps used in Italy for spraying vines with sulphate of copper. I had modified the pump so as to render it suitable for the use of chlorine. Professor Dewar, the chemist to whom I had spoken of my invention and to whom I had asked which was the deadliest gas I could use, suggested chlorine.

When I spoke of my idea at the War Office, only one man took an intelligent interest. It was General Bethune, chief of the territorials. The others to whom I was passed on simply laughed at the absurd notion of using "gas" in warfare. Who had ever heard of anything so funny? Wars had always been fought with swords and rifles, bayonets and artillery, not with gas. It might be useful, perhaps, to illuminate the streets and for cooking purposes! There existed only one gas in the world for the military authorities I interviewed. They had never heard of any other.

I remarked that if we did not use some asphyxiating gas on the Germans, the Germans would sooner or later use it on us. Several weeks later they did.

Paragraphs which appeared in the London papers at that time show that, when no one in England every

thought of it, I had foreseen that ghastly development in modern warfare.

While I was at the front at the beginning of the operations I was particularly impressed by the absurd, almost asinine, manner in which armored vehicles were constructed. And it was regrettable to think that even at the end of the war—barring the tank, which was a slight improvement—they continued with small variations to be constructed on the same lines, not only in England, but in all other countries on our side.

First of all it seemed inconceivable that if armored vehicles were to be used at all in war the very points which prompted their construction should be neglected. Those points were:

(1) The vehicle itself must be so protected in all its vital parts that the greatest difficulty should be experienced by the enemy to disable or destroy it.

(2) The armament should be fully protected so as to inflict, with the maximum safety for itself, as much damage as possible on the enemy.

(3) The crew on board should be rendered practically safe.

(4) The car should be able, if necessary, to retreat in all haste.

Nearly all the armored cars I saw in England, France, Belgium, and Italy, had none of those qualities. On the contrary they were mere death-traps.

They had the four pneumatic-tired wheels exposed fully to the fire of the enemy; and, were this not enough, they carried the extra wheels and tires attached outside in the most exposed part of the car—a splendid target. The head-lights were never protected. The crew and armament were fully exposed to the enemy fire. The

car, in case of having to retreat, had to maneuver until able to turn around.

Later in the war closed cars were constructed, in which the motor, the wheels, the petrol tank, the lights, were never protected, and, while protecting the guns and the

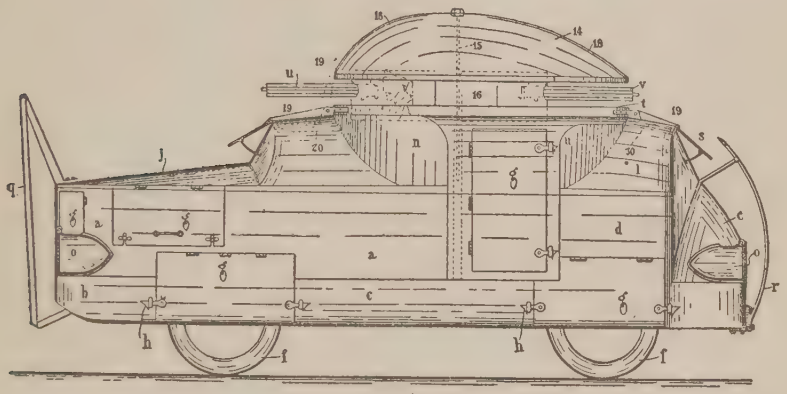


Fig 1.

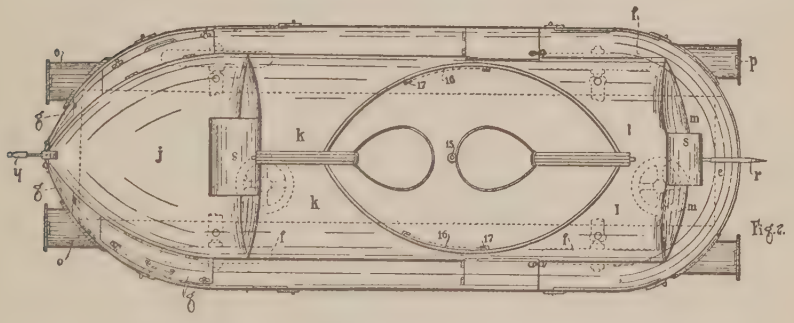


Fig 2.

THE SAVAGE-LANDOR ARMORED CAR IN ELEVATION AND PLAN

men, they had the disadvantage, owing to ventilation not having been thought of, that after firing a few shots the heat from the machine-gun and the gases from the expelled cartridges asphyxiated the men inside the turret.

I devised what seemed to me a sensible armored car,

for which I took out a patent in all principal countries as early as February 11, 1915—that is to say, quite at the beginning of the war. The object of my invention was to provide a vehicle which gave the maximum protection while affording the greatest possible freedom of gunfire and observation. Broadly, it was a vehicle with observation arrangements and driving and steering mechanisms so arranged at both ends that it could be driven in either direction without having to turn round. The armor protected efficiently every part of the vehicle and personnel, viz.: the motor, the wheels, the spare wheels and tires, the petrol tank, the machine guns and, when necessary, also the lights. The armor had the entire exposed surface constructed as curved surfaces for the purpose of deflecting projectiles. In making the steel surfaces curved a great object was obtained. The armor could be of a much lighter weight than if flat. A composite armor was also at first proposed, rifle-bullet proof. It was formed of an armor-plate outer skin and an inner skin of thin sheet metal, with a layer of felt and an intervening space between the felt and outer skin filled with pulverized glass. An armored skirt enclosed the wheels to within a reasonable distance of the ground. An ovoid cupola covered the top of the car, leaving a space all around between it and the skirt. Within the skirt and under the cupola were two revolving turrets each containing a machine-gun, one at each end of the inner chamber. Those revolving turrets protected the head and shoulders of the soldiers from projectiles entering the car through the interstice left between the cupola and skirt in the outer armor of the car. The machine-guns, which moved with the turrets, could be pointed in any direction and could complete entire circles at almost

any required angle, a slot being found in the cupola for vertical elevations. No projectile from outside could possibly hit the members of the crew. The ventilation was all that could be desired, as the aperture all around was sufficient to let in plentiful air and produce a draught.

I also invented another type of armored car, to take a 75-mm. gun instead of the two machine-guns. The gun was in this case mounted within a single revolving tower with an oscillating cupola moving in conjunction with the gun.

The advantages of these two types of armored cars were that, owing to its curved surfaces rendering the penetration of projectiles difficult, the armor in parity of proportions could be made much lighter than with other cars, thus allowing a greater limit for ammunition and petrol. The vehicle, being much lower than any other armored car with turret, offered in itself a smaller target. While traveling or in battle the crew was comfortable and safe.

The construction of the cars was comparatively simple. The only slight difficulty was the bending of the steel plates.

The cars were provided at each end with curved bars or cable cutters, extending in a veritical direction to such a distance that, on encountering obstructions such as ropes or cables across the path of the car, the obstruction could be either severed or led upwards to such a height as to pass harmlessly over the highest point of the vehicle.

For rapid work, such as raids or scouting, I had invented another and lighter vehicle—a motor-cycle with a third wheel attachment parallel with the hind wheel. It carried a 4-mm. armored hood, constructed of several sections, so that it could be quickly raised or lowered at

will. Between the two hind wheels was a light revolving turret with a machine-gun moving simultaneously with the cupola, and which permitted the gun to be trained in any direction and at any angle, even vertically. The driver was at all times protected by a moving spheroidal screen attached to the tower. Behind the vehicle was attached a two-wheeled trailer containing the ammunition box. A second armored hood, similar to that protecting the driver, could be lowered at will, which permitted both the driver and the gunner to have access to the ammunition box in immunity from enemy fire.

The object of the armored tri-car was to provide a quick raider, sufficiently swift and safe for that particular work, and able to carry enough ammunition to allow it to do considerable damage and make a stout resistance if necessary. The vehicle might have been useful in scouting work and to protect the retreat of an army. A number of those vehicles together could have performed violent attacks, in relative safety, especially before the actual trench war began. They would have been useful against cavalry attacks. Two men could have done the work of a hundred times their number armed with rifles.

I was under the impression that inventors were not treated with sufficient consideration by those in charge, nor indeed with appreciable intelligence. Take, for instance, Colonel Lewis, the inventor of the famous Lewis gun. Over a year elapsed before the military authorities would even look at the invention, which eventually proved invaluable.

I approached the War Office with the drawings and a working model I had made of the auto-mitrailleuse.

After having made numerous "urgent" appointments which they never kept, at last one day I found myself in

the presence of a certain Colonel who was in charge of that particular section. But the man, when I was ushered in, was busy telephoning to a lady friend whom he had apparently not seen for some time. Tender inquiries were made about relatives and mutual friends and whether the lady could lunch or dine or have tea at the Carlton or the Ritz or when and where. Then explosions of merriment and more appointments—the conversation over the wire never seemed to end. A young Captain, his assistant, made desperate signs to me not to interrupt him. As soon as he had replaced the receiver he quickly took his cap and dashed out of the room—I presume to keep the appointment with the lady.

I informed the assistant that truly I could not waste my time any longer, upon which he informed me that the War Office was constructing several hundred heavily-armored cars on chassis of taxi-cabs. As soon as they were completed they naturally all, without exception, broke down, as the chassis were much too flimsy to carry armament and armor. There was intelligence for you!

The Italian Government was much interested in my auto-mitrailleuse, and wished to have a number of them constructed, but they must be constructed in Italy, which was an impossibility owing to the double-drive chassis which none of the big motor factories in that country could undertake to manufacture, as they were already working beyond their capacity and could not take orders for work of a new kind.

The Roumanian Government jumped at once at the idea. They ordered forty cars to begin with, and other and larger orders were to follow. But Roumania became soon invaded by the enemy, and after various vicissitudes the contract fell through.

Another minor Allied Power was also much impressed by that auto-mitrailleuse of mine. I explained at great length and in every detail how the cars were maneuvered in action, and displayed large drawings before the military representative and technical expert, a general.

"They are excellent, the best I have seen," he remarked, after pondering over the drawings for a long time. "But tell me," he added, "are those vehicles drawn into battle by oxen or by horses?"

I nearly dropped dead. In that man you had the typical military technical expert of almost any nation with whom you generally had to deal at the beginning of the war. The ignorance one encountered was almost beyond all belief. And it was not assumed ignorance; it was absolutely real.

Another war implement, which I invented and patented in those early days of the war, was a device for destroying barbed-wire entanglements and the like. It had the advantage of being readily applied to existing projectiles. The device was carried by the forward end of a projectile and had a number of radiating members so shaped as to constitute effective demolishing devices of wire, wood, and like obstructions. The arms radiating from the head-piece were provided with serrations. It could be fixed to the muzzle of a gun or a mortar, and was provided with means whereby the projectile on emerging from the gun or mortar became firmly attached to the device. In case the projectile were fired from a rifled barrel the attachment was so arranged as to allow the projectile to rotate relatively to the device. The arms attached to the device were provided with fixed circular serrations, like saws, upon their forward edges, or else with serrated arms in a straight line and

sloped away from the apex of the central conical member.

A simple way had been adopted in order to prevent the two parts (device and projectile) from becoming separated while traveling through space. A special arrangement was also applied to the device, so that when it came into sudden contact with the projectile it would in no way be injured by the impact.

When I showed military experts the working model of the device for cutting barbed-wire obstructions, the officers were civil but argumentative.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Landor," said one, "we hate anything new. What we want is ammunition of any old type, and rifles. . . . If you can bring us those, we will buy as much as you can bring us. The older the better!"

I mentioned that I was an inventor—not a manufacturer. Next time, if I did come at all, I would bring some stone axes and flint implements of prehistoric times. Perhaps with those they might expect to win the war!

I think that one of the big mistakes of the war was that it must be fought by brute force instead of by intelligence. England was no worse than other countries in that respect. The military everywhere had been taught to fight with cavalry, guns, rifles and bayonets, and would not hear of any other method of fighting. When war began, the reluctance was only too notorious of the French and the British in adopting machine-guns, and it took them some time, and much pressure, before they realized the utility of airships and aeroplanes in land operations and at sea. An airship or two at the battle of Jutland might have rendered our victory infinitely more brilliant.

I felt all along during the war, that partly through ignorance, hardly any advantage was taken of the infinite powers of science. I am not alone in this opinion. I

saw an interview with the great Edison, who complained of the identical thing.

As soon as war began I also took out a patent for another invention I had made of a rigid dirigible of 3,000,000 cubic feet capacity, which, even in those early days, I calculated was the only suitable size for an airship which could give practical results, as having sufficient margin of lifting power to enable enough fuel and ammunition to be carried.

All the greatest authorities on airships in England, France, and Italy seemed to think it superior to any airship that had so far been devised; but not so the minor experts, who maintained that the Zeppelin was the best type of airship known, and any ship which differed from it must be of no use. That by way of encouraging invention.

I was satisfied to think that several Commanders of British airships thought the shape and other points of my invention superior to those of existing types of dirigibles.

The length of the airship was 560 feet, hydrogen gas capacity 3,000,000 cubic feet. Net lifting power 150,000 lbs. The airship was to have seven motors of 500 h.p., or a total of 3,500 h.p.

My invention differed greatly from other existing ships. Roughly, instead of having the appearance of an elongated sausage, it had the shape of a fast-moving fish. In section it formed an ellipse instead of a circle.

The principal points were:

(1) Great simplicity of construction, therefore, quick manufacture at a relatively small cost.

(2) Great rapidity of maneuver, great speed, freedom from rolling and pitching.

(3) It could fly upward and downward at steep angles.

(4) The use of air balloonets was dispensed with altogether, the gas chambers being maintained in tension automatically at any elevation by a simple and effective device. The airship, therefore, could reach elevations far greater than any existing airship, and could come down or go up many times without waste of gas.

(5) Owing to its narrow shape it offered a minimum target to enemy anti-craft guns situated below, or bombs from aeroplanes overhead.

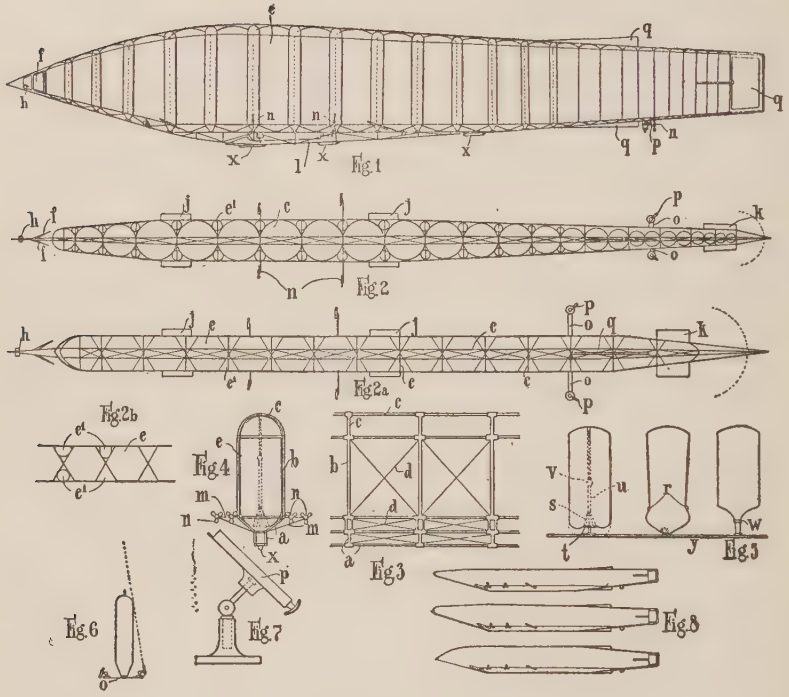
(6) The balloon carried three machine-guns which protected it on all sides from approach of hostile aircraft.

(7) The airship was provided with floats which allowed it to rest upon the water if necessary.

(8) Owing to the narrow shape of the airship, two airships could be housed in a single shed which would shelter only one airship of other existing types.

The framework was in the form of a deep girder of substantially fish-shaped outline in elevation, and in which the gas compartments were in the form of one or more ranks of cylinders or similar shapes, the axes of which were vertical when the airship was horizontal. The gas compartments were so arranged that in plan and cross-section a substantially stream-line outline was provided. The lower portion of the gas cylinder could be compressed automatically to accommodate the reduced volume of the gas, due to reduction of barometric pressure or temperature or diffusion.

A rudder was provided at each of the extreme ends of the framework, the rudder at the bow being preferably composed of two pivoted portions, as well as elevating planes either singly or in sets at the extreme ends.



THE SAVAGE-LANDOR AIRSHIP

FIG. 1. Airship in elevation.
FIG. 2. Airship in plan.
FIG. 2a. Airship in plan.
FIG. 4. Section of Airship.
FIG. 5. Various methods of compressing balloonets.
FIG. 8. Various shapes which could be adopted in the construction of the airship.

The special disposition of the propellers (which was subsequently copied in the latest Zeppelin) consisted in three propellers each side of the airship, each succeeding propeller in rear of the first being situated at a greater distance from the side of the airship than the preceding one, so that the thrust of the preceding propeller would not interfere with the propeller immediately behind. Therefore, greater efficiency was obtained. An extra propeller was provided in the rear of the ship in the center of the double gun-platform.

Machine-guns were mounted on platforms so constructed that they could be made to swing out when in action, or rest alongside the airship so as not to interfere with her speed. They extended from the lower portion of the framework, in such a manner that the guns could also be fired at objects vertically above or below the airship.

The framework and gas bags were totally enclosed in an outer envelope of fabric rendered air-tight and waterproof. A passageway went along the entire length underneath the ship. The rear rudder, of considerable size, was built of a special design, imitating to a certain extent the movements of the tail of a fish.

The elevating planes at the bow of the ship, in conjunction with the double rudder there situated, were calculated to give powerful and most sensitive control to the steering and upward and downward inclination of the ship.

Provision had been made to lower (from the central part of the ship) a spherical observation car in telephonic communication with the ship. Aerial torpedo bombing appliances, a wireless plant, searchlights, and all modern instruments necessary in war and in aerial navigation were provided.

CHAPTER LV

ON THE ITALIAN FRONT

IN a motor-car, placed at my disposal by the Italian "Supremo Comando" (General Headquarters), I traveled over 2,500 kilometers along the Italian war-zone. I visited all the important points of the Italian front in the mountainous regions of the Cadore and the Carnia, in the plateau of the Carso and in the alluvial valley of the Isonzo. I was therefore able to obtain a fair idea of the Italian operations on the entire front from the Dolomites to the Adriatic Sea.

It would be difficult to say what might have happened had Italy remained neutral or had she gone over to join the Central Powers. The Italian fleet in the Mediterranean might have proved annoying to the Salonica Expedition, and it is not necessary to refer to the effect on Russian operations had not a considerable portion of the Austrian forces been attracted towards the west by the Italian offensive.

The Italian Army had from the beginning been well organized by General Cadorna. The Italians had profited by our mistakes and had been clever enough not to repeat them. Italian strategy was good. Although the Italians had to fight over most difficult country they drove back the enemy at nearly all points on their front, and they were slowly but surely constantly advancing at a time when everybody on our side was being driven back. I had long audiences of His Majesty the King and with

General Cadorna. With men like that at the head of things it would have been impossible for Italy not to be victorious.

The Italians realized from the beginning that in order to carry on a successful war, especially with insufficient fighting material as was the case at first, it was necessary to have good roads everywhere, so as to be able to shift men, artillery, and ammunition quickly from one point to the other of their front. So they proceeded to make a wonderful net of roads in all directions, even up to the most inaccessible mountain tops. Over 4,000 miles of new roads had already been laid out and kept in excellent repair when I was on the Italian front a year after Italy had entered the war. In many places the excavation of long tunnels in the snow and rock had been necessary, the length of those galleries, if placed one alongside the other, amounting to several hundred miles. Then there was over 300 miles of Decauville light railways, and innumerable aerial cableways connected the highest mountain tops and passes with the valleys. Those cableways, or *teleferiche,* as the Italians called them, proved of the greatest use.

Mountain warfare was infinitely more picturesque than trench warfare in flat country, and more difficult, although perhaps less dangerous. To climb peaks with vertical walls several thousand feet high was, under the best of circumstances, no light task. Imagine what it meant when you had to climb those same peaks under the heavy fire of the enemy perched on top. In the Cadore region, among the rugged Dolomite Mountains, the Italians had done particularly amazing work. The Austrians occupied high positions, especially on the Tofane group of mountains, with high vertical walls of rock,

from where it was imperative to dislodge them. Some of the Italian positions were not more than 50 yards from those of the enemy. Those lofty posts were provided with rope ladders, or sometimes merely with hundreds of yards of stout rope along which the Italian soldier climbed up or slid down the vertical walls of the mountain.

Some of the excavations for mines along the Franco-British front under the enemy's trenches were seldom more than a few yards in length. The Italians carried on mining on a gigantic scale. For instance, Colonel Tarditi, in command of the Alpini, and two professional engineers conceived the plan of blowing up the entire mountain called Castelletto, a rocky peak of the Tofane group. A gallery 550 yards long was excavated in the solid rock by means of two compressed-air drills. A charge of 35 tons of explosives was then placed in the terminal chamber. The gallery was large enough to accommodate along its entire length a Decauville railway, while a staircase of some 400 wooden steps was constructed outside, along the rocky wall, in order to reach a point high up where the tunnel was commenced. The Austrians above, who were fully aware of what was being attempted, constantly sent down touching messages to the Italians: "Please let us know when you are going to blow us up. We do not want to die like rats!"

On July 11th, at 3:30 a.m., the mine was exploded and the Castelletto peak, one of the most picturesque bits of the Dolomite Mountains and one of Austria's strongholds, was blown to atoms with its entire garrison.

The Italians had some 300 permanent mountain cable-ways and a great number of transferable ones. Some of the cable-ways were several miles in length. The cars

had a carrying capacity of about 800 lbs. They proved the greatest use in bringing to the mountain tops guns, men, ammunition, food, and for bringing down the wounded.

On one of the high passes of the Cadore I watched a battery of 75-mm. guns and an anti-aircraft gun in a fight with an Austrian aeroplane which flew overhead at a relatively low elevation. It eventually got away.

Motoring on the zigzag roads, built by the Alpini in order to bring artillery to the summit of the mountains, was exciting enough. In many places cement walls had been constructed in order to support the road. We came down one particularly nasty road at night. The corners were so sharp that it was never possible to turn without a lengthy maneuver. Had we gone off the road we might have had a flight of several thousand feet through the air. A flight of that kind would be preferable in an aeroplane rather than in a motor-car.

Some of the Italian batteries were concealed in posts as high as 6,000 feet above sea-level.

I was on the Italian front during the admirable effort of the autumn of 1916. Having arrested the Austrian advance on the Trentino and having driven back the enemy, the Italians not only maintained a vigorous pressure on the Tridentino front, but, by a remarkable move, concentrated sufficient men and material on the Julian front, striking a formidable blow which determined the fall of Gorizia and of the almost impregnable defensive system of the Carso region west of the Vallone. Doberdò, Mount St. Michael, Mount Sabatino, Oslavia, Monfalcone, all ceased to be for the Austrians symbols of unshakable strength, and became emblems of resplendent Italian victories. Forty-two thousand prisoners, 60 guns,

200 machine-guns, and immense quantities of war material were the result of those operations between August and December, 1916. On the morning of August 9th Gorizia was Italian. It was to the Third Army, under the command of H.R.H. the Duke of Aosta, that the brilliant victory was due: 18,365 soldiers and 393 officers were taken prisoners; 30 guns, 63 mortars, 92 machine-guns, 12,225 rifles, and a rich booty of ammunition were seized.

Large mats were effectively used by the Italians as screens along roads exposed to the fire of the enemy. Bridges were constantly fired upon by the Austrians. On emerging from one of those bridges a projectile from a 75-mm. gun almost grazed my nose and exploded some ten yards off.

The defeated Austrians abandoned the entire zone to the west of the Vallone. Rubbia, St. Martino del Carso, the valley of Doberdò, Mount Cosich, were captured. Then the Italians went beyond the Vallone and dislodged the enemy from the strongly defended Nad Logem Hill 212 and the summit of Crni Hrib. In the meantime, Oppachiasella was captured and the Italian occupation was pushed beyond to the east of that place. Hill 121 and the Debeli were captured. The advance was continued to the east of Nad Logem and west of Mount Pecinka.

During the months of September, October, November, and December, 1916, Italian operations were in the Pasubio zone, in the Adige Valley; in the mountainous barrier commanding from south-east to the middle course of the Avisio; and in the hilly and rocky region east of Gorizia and the Carso. The Italians on every occasion took the initiative with potent attacks upon the enemy. The Austrians kept mainly on the defensive, but made

frequent and violent counter-attacks in order to maintain or regain positions.

It would be much too long to describe here the constant fighting done by the Italians to capture such positions as the high Panettone, while the Alpini under terrific fire scaled by means of ladders the vertical walls of the Dente del Pasubio, and later the wall-like heights of Menerle and Caserma. The entire captured zone of the Cosmagnon Alps assured the safety of the Italian occupation of Vallarsa, and gave them greater freedom of movement in the valley of the Pasubio.

It was then necessary to have the mastery of the underlying valley of Avisio with its highly important Dolomite road. That region was formed of extremely rugged mountains emerging from a dense forest region. It resembled a formidable wall ending skyward in peaks of fantastic outline, and with here and there indentations forming passes, none lower than 6,000 feet.

A new Italian offensive was developed in October to the north-east in the valleys of Travignolo and San Villagrino.

After the occupation of Gorizia and of the defensive system in the Carso west of the Vallone, the Italians in their victorious advance had also occupied east of Gorizia the slopes that stretch from Mount St. Gabriel to the Vippacco. On the Carso beyond the Vallone they had forced their way as far as Nad Logem, Oppachiassella, Crni Hrib, and Debeli, their advance being arrested by the line of defense to the east of the Vallone. That line extended from San Grado di Merna to the marshes of Lizert.

It was against this line that after an intense artillery preparation the Italians began their attack. They were

met by a diabolical hail of steel coming from heavy guns concealed in grottoes, and by the rattling fire of innumerable machine-guns. Such was, however, the momentum of the attack that the Italians obtained from the beginning notable successes. The important height of San Grado was captured, as well as the entire zone east of Oppachiassella as far as Hill 201.

The difficulties of these operations were much greater than those on the higher mountains. The Carso region presented plateaus from 600 to 2,400 feet high, arid and desolate, rocky in the extreme, with squalid vegetation. Then, suddenly, one came upon desert zones of irregular, slippery, calcareous rock, broken up into cubes, resting at all angles. Walking upon such ground was trying. You slipped and stumbled and jammed your feet painfully at every step. Upon the plateau numerous *dolines* or *foibe* were encountered—deep natural depressions, as much as thirty, forty or even fifty feet in depth. In those depressions occasional habitations were to be seen, for there a certain protection could be obtained from the destructive *"bora"*—the fiercest of winds—as well as in war-time from exploding shells.

When I was there the Austrians were shelling us vigorously. Shells exploded constantly all around us. Add to the natural disadvantages the obstructions of all kinds placed by the enemy, the spiked pits, the high stone walls, the barbed-wire entanglements, etc., and one can well imagine what the Italians had to go through in their advance.

Trenches and passages had to be excavated in the solid rock. With fragments of stone miles of protecting walls were constructed. The work was done entirely at night. I strolled or rather stumbled about over the battle-field

among frozen dead bodies of Austrian soldiers. The ground was strewn with myriads of unexploded hand-bombs, clips of cartridges, thousands of unexploded aerial torpedoes and grenades, smashed rifles, gas masks, knapsacks, and I don't know what else; you had to be careful where you put your feet, for if you were unfortunate enough to tread on one of the hand-bombs you ran the risk of being blown to pieces. Towards the east I had the Istrian Carso, cut by the blue line of the Adriatic, as far as Trieste. Towards the west the valley of Friuli, with its cultivated fields, its wooded patches and its white villages; uniformly flat, far away towards the sea, stretched the alluvial plains of Aquileja.

A new offensive was begun in order to complete the wrenching from the enemy of his line on the Carso. The system of magnificently made Austrian trenches, a double line of them, was stormed. Those trenches were so formidable as to seem almost impregnable. During a violent attack the Italians were able to conquer the high points on Veliki Hribach, Mount Pecinka, and the heights 376 and 308.

On November 2nd the infantry of the 4th and 45th Divisions and the Bersaglieri of the 1st Brigade with irresistible pressure broke through the entire front between Mount Faiti and Hill 229, on the Castagnavizza road. Finally, on November 3rd, the high Austrian positions of Volkorniak Hill 123 and 128 were captured. Farther south, with a jump forward of over 1,000 yards, the Italians approached to within 200 yards of Castagnavizza. By November 10th another leap forward of 1,000 yards had been made. On November 19th, when I was in that region up to the most advanced trenches,

a fierce Austrian attack took place on the southern edge of the plateau.

I took some interesting photographs that day of the Veliki Hill showing the Austrian trenches. The artillery fire was heavy, but somewhat erratic, evidently because all the high observation posts were now in the hands of the Italians. Many large shells exploded near us—one particularly not more than 8 or 10 yards from where we were. It made a great noise and threw up in the air rolling masses of dense smoke, fragments of steel and debris of rock. Some of the steel fragments of the shell hit with considerable force the military helmet I had reluctantly been made to wear. What surprised me was the length of time it took the pieces of shell to travel the short distance between the point of explosion and my head. That was, of course, because the pieces did not travel in a straight horizontal line, but were flung upwards by the explosion and it took them a few seconds before they dropped down again.

The Italians were generous towards their prisoners, who were treated quite as well as the Italian soldiers.

Exceptionally bad weather conditions prevented further operations in the mountainous zone. Snow rendered work impossible. Many were the accidents due to avalanches and land-slides. Even the sound of a voice was sometimes sufficient to start an avalanche. The firing of heavy guns on the mountain summit was responsible for accidents and occasional loss of human life through slides of snow and land-slides.

On the Isonzo and Carso incessant torrential rains caused rivers to overflow. The soldiers were often waist-deep in mud and water, so that operations were practically suspended for the winter.

The experience gained by the Italians in the winter campaign of the previous year greatly facilitated the arrangements for a second winter of war, notwithstanding the extreme severity of the winter months of 1917 and the vastly increased number of troops at the front. Between December, 1916, and March, 1917, it snowed fifty days. In many places a white mantle 15 feet thick was deposited, while much of the mountainous country was under a layer 30 feet thick. At the higher elevations on the front the thermometer registered 28° centigrade below zero. As many as 105 avalanches were registered that winter. In the high Boite, 360,000,000 cubic feet of snow slid down the mountain-side into the valley of Costiana. Solidly packed into a definite geometrical form, the latter figure would represent a cube of snow some 700 feet long, 700 feet broad, and 700 feet high.

As I was present at one of those disasters I was full of admiration for the Italian soldier in his heroic self-sacrifice and tender devotion for his imperilled comrades. The avalanche had buried eight or nine men. It was pathetic to watch the anxious efforts of the survivors to dig them out. Everybody volunteered to help, everybody set out to remove the thousands of tons of snow which had rolled down. Day and night the work continued, the men sinking chest-deep in the soft snow.

"At least," said one fellow to me, "if we find those poor bodies, their parents will know that we shall bury them like Christians, in our own graveyard; and you know, sir, there are many of us already underground over there."

Dogs were used with success by the Italians on the snow and ice, for the conveyance of ammunition and

food, especially on the Adamello Glacier. They could drag loads from 140 to 160 lbs. Previous to the use of dogs the Italians employed donkeys. The animals were sent out with woollen *passemontagnes*—huge caps—over their heads and with enormous green spectacles resting upon their noses. Although apparently solemn and impassive, animals, I think, have a strong sense of the ridiculous. I am sure the donkeys felt humiliated in their masquerade as they went along one after the other in long rows, and aroused the shrieks of merriment of the Italian soldiers along the route. The warm head-attire and the goggles gave the animals an indisputable air of wisdom, but they lost none of their exasperating wickedness in moments of distress. A caravan of donkeys sank deep in snow; all the donkeys except one had by violent struggling succeeded in freeing themselves. One particular animal had gone so deep that only his ears were visible out of the snow. For two entire days the donkey remained motionless in his frozen mold, nor were the efforts of the men of any avail to get him out. At last, in order to spare him a lingering death, it was decided to shoot him. No sooner did the donkey see the executioner approach with a loaded pistol than he opened his eyes wide, pricked up his ears, and began to kick frantically. In a few minutes he was free and stampeding on a break-neck career down the steep slopes of the snow-field. Donkeys can occasionally be quite human.

Often the poor animals, suspended by their legs, were made to travel through the air by cable-ways from the high stations down to the grazing valley, where they enjoyed a well-earned rest.

A formidable Austro-German attack was expected.

I found General Cadorna as serene and confident as possible. These were his words:

"Whether the Austro-Germans come or do not come to attack us, I am fully prepared as if they came in the greatest force. Let the country have faith and we shall be victorious."

I had a long and cordial special audience with General Cadorna at Udine. Everybody was so afraid of him that at first I feared my visit might be full of formality. But far from it. Cadorna was as jovial as possible, laughing heartily all the time. He possessed an admirable serenity which gave one at once unbounded confidence in him. He spoke quite freely of the operations he was about to carry out, and to make them clearer to me he took me into a large room where an immense map in relief of the mountainous region and of the Carso —in fact, the entire Italian front—could be minutely studied. He explained the operations at length, and with such marvelous conciseness and lucidity, that when he had finished I felt I knew as much as anybody about the Italian front.

Cadorna confided to me what he called his "prestidigitation" with the scanty artillery he possessed. If I remember right, only 600 guns all told, which he shifted hastily and continually from one part to another of his front—gave the enemy the impression that he had at least ten times that number.

"I could never do that unless I had made the excellent roads you have seen," he said, laughing heartily. "They are good, are they not? We have to do what we can."

He gave me a thrilling narrative of his work and of his simple mode of life, how he got up at six every morn-

ing, attended Mass—for he was a fervent Catholic—then took a short walk before beginning his work at headquarters. He received few outsiders, and few of the officers of his staff, barring those who had important communications. He told me that he was there to look after the strategy of the war, and the strategy only. He had entrusted generals under him, in whom he had implicit faith, to look after the workings of the Army. If he found a man was unsuitable he sacked him at once —"He was torpedoed," to use the Italian expression. That was why, after three years of work, he was as fresh mentally as he was the first day when he had taken the command of the Army.

He was keenly interested in my journeys and asked me innumerable questions. He insisted on introducing me to all his staff. General Porro, whom I had already met in Paris, when he was there on a special mission, and to General Badoglio, and to Captain Casati, his A.D.C. Cadorna was full of fun and could be witty when he chose. In introducing me to his officers he exclaimed:

"I am the Generalissimo of the Italian Army, but Mr. Landor is the Generalissimo of all the explorers!" And to this beautiful compliment he added others equally flattering, especially as they came from so great a man.

Cadorna kindly gave instructions that I should be treated with all possible deference—orders which were more than fully carried out—and that I should be shown anything I wished to see. An officer—a Captain—was placed at my disposal, and a fast automobile in which I visited all that was of interest on the firing line of that front.

I met a great number of other famous Italian Generals during my stay of several weeks. I visited many

of the advanced positions where the first line of Austrian trenches was not more than seven or eight yards from the Italian. One day when I put my head out to take a photograph I was received with a volley from a machine-gun. Fortunately, neither my camera nor my head were hit.

I visited during my stay at the front the magnificent hospitals of the Sanità and of the Italian Red Cross. For perfection of arrangements, cleanliness, and the tender care of the doctors and nurses, they were unsurpassable. I also paid a visit to the British Red Cross Hospital at the Villa Trento, a model of perfection, not more than twelve miles from where the fiercest fighting took place on the Isonzo front. It was under the direction of such devoted and able chiefs as M. Trevelyan and Dr. Brock. British ambulances courageously ran—often under heavy fire—to the most advanced positions, collecting and transporting wounded. Already nine of their cars had been hit by enemy fire. Up to November 1916, British cars on the Italian front had run 444,131 kilometers and had carried 52,000 wounded and sick.

As I have already stated, when I visited their front, the Italians were the only ones of all the Allies who were fighting on enemy soil. They had conquered and were firmly holding 1,300 square miles of Austrian territory—a territory which included several important towns.

While on the Italian front I had a long audience with H.M. King Victor Emmanuel, who received me at the Villa Italia, a few miles out of Udine. The King was dressed in a simple soldier's uniform with no distinctive signs on his arms or shoulders. He greeted me effusively and remembered every word of the conversations

we had in Rome some years previously—he really had an astounding memory. He took a keen interest in the designs of the airship and auto-mitrailleuse I had invented and that he wished to see.

At the Villa he lived humbly. The place was full of officers and officials. There were no reception rooms, all rooms being employed for sleeping-quarters barring the spacious entrance hall, which was used as the general dining-room. The King sat at the head of the table with his officers.

For lack of other rooms, the King received me in his bedroom, where a folding hospital cot with a rough army blanket formed his bed and bedding. The King was an ardent photographer. The chest of drawers, the only two chairs in the room, and a good part of the bed were covered with thousands of copies of photographs he had taken at the front. As many again lay scattered on the floor. As there was nowhere else to sit, the King and I sat side by side on the creaky bed, while he showed me hundreds and hundreds of capital pictures he had taken of battles and trenches and soldiers. Then, after the pictures, came an exhibition of his wonderful cameras.

He told me that he possessed the telescope Napoleon had used in the battle of Waterloo. The King thought it would be rather a fitting occasion to use it the day his troops entered Trieste.

Historically it might have been a splendid idea, but practically, perhaps, his modern binocular glass would have served him infinitely better.

After two very agreeable hours I returned to Udine, and a few days later to Florence to see my old father.

When I expressed a wish in Rome to go and visit the Italian front the Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs

immediately telegraphed to General Cadorna. Within a few hours came the order to let me proceed at once, and that I should call at the "Comando" of Florence where instructions had been sent to provide me with the necessary passes.

An amusing incident happened. In Italy "boy scouts" were called "explorers." The Colonel who was entrusted to draw up the documents inquired my name, age, and profession. When he heard "explorer" he looked at me with curiosity.

"Rather old for an 'explorer'! You are joking," he said, dropping his pen.

"Oh," I said, realizing the double meaning of the word in Italian, "but I am an 'explorer' of Central Asia and Central Africa, not of Florence."

"I had no idea they had explorers (boy scouts) in those far-away places, too!" he grumbled, more puzzled than ever.

The papers were eventually handed me, with the profession omitted.

CHAPTER LVI

WITH THE ITALIANS IN ALBANIA

I WAS in Rome. Senator Mayor des Planches told me that the Prime Minister, Orlando, the Minister of War, and some of the other Italian Ministers would be glad if I went to see the work accomplished by the Italian military in Albania. I was asked to be the guest of the Italian Government. The Minister of War would furnish me with powerful credentials and would send out orders that I should receive equal treatment to that of foreign Generals on official missions. I was glad to accept the invitation, and made at once preparations for the journey.

While the highest authorities in the land gave orders that all necessary passes should immediately be prepared for me, strangely enough I met annoying delay on the part of petty officials—an obstruction usual in all Italian Government offices. That, however, was soon overcome and with a passport full of signatures, stamps, enigmatic signs and inscriptions in English, French, Italian and Greek, I duly started on my journey.

I carried besides special letters of introduction and recommendation from the Minister of War, from the Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and from H.E. Mayor des Planches, Special Ambassador in London during the War and later Commissary of the Emigration in Rome. All the leading authorities went out of their way to render my journey pleasant.

From Rome to Brindisi traveling was tedious enough. For lack of coal the engine burnt wood, with the result that insufficient pressure in the boilers was obtained to negotiate the slightest gradients. We halted for several hours at a time in order to get up enough steam. We arrived at Brindisi nineteen hours after the scheduled time —but such things were of daily occurrence during the war on railways in Southern Italy.

I was met at the Brindisi station by two naval officers—two men who had had extraordinary experiences and escapes. One, Commander Marquis Denti di Piraino, Chief of Aviation, who some months previously in London was caught by his foot in the wrecked fuselage of an escaped dirigible which had been dashed against some trees by a gust of wind. Denti was lifted head downwards to an elevation of some 3,000 feet by the derelict airship, which, relieved of most of her weight, including motors, was floating vertically in the air instead of horizontally. For an hour or so I watched Denti in his terrible plight, with no possible way of going to his assistance. Eventually, a rain shower brought the gas-bag close to the ground, when she was caught in a breeze, and the dangling officer banging and dragging his broken arm upon the roofs and chimneys of London suburban houses. The sun reappeared. With the heat the hydrogen in the bag expanded and up went the balloon again to an elevation of over a thousand feet, Denti still held fast by his toes in the wreckage. Another shower came—the balloon got heavier, and down she came slowly over a large pond, into which Denti, quite helpless, was about to dip his blood-congested head, when the sun lifted once more the airship a few feet above the water. A gust of wind blew the ship against some houses, where at last,

one hour and twenty minutes after her escape, she was captured. Denti, with a broken arm and much bruised about the head and body, was released.

The first thing he asked the horrified rescuers was to hand him a cigarette! Denti was certainly as plucky a man as can be found anywhere—a man who did honor to the Italian Navy and aviation.

The other officer who met me at the Brindisi station was Commandant Quentin, also a remarkable fellow for his courage and coolness, as we shall see presently.

With two fellows of that kind it was not surprising that my stay in Brindisi was delightful. Quentin, whose family I knew well in Florence, offered at once to take me for a journey in one of the new submarines which the Italians had purchased in America. Much was written at the time in the European and American papers about the marvelous feat of the German submarine *Deutschland* which had crossed the Atlantic, but never a word was written about the brave Italian officers who completed a much longer and more difficult journey—at that same time—from Canada to Brindisi, bringing over a number of submarines constructed in Canada for their Government. Quentin was one of those brave men.

We left early in the morning on Submarine H. 5, Quentin, Denti, and I perched on the conning tower. A motor boat sent by the Admiral in command at Brindisi escorted us in order to avoid friendly ships firing on us—not an unusual occurrence—when, after submersion, we emerged again. The sea was stormy. While on the surface I learned what rolling could be like on submarines. We described arcs of a circle in the air of 120 degrees and more; in fact, we on the conning tower nearly dipped in the water on one side and then on the other. A wave

less considerate than the others nearly washed me off the tower. We began to submerge. It was a fairy-like spectacle. We were then inside the conning tower—now battened down—gazing in admiration out of the glass discs from which one could observe what happened outside. The foaming, dashing, green water and the gradually vanishing sky gave way suddenly to various gorgeous tints blending from light green to limpid blue. All around us, as we were sinking lower down, became of a beautiful cobalt, denser and darker as we submerged to a greater depth. The faces of Quentin and the crew, who stood below at the foot of the iron steps to which I was clinging, appeared impressively blue. There was something of the fantastic in that unusual scene, with its sudden changes of color. Then, darkness set in, and artificial lights had to be used.

At 100 feet below the surface, then free from tossing and in perfect steadiness, we traveled at a reduced speed. Quentin explained to me how the submarine was worked —how with one finger an officer could control, by means of various discs in the central cabin, all the movements, steering, firing of torpedoes, direction, etc. Then the wonderful gyroscopic compass and the ingenious workings of the periscope, which at lesser depths reflected images clearly in a horizontal mirror. I learned one thing that day of which I had not thought, and that I am sure few people know. That while submerged, it was quite sufficient to displace a weight even of a few pounds from one end to the other of the ship to cause the longitudinal loss of balance of the vessel, just the same as in an airship. A cat walking along would do it, unless immediately counterbalanced by setting in action special devices. The crew of thirty men, equally distributed

along the entire length of the ship, was bound to relative immobility during the submerged voyage.

Still 100 feet below and without feeling the slightest inconvenience such as oppression in breathing, or heart beating, or even stifling air, we sat down to a wonderful lunch which Quentin had prepared for us, on a gayly decorated table upon which Italian and English flags were displayed. Notwithstanding the surprises experienced by submarine cooks—water boiling at different temperatures at various depths—we enjoyed that day a meal such as the best cooks of Rome or of Paris could have provided. The food was cooked on electric stoves.

After some hours we prepared to rise to the surface again. Quentin jocularly said to me: "Now watch for trouble, for this is the most dangerous moment of all—not from the enemy, but from friends. We are the evil beasts of the sea, and as soon as ships see a periscope appear above the surface they begin to fire at us without waiting to see whether we are friend or foe." I felt reassured when we emerged into the open air—at once waving a flag out of the conning tower—and saw no "friends" about. The motor-boat which had been sent by the Admiral to protect us had disappeared. Little did Quentin then know what a ghastly experience was awaiting him.

A few days later that same submarine H. 5 went out of Brindisi Harbor on a reconnaissance. On returning she unfortunately came to the surface close by and at the same time as a British submarine. The British commander, being the first to see the periscope of H. 5, mistook her for an enemy and at once fired a torpedo into her which struck her full amidships. The British, quickly submerged, escaped rapidly. The H. 5 was blown to

pieces and out of a crew of thirty men only Quentin and another of her crew were saved. Quentin, who was shot up in the air in the explosion, had two ribs broken and an arm injured. For several hours he bravely supported in the water his wounded companion until they were miraculously saved by a British torpedo boat.

Denti and Quentin gave me a jolly time in Brindisi. In fact, all naval officers there did their best to entertain me. Lunches, teas, and dinners on board the various ships of war, including the *Admiral Riboty,* the fastest boat of the Italian Navy; visits to the airship, aeroplane, and hydroplane stations, and to the land fortifications; while in the evening we had amusing entertainments at the Hotel d'Europe, where smuggled charming wives of officers—the war regulations did not permit officers' wives to stay in Brindisi—had come to meet their husbands.

What surprised me most at Brindisi was that the generally well-informed enemy had never sent an airship or an aeroplane to drop a few bombs over the harbor, where ships of all allied nations were so thickly packed that the havoc played might have been terrific. The Entente fleets certainly had a protecting angel over them.

The wreck of the Italian Dreadnought *Leonardo da Vinci* could be seen in the harbor, sunk by the infamous act of an Italian traitor.

Thanks to the kindness of Admiral Giorgi de Pons, I crossed from Brindisi to Vallona (in Albania) on a torpedo boat—a journey which usually occupied three hours. We took much longer, as we were escorting a slow-moving vessel with merchandise for the troops. The crossing between those two points was usually protected by hydroplanes and by Drachen balloons towed by torpedo boats.

On the small vessel we rolled considerably, and many a

valiant Italian officer was reduced to a pitiable condition by sea-sickness. Smart uniforms and sea-sickness did not go well together. The average Italian was a poor sailor. One officer particularly made me feel uncomfortable, for in his helpless condition he had stretched himself on a row of bombs, each containing 100 lbs. of high explosive, to be used for destroying submerged submarines. As there were no chairs on deck he lay like dead on the steel bed, clinging during extra notable rolls to the release-pins of the bombs—with the prospect of sending us all flying into space. It is wonderful how careless landsmen can be when they are at sea! And how little military men know of naval war implements.

An Italian airship flying over us gave the alarm: "A submarine in sight." All, barring the sea-sick—they cared no more for life or death—were ready, the guns were manned; but nothing happened after all. Finally, we passed between the coast and the island of Saseno—the rocky and waterless island, all that remains to-day to Italy of the Italian occupation of Albania. We entered the splendid bay of Vallona.

A few minutes later we landed. A smart automobile which had been sent to meet me at the wharf took me straight to the presence of His Excellency General Ferrero, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Occupation. It was enough to see this great soldier of Italy to have for him profound respect and admiration. I have seldom met a better-balanced mind; a man with a will and a fist of steel, a man whose knowledge of military matters was perfect. He was also versed in every branch of science, art, and agriculture. He was a fine and elegant diplomat, and above all a practical man. A perfect gentleman: an indisputably honest man.

A guest of H.E. the General, I had the honor of being taken by him personally for several days to inspect the Albanian front, to the north and east of Vallona, where I could admire the various potent lines of defense masterly constructed by the Italians. An entire week was spent at Vallona, visiting scientifically perfect hospitals, model agricultural farms on up-to-date principles, witnessing the inauguration of the splendid Soldier's Home, wherein not only was a fine reading and writing room, but also cinematograph shows, concerts, lectures, etc., given to lighten as much as possible the gloomy days of soldiers so far away from their homes. Everything was done by General Ferrero to keep high the spirits of the Italian soldiers in Albania. Football matches, sports of every kind, even theatrical performances in a theater at Drasciuvitza, where a French *chanteuse* of exquisite elegance fascinated the audience with artistic songs and languid looks, together with another beautiful damsel with luxuriant yellow hair, great big blue eyes, and ample chest development. Those beautiful ladies were impersonated to perfection by two cavalry officers! Then there was a wonderful tenor with a superb voice—a mere sergeant—and acrobats with prestidigitators and musical clowns, such as you might see in the best variety shows—all talent drawn from the ranks. That was not surprising, well knowing the versatility of Italians of all classes. In Albania, wherever you found Italian soldiers you found something artistic and even wonderful.

Albania, once so savage, had by the Italians been enriched with splendid roads, magnificent masonry bridges, artistic fountains, and beautiful monuments to the fallen. True enough, with typical Italian taste, the art displayed in the fountains near Vallona had taken the form of

females either too elegantly attired in much be-frilled ball-dresses and richly feathered hats, or else rather too nude. The latter had been subjected to amusing criticisms on the part of the Mahomedans, whose religion compelled the women to clothe perhaps to excess, for only the eyes and hands were left exposed. There was in Vallona a fountain quite gracefully modeled and representing a naked woman in the act of stooping in order to drink water collected in the palm of her hand. As no water was flowing from the fountain it was incomprehensible to the natives why the woman should be absolutely naked in the middle of a garden in order to "spit on her hand," as they expressed it! Some thought it was one of the habits of Italian women.

Everywhere in Albania handsome vegetable and flower gardens were to be seen; beautiful new and restored old buildings, such as the new palace for the Staff, the comfortable rest-houses for officers, the airy offices, the up-to-date schools for boys and girls where Italian teachers performed wonders with native children. They had even succeeded in keeping together and at peace young Mahomedan and Orthodox girls. For those who appreciated the hatred and contempt between Mussulmans and members of other religions, such a thing was a true miracle.

The Albanians, distrustful at first, were fully made to realize the richness of their country. Even in the far interior I noticed extensive areas of land under cultivation. General Ferrero was encouraging agriculture, and supplied the natives with all possible help in order to promote rational modern methods of cultivation. As many as fifteen experimental stations had been established in the province of Vallona. Great encouragement was given particularly to the improvement of olive oil production.

The ancient Venetians presented a gold coin for every olive tree that was planted in Albania. The result was that immense forests of magnificent olive trees were to be seen, which, well cared for, might produce wealth galore for that country. The part of Albania I visited did not seem to me rich in forests of other valuable woods. Southern Albania may develop one day into a rich agricultural country, but I doubted then whether the forestal exploitation would give the satisfactory results expected, above all in a country where ownership of the land was so problematical.

The Albanians were speaking highly of the Italian administration in the various municipalities. Having traveled by motor, on horseback, and on foot in every possible direction in Southern Albania, I was able to ascertain the enthusiasm ever caused at the appearance of Italians. They were adored by the population. Men, women, children, with delighted faces saluted every officer or soldier they saw, and shouted words of endearment. The children invariably ran up to the soldiers to be caressed and petted. That was a sign that in their homes the parents spoke well of them. In Central China, for instance, where Europeans were detested, the children were the first to run away at the approach of foreigners or else ran after to throw stones at them, simply because in their homes hatred for the whites was preached to the young.

I could not help admiring the important public works constructed by the Italians at Vallona, such as the aqueduct, seven kilometers long; the stock-yard, the cemetery, the covered markets, the efficient drainage, etc.

What was evident in the Albanian population was that from an ethnical point of view they did not form an homogeneous mass. There were in Albania groups or tribes

which even hated one another nobly. Gradually, perhaps, with the hope of national unity, all that may disappear. There existed in Albania districts peopled by Serbs, by Roumanians, by Turks, by Bulgarians, and by ethnographically interesting families of Tziganes (Gypsies) or Kutzo Valacchi or "lame Valacchi," such as those of Koritza and Monastir.

In Albania were three dominant religions. The Mahomedan, the Greek Orthodox, and the Catholic, besides several sects such as the Begtarel of Tepeleni and Argirocastro. Religious differences had certainly in a great measure contributed to the slow development of the country, and had culminated in the Greek invasion of 1913-14, during which all that was Mahomedan in Southern Albania was devastated and the inhabitants massacred. Innumerable villages could be seen everywhere rendered a mass of ruins. Personally, I had my suspicion that the Orthodox Albanian population helped to no mean extent in this destruction and massacre, and that a good deal that had been put down to Greek barbarity was merely due to local religious antagonism and hatred.

More unfortunate than any historian will be the one who one day will undertake to write a true history of Albania. No documents of importance exist in archives in the country—perhaps a few may exist in Venice. It was curious that so ancient a nation, so noble and independent, so notable for its inextinguishable fiery pride, and, above all, situated in the very heart of Europe, could have remained so long hardly known even to its nearest neighbors. Another strange fact occurred to the observer. Notwithstanding the incessant wars, invasions and conquests of people stronger than themselves, nothing had changed the national character of the true Albanian (the

Shkipetari), nor the simple and pure language of that race of mountain warriors. Their Indo-European language of the neo-Illyric group had remained almost intact—the ancient tongue of the Illyrians—one slightly influenced by Latin and Greek. Folklore was rich in legends of animal monstrosities, aquatic and terrestrial, snakes and devils. Their songs of morning, noon, and night were highly melodious; whereas their heroic and erotic songs, especially the *Ghega,* were often exaggerated and contaminated by contact with neighboring countries. When I was in Albania Italian songs were getting popular, but rendered so Shkipetari in their rhythm as to be almost unrecognizable.

The Ghega dancing, quite simple, reminded one forcibly of certain Asiatic dances I had witnessed among the Shoka mountaineers of the Himahlya Mountains. Only the Ghega dance did not possess to such a degree the vigor, the fine grace, or the complexity of movements of the Central Asian one.

Among the most notable characteristic traits of the Albanians could be counted hospitality and the vendetta. Both were carried to excess. For instance, an assassin who took shelter in the house of his victim would find there the assistance that the dearest friend and relative could expect—so long as he remained within the walls of the house. But the moment he went out he was instantly killed. The generous hospitality which was extended to strangers originated probably in former days from the absolute lack of hotels and shelters, barring a scarce caravanserai here and there along the mule-tracks of the interior. When I visited Albania things were better, and if one wished one could travel nearly everywhere without having contact with the natives.

The Albanians have from remote days been migratory people. Some of their colonies were to be found as far as the Athens Acropolis, in many Greek islands, in Roumania, Dalmatia, Croatia, in Southern Italy, in Sicily, and in North Armenia; but no distance ever lessened or destroyed their inextinguishable love for their mother country. Before the Italian occupation, there was small temptation for the people to remain at home. Few countries had gone through so many and varied vicissitudes; few lands had been so cruelly mutilated in their political, ethnographical, and geographical rights. Many a time I was told by the natives how, without a stable government, without laws of any kind, if a farmer produced enough to allay his hunger, he was at once robbed of all by his master, who in his turn was "squeezed" by dishonest officials. Add to this the difficulty of commerce for lack of roads, national laziness, malarial fever and worse complaints, such as tuberculosis, rheumatism, lung diseases, horrible skin affections; then incessant treachery, homicide, feudal fights between village and village, invasions, massacres, and looting—and what one marveled at was that a single inhabitant remained alive to tell the tale.

That was Albania of the past. Albania under the Italian occupation was vastly different.

A resurrected Albania, healthy and solid, with a prosperous existence before her. Magnificent, well-metalled roads had been cut in every direction, splendid masonry bridges which will last for centuries spanned the rivers, worthy companions of the graceful structures left there by the Venetians and the Romans. Along those roads one met with comfortable shelters, brick-kilns, electric-light stations, princely civil and military hospitals, most

up-to-date in every possible detail. Portentous aqueducts from mountains to the valleys were noticeable near the largest centers. Everywhere waters had been well canalized, the drainage sensibly attended to.

All that was remarkable when one remembered that the effective work for the betterment of Albania only began towards the end of March, 1916. Between December, 1915, up to that date the Italians had been busy with the military occupation of the territory and looking after the evacuation of the heroic Serbian Army, which arrived there under most tragic, quite heart-breaking circumstances, yet pushing before it the strong bands of Austrian prisoners captured during the war. Many of those heroes succumbed during the retreat when only a few miles from Vallona. Hungry, exhausted, they found themselves entangled in the micidial swamps north of Vallona. Men and animals in thousands perished in those marshes, when only a few yards from the spot where safety and tender care awaited them.

CHAPTER LVII

SOUTHERN ALBANIA—MACEDONIA—PRINCE ALEXANDER OF SERBIA—VENIZELOS—THE KING OF GREECE—ESSAD PASHA

BEFORE the Italian occupation Southern Albania was a wild country. In two years the Italians had constructed over 1,000 kilometers of excellent roads, splendidly kept.

I accompanied H.E. General Ferrero on the occasion of the inauguration of the new road along the coast between Vallona and Santi Quaranta—a road 130 kilometers long, and which climbed to an elevation of 1,056 meters above sea-level on the pass of Logora, that is to say, about 3,498 feet. The road was begun and completed by the Italians in only four months, using as labor thousands of Austrian prisoners and Albanian workmen.

We were constantly traveling among verdant slopes, crossing villages bedecked with flags, and passing under triumphal arches of verdure and flowers—slightly withered, as the inauguration was to have taken place three days before.

Whenever there was a church we were met by flocks of Orthodox priests with their thick beards and long unkempt hair, virgin of soap and water. We were conveyed into the church where a *Te Deum* was sung in a plaintive sing-song—a real torture for us, as we had to endure it so often during our progress. We were stifled inside those humid and low-vaulted churches, with no

ventilation, and full of respectable and praiseworthy but highly odoriferous natives.

Climbing in zigzags of sweeping proportions, we reached at sunset the Logora Pass (1,056 meters), the highest point on the road. The view from that height was stupendous. Prior to descending on Vallona, we drank the health of the genius who had devised and carried through that colossal enterprise in road-making, Colonel Giuliano, and his assistants. Giuliano was the man who had planned and made most of the magnificent roads of Southern Albania.

I was able to see Southern Albania as few people had seen it. With automobiles, horses, and men at my disposal whenever I wished, I traveled practically in every direction and visited the remotest corners.

I traveled over all the important arteries in that country, from the road north to Cerkovna and Armeni along the malarial lagoon of Vallona, to the splendid road to Argirocastro via Tepeleni, with its ramifications to Treblova to the east and Giormi to the south. Also, on the other road from Tepeleni along the Voiussa and through the historic pass of Klisura, among wild mountains to Premeti and Perati—joining at the latter spot the highway which goes from Santi Quaranta to Florina (with a branch to Janina) and Salonica.

I was in Albania and Macedonia while an important Franco-Italian offensive took place, which advanced the Italian line along the Voiussa River from the Leftinia Stream as far as the Osum River, twenty kilometers over the Kafa Chiciok Hills and along the Liumi Vokopol Stream as far as Selnica on the high road. The enemy had been a continuous menace to the important artery of

communication between Santi Quaranta and Vallona and Salonica.

The French, prior to the offensive, occupied a line from Biliusi Village on the Osum towards the north to the Kelizoni, which it followed from its source to its mouth into the Devoli River.

The operations took place over the mountainous district of the Ostrovizza group, through almost impenetrable, thickly wooded country, and away from the stream, absolutely devoid of water.

The enemy's artillery was placed on the line Istova, Virzera-Radis-Vilusa, and held under a potent fire the left bank of the River Cerevoda.

After three days' severe fighting, on May 18th the enemy was completely driven back to the north of the River Cerevoda. That battle, almost unknown to the average man, was perhaps one of the most important which took place in the Great War, as it was the beginning of the crumbling of the enemy front.

While a guest of General Henrys—who commanded the advance on the French side—I paid a visit to the town of Monastir, which had become celebrated in the war. Monastir was still under the incessant fire of the enemy. The city had suffered enough, and was still being battered. Many houses and mosques were in ruins, but considering all it was not nearly so badly damaged as I expected. The streets were desolate. One saw no one about except now and then a French or Serbian soldier. While I was prowling in the town the rhythmic roar of cannon was heard from the heights commanding the city and in the streets shells burst sometimes unpleasantly near.

I was amused at the commercial instinct of an old

Jewish merchant who had established a curio shop in the center of the city. Every time a shell burst too near he quickly closed the shutters and hid inside his shop. Whenever a new victim approached in the shape of a French or English officer, he quickly re-opened his business and spread on the pavement outside Oriental carpets of the crudest aniline dyes, or centuries-old bronzes —the latter machine-manufactured in Birmingham a few months before, in order to be brought back, at great expense and trouble, perhaps to Birmingham, as precious Oriental souvenirs.

When I was at Monastir the Bulgarians occupied the chain of hills immediately to the north, from where they completely commanded the city. While with General Henrys I went to Lake Presba, an irregularly shaped lake of indisputable beauty.

I spent several delightful days at Florina with General Henrys—a most distinguished, intelligent gentleman, and a thoughtful and polished host. General Di Tinant, whom I had known previously in Paris and who was then stationed at Monastir, came in one day to lunch and we had a merry party.

From Florina I continued my visit along the Macedonian front and moved on to Tepauchi, the headquarters of General Mombelli, commanding the 35th Italian Division, under the supreme command of General Guillaumat.

That division, which had done excellent work in a sector of twenty kilometers on Lake Doiran, played an important part in the occupation of Monastir by the Allied forces. It was transferred to Western Macedonia in order to defend the arc of the Cerna, with its strategically important Hill 1,050—one of the most difficult points to

defend of the entire Macedonian front. The Italians were clinging to the steep side of the rugged mountain chain, on which they had entrenched themselves near the summit, with the enemy above on the crest of the range inflicting severe losses on them. So important was that position considered by the enemy that it was defended, not by Bulgarians or Austrians, but by picked German officers and soldiers.

The work of the 35th Division will remain memorable in the history of the war, as will the name of iron-willed General Mombelli, a splendid leader of men—a man who never went back an inch.

When I was a guest of that famous General at Tepauchi an amusing scene took place. I asked permission to visit the first lines, especially at the dangerous point of Lebach. To get there one had to cross about two kilometers of flat country absolutely in the open, fully commanded and much beaten by the enemy fire. The Italians compelled me to take with me a gas-mask, a big, heavy, clumsy tin box most uncomfortable to carry when on horse-back, as I already had two cameras slung across my shoulders. What worried me more was that they insisted on my wearing an officer's gray cap instead of my own black felt hat—in order to render me invisible to the enemy. I never argue on superstitions, whether military or civil, and put on the gray cap—several sizes too small for me. I felt, perhaps, rather humiliated to think that, according to my thoughtful hosts, I could only be visible—even in bright sunshine—when I had my own hat on and not when I wore someone else's headgear!

We started, five officers and I—six of us in a group, all mounted on splendid black horses—most of them much blacker than my old felt hat—and feeling that we were

absolutely invisible now that my headgear had been discarded. We traveled slowly across the danger zone, as it had been raining and the ground was slippery. We had almost reached the other side when the enemy noticed our presence and signaled the fact to the artillery in the rear. A heavy and accurate fire began upon the entire length of the road we had followed. For three hours after visiting the Lebach position we were unable to start back, until a torrential rain shower came to our help. We took advantage of it to go back unobserved. But, just as we were in the center of the plain, suddenly the weather cleared and a brilliant ray of sun shone upon us. We had to spread about and gallop away one at a time across the perilous zone, shells bursting frequently but, fortunately, hitting no one.

The thoughtful kindness which was shown me while with the 35th Division had no limit. The cheerfulness of those brave officers and men under such adverse, even tragic, conditions was admirable. During two successive visits I spent five delightful days with General Mombelli. Those days will ever be unforgettable.

From the 35th Division I went over to the Serbian front, under the world-famous General Michitch—a simple-mannered man, always absorbed deep in thought, and charmingly civil. One only had to look at him to see he was a great man.

The Serbian front interested me. Like the Italian, it was a most difficult front in mountainous regions, rugged in the extreme, that extended from the pyramidal peak of the Veternik down to the point where the Serbians came in contact with the Italians. The Serbian Army was defending a front of some eighty kilometers in length.

The Serbian Army was splendidly organized and pos-

sessed enormous quantities of ammunition. I found both soldiers and officers animated by truly phenomenal patriotism, considering what they had gone through. They were unanimous in swearing that they would reconquer their country or die. They fought like lions.

I met later at Salonica the Prince Regent, now King Alexander of Serbia. He gave me a long and interesting audience. He seemed sad, as one could well understand after the tragic times his country had gone through, and which appeared to break his heart. He received me with quite regal splendor in his villa at Salonica. There were servants in white silk stockings and plush coats with profuse gold braiding. Grand bows were offered by attendants as one passed from one room into another, a hearty *accueil* by the General, his A.D.C., also in a grand uniform, before being conducted to the presence of the Prince. All that etiquette—in warfare, and in dusty, musty Salonica and all in my honor—I confess rather frightened me at first, as I had not even a frock-coat *de rigueur* to meet so grand a situation. But the Prince was so kind and so pleasantly considerate, and so charmingly simple and hospitable, that he put me at once at my ease. The conversation proceeded as smoothly and as brightly as possible.

He asked me many questions about Tibet and whether I thought the Tibetans were as cruel as the Germans. He was well informed on subjects which were generally the stumbling-block of most people, and talked intelligently and sensibly on almost any topic. He repeated several times his love for England and the English, and told me what pleasant times he had had in London where he had many devoted friends. We sipped numerous cups of strong coffee, and after being presented with a beauti-

ful autographed photograph I took my leave, promising to go and see him again if ever I went to his country.

Attached to the Serbian Army was an interesting man —Admiral Troubridge. He was acting for the British Government as military adviser, assisting the Serbians morally and materially, and also had received instructions to study carefully the political and strategic situation of South-East Europe. Then he was to consider the best way of reorganizing Serbia after the war. With him was Colonel Stead, son of the famous Stead of the *Review of Reviews*—a cynic of pleasant manners and who knew that part of Europe and its races and their ways better than any man in England. Troubridge asked me several times to lunch and dinner. With him I met many important men, among them the famous Greek General Negroponte.

On the Serbian front I was entertained royally—so royally that at a banquet given by the General in my honor I had to declare that, if the Tibetans had not succeeded in killing me with tortures, the Serbians certainly would with their excessive hospitality. Such heroic soldiers as Colonel Grovitch, Colonel Yourichitch, both on the staff of General Michitch, were fine types of soldiers. I rode to the main positions of the front with Colonel Grovitch, greeted everywhere with charming bonhomie by the officers and men we met in the trenches and along the roads.

On the right of the Serbians were the Greeks, under General Timbrakaki. They gave proof of considerable combativeness, which was pleasing after all the uncertainty the Entente had displayed on the reliability of the troops of that country. That uncertainty of Greece entering the war was at the time severely criticized in Eng-

land, France, and in Italy, but to anyone knowing the true cause it was partly excusable. To expect that a weak country like Greece should enter the war by our side without arms, ammunition, money, or food, and with such tragic examples before her as Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro, and Roumania, was perhaps an excessive demand.

That great man, Venizelos, should certainly have the gratitude of the Entente if the bellicose enthusisam of Greece—very tepid indeed at the beginning—was brought up to boiling point in a comparatively short time, as was demonstrated in the battle of Skra di Legen, when the Greeks, with a truly admirable *élan* completely carried the strongly fortified enemy positions over a front of twelve kilometers and advanced two kilometers.

This, to one like myself who had seen in Greece recruits hunted out of their houses and dragged to barracks tied by the neck and with hands fastened with sundry bits of telegraph wire—for lack of a sufficient quantity of handcuffs—was bordering on the stupendous.

During my visit to Athens—to my mind the most exquisitely beautiful city in the world—I had two long conversations with Venizelos. I had letters of introduction to him from His Excellency the Greek Ambassador in Rome, and telegrams had been sent advising him of my arrival. A curious incident occurred.

I proceeded to the house of the Prime Minister. The sentry informed me that Venizelos had left Athens and would not be back for a week. But would I go inside and get further information? Inside the house an officer repeated that Venizelos had, in fact, left the day before and he had himself seen him off to the station. The officer looked at me with interest from head to foot. Did I wish to see the secretary? He bolted upstairs—three

steps at a time—and, a few minutes later, came down again at record speed. With a grand bow, smiling all over, relieving me of my hat, he announced Venizelos' secretary would see me at once. He hurriedly opened a door on the first floor and bowed me in.

A gentleman came forward and grasped me warmly by the hand. Being under the impression that I was led before the secretary, I said:

"They tell me that M. Venizelos has left . . . but . . . how extraordinary!" I exclaimed, hesitatingly, quite startled as I looked at the man. "How exactly like M. Venizelos you are."

"En effet—je me resemble beaucoup. Je suis Venizelos! (In fact, I am exactly like myself; I am Venizelos!)"

Venizelos was quite as amused as I was, and we had a great laugh over it, especially when I complimented him on the veracity of his attendants.

"I have to protect myself," he answered smilingly. "So many bores want to see me whom I do not want to see, and for those I have always left Athens the day before. But for you, when you wish to come, now the guards know you and you will always find me."

I thought it most charming on his part, and I felt highly flattered that a truly exceptional man—perhaps the highest political mentality in Europe—should give his valuable time to a humble private person with no official mandate.

Greece of that time was entirely concentrated in Venizelos. His influence on the Greek people was incalculable. I was quite persuaded that while Venizelos necessarily had mainly at heart the interest of his country, he was a true and solid friend of the Entente. Venizelos was

a man who exercised an intense magnetic attraction on the masses. His personality was impressive. A man eminently practical and reasonable, I found in him a conciliating political spirit—most pleasing in those uncertain days. He merely wished an eventual and solid peace for his country.

"First of all," he said, "we must win over the Central Empires. This must be our only aim, and on that aim we must concentrate our entire strength. We must not conclude peace until we have completely smashed the Central Empires. We must go to Vienna and Berlin. To do otherwise would be criminal and a disaster for everybody. Let us hope that, after victory, all the petty quarrels between us of the Entente will be settled for the good and peace of everyone. They are small difficulties which should vanish easily and quickly."

Venizelos kindly came to return my visit at the Hotel Grande Bretagne the following day. Then once again I met him. I was struck by his political genius—by a long way superior to that of any other political man I had ever met. With him I noticed a profound geographical and ethnical knowledge, not only of his own country and people, but also of every foreign nation with whom he had dealings. It was rarely that one met a political man with so extensive a knowledge of things outside his own land.

In Athens I was received in private audience by His Majesty the King of Greece. It was rather a trying affair, for I had to borrow an elegant frock-coat with braiding all round the edges from a French gentleman, whose chest was a good many inches smaller than mine and who had a waist like a wasp. The tall hat, very smart indeed, was also several sizes too small for me. So disguised, I

appeared before His Majesty, fearing every moment the frock-coat might split across the shoulders.

The King was young, extremely jovial, quite *sympathique* as the French would say, and a sportsman full of courage and enthusiasm. He insisted on hearing all about my journey and tortures in Tibet, and his eyes expanded larger and larger as I gave him a condensed thrilling account.

"But," I ended my narrative, "the tortures of Tibet were nothing as compared with the torture I was enduring that day in appearing before His Majesty in a frock-coat that did not belong to me."

The King burst into a fit of laughter, in which I did not join for fear of disaster to my borrowed attire. I could scarcely move my arms, the coat was so tight.

"It is good of you," he said, "to suffer so much for my sake. But you could have come in your everyday clothes. A man like you does not need a frock-coat to appear anywhere."

Ultra-English in his ways and education—in fact, he preferred speaking English to any other language—he knew several languages perfectly—he loved open-air life, hunting, shooting, but, above all, motoring. He enjoyed driving his own automobile at so vertiginous a speed as to cause general apprehension in the population of Athens and the country around when his motor came in sight.

The audience lasted an hour and a half, and we talked on all kinds of topics, chiefly sporting. He was a brilliant talker, with a keen sense of humor, and—if I understood right—terribly bored with the etiquette of the throne.

"I wish I could go with you next time you go exploring—that is the life for a man!" he said, as he shook me

warmly by the hand. "Do send me some of your books. I should love to read them."

On returning to the hotel I found a beautiful photograph, autographed, His Majesty had sent me.

While in Salonica I was cordially received some ten or twelve times by the Commander-in-Chief of the Orient Army, General Guillaumat—*une très brave personne,* simple in manner, but of no mean intelligence in matters political and military.

He repeatedly explained to me how difficult his position was at Salonica with so great a mixture of races, with endless political jealousies and conflicts to disentangle, and being at the head of military contingents of so many different nations. With a deep sigh, he exclaimed that it necessitated superhuman tact not to offend the susceptibilities of one or the other or all. Guillaumat's besetting difficulty seemed to be how to keep together and on friendly terms all the people under his command. In true French fashion, lifting his arms up in the air, he frequently remarked to me on this subject: *"C'est quelque chose d'épouvantable!* (It is frightful!)"

Speaking of the natives, he remarked that they only wished for a general peace in order to begin to fight among themselves.

There was a vast amount of truth in those words.

An important personage in Salonica after General Guillaumat was General Milne, in command of the British troops in Macedonia. He invited me to visit the most interesting points of the British front, and under the guidance of such great men as General Wilson, General Briggs, and General Rycroft, I obtained an excellent idea of what was being done on our front there.

On the Vardar, on Lake Doiran, where in the company

of General Wilson I was present at an important artillery action, I was much impressed by the admirable precision of the British fire. General Wilson entertained me at his camp and I had with him a highly interesting time.

Continuing my journey in a motor kindly placed at my disposal by General Wilson, and accompanied by an officer, I also admired all that had been accomplished by the British in those regions. Several roads had been cut —none, however, built in so masterly a manner as those of the Italians in Albania, whose genius for road-making had descended from the ancient Romans.

The British hospitals, the police arrangements, the clubs and messes, all were magnificently organized.

General Milne with much consideration sent General Rycroft to bring me to his quarters some miles out of Salonica, where he had invited me to dine. A Scotsman of the finest possible type, possessing highly developed the characteristics of his race, full of go and courage, Milne was a man of uncommon merit. I believe that if matters out there had been left entirely to him the English front would have been a good many kilometers forward of where it was then.

General Milne as a man and a host was perfectly ideal. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more intelligent and well-educated, kinder, and more modest man. He had plenty of fun in him and loved innocent practical jokes, which, when successful, gave him intense delight. His joy after dinner was unsurpassable, when, having asked me to look carefully at the face of his watch, he asked me to draw it from memory on a piece of paper. Like all other victims I put in a circle the twelve hours including the sixth hour, which is usually left out on watches possessing a dial for seconds. Milne's joy at

having caught me was undisguised and not of the quietest kind. I believe it gave him almost as much pleasure as when he had a brilliant victory over the enemy. That evening, with a good deal of amusing repartee, was certainly delightful. I do not know that I have ever anywhere enjoyed a dinner-party so much.

At Salonica I ended my visit to the Eastern front of the Entente, and which had extended from Antwerp in Belgium. I doubt whether anyone else, military or otherwise, had a similar opportunity of seeing practically the entire front of the Entente under such favorable conditions. I traveled absolutely in a private capacity. I only wished that my inspection had ended in a more attractive spot, for Salonica, in those days at least, was one of the most unattractive cities I had ever visited. Dusty and dirty, with its largest arteries packed with people, horses, carts, military automobiles and lorries, with international antediluvian women of light morals, with British policemen, French *sergeants de ville,* Italian gendarmes, Greek police, and Indian and Annamite constables at every step—it gave the impression that half the police of the world was required to guard the streets of Salonica.

Thanks to the hospitality of the Italians, I occupied the luxurious apartment reserved for the Commander-in-Chief of the Italian troops, General Mombelli.

During the war it was the general impression in Europe that the "Grande Armée de l'Orient," as the Macedonian Expedition was styled, passed its time smoking Oriental cigarettes and enjoying the sea air in the day-time, while demoralizing café chantants were patronized at night. There was little joy for the soldier at Salonica—his only joy was when he could get away. There was a so-called

theater and a café chantant where drunken soldiers jumped on the stage during the performance to embrace or drive away singers or actors whom they liked or disliked, or else to settle differences among themselves. Those fights were the only entertaining part of the wretched theatrical performances, which consisted in displays of hoarse, archaic, female monstrosities with ghastly enamelled faces, and vulgar melodramatic singers—the refuse of the lowest sea-ports. I must say, in honor of the Italian soldier, that I never saw one single member of the Italian Army take part in those undignified orgies. Nor, what is more remarkable, did I ever see an Italian soldier intoxicated anywhere in the streets or cafés. I would not care to state the number of soldiers of other nations who were not quite so sober. The Serbians, like the Italians, also displayed a proud and highly dignified behavior everywhere. They kept much to themselves, and were, with the Italians, the admiration of even those jolly-go-lucky fellows who could not quite imitate them.

For variety of languages the Tower of Babel was not in it with Salonica. There were British, French, Italians, Serbians, Greeks, Spaniards, Turks, Russians, Persians, Armenians, Albanians, Tongkinese, Annamites, Indians, Australians, Canadians, Bulgarians, Roumanians, Egyptians, Jews from all parts of the world, Japanese, Senegalese—in fact, such a mixture, that it was not surprising that General Guillaumat found it *épouvantable* to keep them all on good terms.

The Italians, under Colonel Malatesta and Colonel Fenoglietto, were most hospitable to me in Salonica, where I was detained for some weeks owing to a comic and childish misunderstanding—petty jealousies and suspicions of some minor and ignorant French and Brit-

ish officers who acted independently of superior orders. The World War brought out how great some men were, but also how supremely asinine others could be. In the present instance their asininity caused great loss of time to me and enormous expense in lengthy cablegrams all over the world and voluminous correspondence to several countries.

Having been and being an honored guest of all the Commanders of the various armies in Salonica, and having arrived there with all the highest credentials and recommendations, I one day found that the minor authorities did not know where I had come from, nor who I was, why I was there, and that I would not be allowed to return the way I had come, via Albania. They explained later how the misunderstanding arose.

In Albania I had met an American general who was traveling there on a special mission from his Government. He decided to proceed to Macedonia and Salonica, but was not duly accredited by his Government to visit that part of the front. The result was that as, according to military passport-officials, I had been in his company part of the journey I must also be an American and not an Englishman. Immediately long urgent cables were sent at great expense to Washington to ask information on a "Mr. Lavange Sandorff," or a similarly mutilated name—and Washington, of course, replied that the name was unknown there—and nothing could persuade the absurd officials that if they applied in the right places, which I indicated to them, the information they wished would come quickly and satisfactorily. They kept on telegraphing everywhere except to London, Paris, or Rome, where I was known. It was only when the nonsensical affair was brought by me before General Guillau-

mat in person, and the French Embassy in Athens where I was well known, that everything was smoothed at once, and strict orders given to use the greatest civility and hospitality wherever I went.

At Salonica I met, on several occasions, that adventurous figure, Essad Pasha, ugly in the extreme, yet with some charm of his own. He invariably received me with the greatest courtesy. I must say that after he had explained to me his case in detail, I came to the conclusion that the Italians went perhaps a little too far in their intense hatred for this man and in trying to prevent his mingling in Albanian affairs. In many ways I think that the essence of a brigand like Essad would have, perhaps, made a more successful ruler than a grotesque figure like the Prince of Wied. If kept well in hand he would have done for Italy better than they have now done for themselves in that country.

I found Essad—that ferocious brigand of the Italians—quite docile and reasonable, most friendly towards the Italians, at least in his conversation. He sent through me messages of sincere friendship to the Italian General in command, but when I brought them I perceived that they were unwelcome, and I dropped the entire matter. It was always a pleasure to me if I could smooth differences in any quarter, but, of course, I did not wish to interfere in any way in any political program which had, whether right or wrong, been traced out. Essad was in the company of a clever French diplomat, who was always in attendance. Essad possessed a striking personality, and was cunning and generous—perhaps, like all of his race, too fond of intrigue. He was the sort of man who cared little for other people's lives, had plenty of dash in him, and displayed quite rough but gentlemanly manners

which had a certain attraction for semi-wild tribesmen like the Albanians.

I met in Albania some of the leaders of the Nationalist Party—who, by the way, foamed at the mouth when they heard that I had seen Essad Pasha. They showered every possible insult upon him—he being several hundred kilometers away—until I stopped them, saying that I was not an Albanian, but merely an independent person, and wished to see anybody I liked. I had met so many brigands in my lifetime that one more or less made little difference. In order to form an impartial opinion on the political situation of a country I wished to listen to all sides. If they thought they were right in their views, why did they fear so much my listening to what Essad had to say?

They accused him of being a traitor. Here is a flowery declaration, quite beautiful in thought, given me by one of the leading Nationalists in the name of his party:

"In this glorious epoch for the Albanian nation when we feel free under the protection of the true liberators, the immortal Italians, the heart of every Albanian, lover of liberty, is full of gratitude and loyalty for the first and great Italian soldier, King Victor Emmanuel, who has liberated of his own free will our nation and given us independence, the greatest gift a nation can receive. The Albanians will remain eternally faithful to their great mother Italy."

The way in which they showed their fidelity and gratitude was—as soon as they saw their chance—to kick the Italians into the Adriatic Sea.

I have always loved and shall always love the French dearly, but I do not always admire their political ways, which seem to me occasionally inadequate, even *mesquin*

for so great a nation. I refer to the constant method of placing worrying obstacles in the way of even their best friends. Here is an example: The Italian occupation of Albania was not appreciated to its full extent by the French authorities. What did they do? On March 15, 1917, they helped the unstable population of Koritza, a town to the south of Lake Presba, undoubtedly forming part of Albania, to become a separate Republic, creating thus a State little larger than the Republic of San Marino. It was a *coup de scène* which astonished Europe, but not those who knew that little town, which in the five previous years, from the day when it was under Turkish rule, had seen twelve changes of Government.

That miniature Republic was born with its new postage stamps and its own paper money, and it duly caused some stir in Europe. More surprise came a few months later when the President of the Republic, installed by the French, was shot by the same French who had put him up, for having furnished information and supplied contraband to the enemy.

When I was approaching Koritza I met on the road the Secretary of the Republic, who appeared in terror, and who was directing his hurried steps to the nearest sea-port of Santi Quaranta. I did not blame him after having learnt from him of his master's fate. There was something of the tragi-comic in the whole affair, but in that zone of Europe there was a good deal of the *opera bouffe* occurring every day.

In order to balance matters the Italians had in Koritza a clever man, Captain Mongeri, an indefatigable worker and warm patriot, who knew the Orient and the Orientals to perfection.

The question of boundaries between Albania and her

neighbors was intensely interesting. The delimitation by various treaties was unsatisfactory. It seemed absurd to establish a boundary delimitation on a base of language and race, especially in countries where races and languages were so mixed that it was impossible to distinguish where the influence of one race ended and the one of the next began. I have ever been strongly in favor of solid and well-defined natural geographical boundaries, marked by chains of mountains or rivers, which established a true and indisputable line of delimitation, which could, if necessary, be defended by an armed force. Imaginary lines along a certain parallel of latitude or such other unpractical methods, as has been adopted there, could only lead to continuous quarrels and controversies, troubling incessantly the peace of those peoples and of Europe.

CHAPTER LVIII

SOME PEOPLE I HAVE MET

THE spy mania which had taken possession of all Europe during the War gave me an amusing experience on my return from Albania. It was a hot summer day. I was seated in a comfortable armchair reading the *Morning Post* in the large hall of the Grand Hotel, Rome. An English Colonel in uniform approached and, staring me straight in the eyes, Sherlock Holmes style, pronounced in a dramatic tone of voice the following words, at the same time wagging his finger in front of my nose:

"Ha; ha! . . . I have got you! I am a Christian Scientist and I can see that you are a German spy! Bombs, murder! You are here to destroy the Quirinal, St. Peter's, to kill the King. Christian Science permits me to see right through you," he soliloquized with a knowing air, amid potent fumes of mixed alcoholic beverages which enveloped me as he shouted each word.

I put down my newspaper and calmly replied:

"I am *no Christian Scientist,* but I can plainly see that *you* are a bl . . . ithering fool, and drunk into the bargain."

The man was very excited and about to make a scene. He said he knew I had my pockets full of bombs. I pushed him on one side, requesting him to go to an even warmer place than Rome that day. He dashed into the entrance hall and telephoned to the British Military Po-

lice; to the Embassy and to the Italian Police as well as to the Italian Military Authorities . . . I went up to my room to have a siesta.

After a while I heard a great hullabaloo in the corridor outside.

About two hours later I had to go out to keep an appointment. On opening the door of my bedroom I was faced with a crowd of British Military Police, Italian Poliziotti in great numbers, and a vast quantity of detectives in plain clothes. To that crowd was added a good number of hotel guests and hotel servants who wanted to witness the fun.

"That is the spy, arrest him," shouted the drunken Colonel, as I appeared. All the military advanced to encircle me, but the Commanding Officer of the British Police stood before me and holding up his hand gave orders that I should not be touched. A way was opened in the crowd and I quietly walked away. The Colonel was about to run after me, but they held him.

When I returned to the hotel in the evening I received a polite letter from the Commander of the British Military Police, Colonel Tottenham, who turned out to be an old friend of mine. He apologized for the humiliating position in which he had found himself, through no fault of his own, of being sent to arrest a dangerous German spy, and then finding himself in front of one of his own countrymen and an old friend.

Later he called in person, to repeat the apologies. He told me that after his attack on me, Colonel L., with additional drinks, had gone into the restaurant where he insisted on having several of the highest ladies of the Italian aristocracy arrested also as German spies. He had then ignominiously ended, spread flat on the lift-

BRISTOL AEROPLANE IN WHICH AUTHOR LOOPED THE LOOP MANY TIMES AND DID OTHER STUNTS WITH MAJOR HURSTHOUSE AS A PILOT.

boys' bench in the hall, where cap on the floor and coat in disorder he became fast asleep.

Colonel Tottenham had him placed under a guard, brought him to the train, and under an escort sent him to British Headquarters in Northern Italy.

The Italian Government, through the Minister of Propaganda, asked me to deliver a lecture on Albania in the Great Augusteum Hall. I delivered the lecture in Italian to some five thousand people. I was able to help, with the money made that night, the Italian blind soldiers to the extent of some 4,500 lire, although considerably more had been collected at the door, but had vanished in some mysterious manner. Not only that, but a number of valuable negatives of mine were also stolen.

The British Government had sent a number of aviators to Florence. One, Captain Hursthouse, took me up and did all kinds of stunts in the air, "to see whether I would be frightened," to use his words. We looped the loop a great number of times in succession and finished with a "nose dive," quite exhilarating. The timid Florentines were in a state of panic all the time those splendid English fellows remained in Florence; for they were constantly doing thrilling things above people's heads. Captain Wilson, one day, nose dived into a crowded square in the center of the city, just grazed the people's heads, and flew up again. Another day he flew under two or three bridges along the Arno, with just enough room on either side to clear the arches. His favorite amusement was to fly between the Campanile and the Church of the Duomo —a space just wide enough for his machine to get through.

The British residents were proud of the marvelous skill of their plucky countrymen, but the Italians pronounced the entire British nation composed of *"matti da legare"*

(insane enough to be tied up). Was it not sufficiently proved by what the population saw happening every day in the sky?

I went to British Headquarters, near Verona, from where I motored to Venice (Mestre), and then through the battle-fields and across Istria to Pola and finally Fiume.

Fiume was just beginning to be heard of by the Italians. Most of them—barring wives and husbands who had wanted hurried divorces—had never known of its existence. Suddenly the abandoned sister of the Adriatic came to the front.

When I arrived in Fiume there was anxious expectation in President Wilson's decision, and what was to become of the tiny place hardly worthy of the name of town. Wilson's name was to be seen everywhere. Wilson Square, Wilson Street, Theater Wilson, Bar Wilson, Café Wilson, Cinema Wilson, Wilson Garden, Hotel Wilson.

I was received by General Grazioli, the Military Governor, a sensible, level-headed officer, who had gauged the situation to perfection and had given his Government sound advice. D'Annunzio, the patriotic poet, with his theatrical raid, rendered things difficult for the Italian Government, until he was ignominiously driven out of the place by his own countrymen. It was a tragi-comic affair.

I returned to Pola, the newly acquired magnificent Italian Naval base in the Adriatic, admirable besides, for its superb ancient Roman remains. I was entertained there by Admiral Cagni in command of the place, a man famous not only as an Admiral, but also as an explorer. He had taken an important part in the Duke of

Abruzzi's expedition towards the North Pole. I dined with him on the Austrian Imperial Yacht, which had been handed over to Italy with the rest of the fleet.

After a few days Admiral Cagni sent me back to Abbazia and Fiume in his own automobile, a wonderful Austrian racing car, with a racing chauffeur. The object was to show me the lovely route along the sea. But at the speed we were going over the numerous "tourniquets" which flung me from one side of the car to the other, I had not much opportunity of admiring the scenery.

When I arrived in Fiume I found that the former enthusiasm in the population for President Wilson had turned into positive hatred and contempt. Squares, streets, hotel, bars, cafés, had the name Wilson rubbed out and the old names restored to them. I visited Port Barros, Sussak and the points in the harbor which have been so much under discussion. I spoke with many of the natives. Naturally, I came to my own conclusions. I did not find that Fiume was quite so Italian as the Italians thought, but had the Italians gone at it in a different manner, I have not the slightest doubt that Fiume long before now would have been an Italian city.

From Pola, Admiral Cagni sent me to Venice in a destroyer.

I was fortunate enough to be in Venice when the captured Austrian fleet was conveyed there—an impressive procession of great and small war monsters, sadly steaming over the still waters of the Laguna. The ships anchored in a line along the public gardens and towards the Lido. The interior of the ships had been denuded of everything, and left in most cases in a disgusting condition.

The next day in an Italian hydroplane and flying at

a height of 30 feet above the water, I went along the entire line of Austrian and Italian ships, much to the excitement of the crews and of the gondoliers who stooped low in their gondolas. Afterwards, we flew for miles all over the Laguna, quite a marvelous sight. From the air what struck me most about Venice was the immense size of its cemetery, and the disproportion of the famous Tower in the Piazza San Marco with the rest of the town. Many insisted that Venice without its great Tower was not Venice at all. I maintained that the Tower was ugly, especially the new one, that it was much too big for the place, and that it dwarfed every other building in the Piazza San Marco. If it could be eliminated, not only would all Venice gain pictorially, but the Piazza San Marco particularly, which would become infinitely more grandiose than at present.

To enjoy Venice well, one should meet the better class Venetians, the kindest, most hospitable, gentlest and most refined people in Italy. The best families possessed immense palaces filled with marvelous art treasures. Venice was also famous for its beautiful women, some of world-wide fame like Countess Morosini, Countess Valentine de Robilant, Princess Potenziani and her sister, Countess Mocenigo Rocca, and a number of others. Society was particularly pleasant because it was cosmopolitan and of the best type. The Piazza was like a huge drawing-room where one met everybody in the morning, afternoon, and evening. Life in the open air always appealed to me. The Lido, the famous Lido, with its Moresque Excelsior Hotel and other caravanserais intended to be elegant, had much less attraction. One saw, upon the beach, gaudily vulgar men and women parading their indecent masses of riotous flesh, or else profiteers' wives

in multi-color plush gowns or of brocade or other expensive material and gold slippers, struggling through the sand. Young men of effeminate habits jaunted along in yellow or green or striped silk pajamas with rich sashes with gold fringe and tassels, or other such absurd costumes. Not many ever went into the sea. Perhaps they were right. I went once and never again. During certain tides the drainage of the city was washed back along the Lido coast. The water was a solid mass of filth. But even when the water was clean it was never very clean.

I returned to Florence, the most beautiful city in Italy, but the saddest, the sleepiest spot on earth except during the spring when foreigners arrived in swarms and rendered the place a little more lively. There were and there are still a great number of charming Italian families, principal of all the Niccolini, the Rucellai, the Strozzi, the Guicciardini, the Canevaros, but after the war everything was rendered difficult and barring a few tea parties, people entertained but little. In winter, by nine o'clock, the streets were deserted and most people were in bed.

In the way of conversation little could be expected from men who had spent their entire lives standing outside the two local smart pastry shops in the Via Tornabuoni, or else gambled their fortunes at cards. I remember when I was a child seeing the same men, then young, standing for hours in the identical spots, where I saw them, now old men, standing only a few months ago. Nothing interested them barring petty local scandal, and making loud remarks on all women who went by. I must say that the new generation, and this is partly due to Fascismo, promises a great change for the better. A life of action has been instilled into the youths, they are taught

not to be ashamed to work, and, as they are endowed with abundant natural intelligence, good results may be expected of them. Individually, the people in themselves were truly charming and with patience could be molded into anything. The villas, very beautiful, on the hills around Florence, belonged chiefly to English and Americans. The Villa Lo Strozzino owned by the Dearberghs and the Villa Medici were perhaps the two most notable.

I met one day General Giuseppe Pennella, who commanded during the war the famous brigade of Grenadiers of Sardinia, obtaining great victories at Oslavia, Cengio, San Michele, Vallone, Nad Logem, Veliki, San Grado. Then he passed as Chief of Staff with the Duke of Aosta's 3rd Army. Afterwards, at the Faiti, he had under his command fifteen British batteries on the Vippacco. Subsequently he was in command of the 18th Army, composed of the 22nd Italian Division and the 48th British Division. A great admirer of the British, I have heard him in public lectures and when the Italian public showed little gratitude for the help received by England in the war, sing with force the praises of our soldiers, the amazing courage, intelligence, and patient resistance of officers and men, of the 48th Division, which according to his words "fought with valor superior to any praise. Its Commander proved himself to be not only a magnificent soldier, but an expert, sagacious commander full of audacious initiative." I asked General Pennella what had become of Cadorna, the Italian Generalissimo, the maker of military Italy and the savior of the country. After the Caporetto disaster he had been treated infamously by his compatriots. The catastrophe might have seen the Austrians in Milan and perhaps even in Rome, if Cadorna—the greatest of all Italian Generals—had not been

AUTHOR'S MUSIC ROOM IN FLORENCE, ITALY.

there to stop the enemy on the Piave. Others have become famous by donning Cadorna's plumage, by adopting and following the very plans he had conceived. But one day justice will be rendered to Cadorna. It was he and he alone who saved Italy.

General Pennella told me that Cadorna, with his wife and daughter, had been in Florence for over two years, he leading the life of a recluse, hunted down by everybody, insulted when he went out of his house. Offensive words were written daily on his door and on the walls of his house, hostile demonstrations took place constantly under his windows. Not one single Florentine had ever been to call on him.

I sent through General Pennella a message to Cadorna, asking if I could go and see him. Immediately, Cadorna telephoned to come along and that he well remembered our meeting at the front.

I found Cadorna as serene, as calm as possible. His conscience was absolutely clear. He had nothing to regret, no apologies to offer. He was full of fun—extremely witty in his conversation, and looked down with contempt on the outburst of violence of his countrymen against him.

I arranged to give a large afternoon reception at my house to some one hundred and fifty of the leading and most representative people of Florence—who were rather rebellious to come when I told them the party was given in honor of Cadorna. However, partly through curiosity, partly because I lectured them in plain language on the disgraceful way they were treating their greatest Italian, they all came. I had also asked the Military, who simply worshipped their old chief. The reception was a success. I took special care to introduce to Ca-

dorna everyone there. They were all surprised at finding not the sulky, broken down, weeping wretch they imagined, but a brilliant genius, whose conversation was fascinating. He spoke with conviction and with such purity, lucidity, and charm of language, as only the truly great can do.

Cadorna was that day lionized to the utmost degree. I noticed how much he enjoyed it. It was like watching a withered flower gradually reviving in water. I gave another party a few days later, when I asked all the British Colony to meet the General. Both my Italian and English friends behaved splendidly. Cadorna, from that day, received a great number of invitations everywhere; and everywhere he was treated with the deference he deserved. But was it not rather strange that it should have been an Englishman to present the Italian Generalissimo to his own countrymen? Cadorna began to go up. Later, demonstrations were arranged whenever he appeared in public, and he was received with enthusiastic applause. The Government, however, behaved shabbily to him. Cadorna, the Generalissimo of the Italian Army and probably the greatest General we possessed on our side, receives to-day from his country a pension of lire 20.25, that is to say, four shillings and twopence a day! He published a valuable work on the Italian operations —of which he gave me a copy with an affectionate dedication. I have since seen him constantly and he frequently comes to my house.

Among the famous Generals I have known was also General Petitti di Loretto, who took possession of Trieste after the Armistice, and who had previously done excellent work in Macedonia.

Returning to London, I was constantly meeting H.R.H.

the Duke of Orleans, pretender to the French throne. He was most unhappy. He had applied to every country in Europe to let him fight even as a common soldier in the trenches, and they had all refused. In a state of great depression he showed me a long telegram the Czar had sent him refusing to let him go to Russia. The idea that he could not fight for his country greatly preyed upon his mind. As we stayed in the same hotel we frequently had lunch and dinner together, always jolly affairs, for we tried to make him forget his troubles. He had traveled extensively in Asia and in the Arctic regions, and his reminiscences, especially his hunting experiences, were always interesting. He had a keen sense of humor. A truly imposing royal figure to look at, the Duke of Orleans, I thought at one time, might have a fair chance of sitting on the throne of France. But the Royalist party of France, composed of otherwise highly respectable and honorable people, absolutely lacked enterprise. One could not carry successfully a *coup* like that without proper preparation.

As the Duke was telling me one day, "My dear Landor, it is quite enough when you are making triumphant entry for any *gamin* to place a wire across the road. Your horse stumbles down and you roll in the mud or dust according to atmospheric conditions that day. You become at once the laughing stock of the whole country."

There was infinite wisdom in those words. Besides, the Duke was in poor health and it would have been futile to attempt it then.

One day at lunch I met with him his sister, the Queen of Portugal, a stately lady of suave manner and indomitable courage, like all the members of the Orleans fam-

ily. Like her sister, the Duchess of Aosta, she, too, was keenly interested in travels.

I have known most famous travelers and explorers during the last thirty years, such as Nansen, Scott, Prince Henri d'Orleans, Paul du Chaillu; that delightful creature and most remarkable sculptor of African types, Herbert Ward, who had been one of Stanley's faithful companions in Africa; André, the plucky, but unfortunate, man who tried to cross the North Polar regions in a spherical balloon; that plucky little lady Mrs. Chalmers Adams, Mrs. Bishop, Borghevinsk, Admiral Markham, De Albertis, the Italian who alone in a six-ton yacht repeated Columbus' journey from Europe to Colon, and a host of others. Perhaps one of the jolliest, and whose courage, intelligence and original personality appealed to me, was Shackleton. At one time we met frequently. While he was preparing for his last expedition, many months before he started, Shackleton, a charming lady and I dined together and then went to the performance at the Shaftesbury Theater, where we occupied the stage box. It was a Saturday in summer and there had been a matinée. The air was heavy and rather impure. During the first act I noticed how pale Shackleton had turned. He seemed dazed. A moment later he asked me to take him out in the fresh air as he was about to faint. Shackleton's heart and lungs were not what they had been. I told him to give up exploration as his day had passed and he was no more fit to go. He said he knew it, but with his indomitable pluck, he said he must risk a last expedition. Unfortunately, it proved too much for him. His premature death was certainly a great loss to England. His work had been magnificent and in the

way of daring and resource, unparalleled in Antarctic exploration.

Then I have come across all the greatest scientific men both in Europe and in America. Metchnikoff, the famous head of the Pasteur Institute, a man whose placid and good-natured countenance would have never led one to believe him capable of inflicting such appalling tortures on thousands of innocent animals—all for science's sake, of course, but appalling sufferings just the same. He was most courteous and showed me around the Institute, explaining his work with enthusiasm. I do not believe that I have ever suffered so much as I did that day, examining the poor rabbits and monkeys and other animals, bandaged and tightly crucified on boards. Some had one part or another of their anatomy amputated, others were inoculated with all kinds of deadly germs. All were waiting to suffer for days or months. The pitiable expression in their eyes silently imploring mercy remained impressed in my mind for days after. I was seized with a violent desire to take a knife and cut them all loose, so that they might have a chance of escape, only the respect for the great (and rather untidy) scientist, who seemed so in earnest, almost apostle-like, prevented me. Metchnikoff took me to his private study. All the windows and doors were tightly closed for fear of contaminating microbes coming in from outside. A mass of bottles and jars and knives, bloody scissors and cudgels, and I do not know what else, filled every corner. The floor and a large fireplace were packed high with pads of cotton wool saturated in stinking pus and coagulated blood removed from the sores of dumb victims. The odor in the room was unbearable.

"Now you will have a cup of tea with me," he kindly

offered, and in so saying he proceeded to clear a place for the cups on a large experimental table.

"Impossible, thank you, I must leave . . ." I was taken so ill in that fetid atmosphere, that my exit was rather more rapid than I should have wished. Metchnikoff, horrified, looked at me:

"You are not feeling well?"

"It is the appalling odor in this room, sir . . ." I confessed.

"Odor?" he exclaimed, sniffing the air with opened nostrils, "but there is *no* odor here!"

I left it at that. Metchnikoff—if one could get away from the cruelty attached to his work—was certainly a great genius. His work had been of immense use to humanity. But his nose was decidedly not in good working order, at least that day. I tried to be as polite as possible, and he showed me the greatest courtesy. I believe that outside his work, he was one of the most considerate, kindest, gentlest, of beings. When at last I emerged into the open air I began to breathe again. How delicious it seemed!

One of my greatest friends in my youth was Mantegazza, the Italian world-known anthropologist and founder of the Italian Institute of Anthropology with its rich museum. Tall and extremely handsome, with a spacious forehead which showed genius the moment one saw him, Mantegazza had done more in Italy to promote the serious study of human races than any man living. His work was appreciated abroad more than in his own country.

When I returned from Tibet, Mantegazza, who was president of the Institute, came to see me, told me that I had been elected an honorary member, and presented me

with a beautiful illuminated parchment, specially painted by Italy's greatest artist, and on which the election was recorded.

I have always been much interested in anthropology, and a few years ago, when the Ecole d'Anthropologie of Paris had the brilliant idea of launching an International Institute, I was the first to subscribe as a founder member. Only two other founder members were registered after, the Ecole d'Anthropologie and the City of Paris. Although the number of ordinary members grew into hundreds, I believe that we are to this day the only three founders.

I met on many occasions in Paris venerable old Mr. Cartailhac, the most distinguished of French prehistorians, Dr. Hervé, Papillaud, the Abbé Breuil, Weisgerber, Dr. Georges, Pitard (of Geneva), etc.

We even had a successful Congress at Liège in July, 1921 . . . the French displaying excessive bitterness towards admitting German scientists to the Congress, which I think was rather a pity, as science after all has no nationality.

While at Liège, and piloted by Belgium's greatest soldier, Colonel Naessens, the true defender of Fort Loncin (Liège), the fort that saved Europe by its heroic resistance of two weeks at the beginning of the war, I went over the ruins of that once powerful fortress. The German Army could not proceed on its march on Paris until Fort Loncin which commanded the railway and high road had fallen. General Lehman, who was nominally in command, was dangerously ill and quite unable to take part in the defense. It was Naessens who in reality saved Europe.

I happened to ask some Frenchmen whether they

wished to accompany me to see the fort. With typical conceit and ingratitude, they replied:

"What do we care about Loncin! What did the Belgians do during the war? Nothing—absolutely nothing! We and we only have won the war."

"Pardon, messieurs," I retorted, forcibly but politely, "the Belgians have done one thing. They have saved France and her Allies."

My old friend, Georges Hervé, his wife, another lady and a Russian General went. Most diabolical was the damage done to the fort. Whole steel armored cupolas weighing thousands of tons had been lifted out of their places and turned over with their huge guns and all, by the terrific explosions of German shells. Hundreds of Belgians were still lying under those ruins.

The simplicity of our heroic guide, his modesty—never once did he say the word *I,* it was always "my men"—the lucidity of description of those two tragic weeks, filled one with intense admiration. There was a touching scene between Naessens and Hervé, a Frenchman of generous ideas, with a heart of gold and a most polished gentleman. With tears streaming down his cheeks, trembling all over with enthusiasm and emotion, he fell with his head and arms upon Naessens' shoulders.

"Mon Colonel," he muttered in a voice broken by sobs, "France, my country, owes you everything, everything, everything . . ."

"I have only done my duty," Naessens replied simply.

He was a magnificent type of soldier. His uniform was not made by a smart tailor, the innumerable ribbons which decorated his chest were so worn and dirty that one could hardly distinguish what they were. His leggings were cheap and too big for him. But he possessed

a head one could not forget, a will of iron, honest eyes, and a soft but determined voice which could never be disobeyed.

Naessens knew my journeys well. We became good friends. After visiting the underground passages, the cells where dozens of dead were still lying, with a swollen heart at what we had seen, Hervé, the ladies, Naessens and I returned to Liège by a humble tramway.

Among other notable men I have been privileged to meet, one was Marconi—a charming, unaffected, simple person and a most generous, considerate host. We lived in the same hotel.

I have often envied him, surrounded as he was by the most beautiful women friends of all nationalities. He had the largest collection of fairy-like creatures of any man I know, and I certainly admired the way in which he could keep their attention riveted on him, notwithstanding disturbing elements all around, such as are always found in smart restaurants.

Then I met Lebœuf, one of the early inventors of submarines, and Flammarion, the world-wide known astronomer. The latter in his last years was a pathetic figure. The last time I saw him was in the Paris office of the *New York Herald,* when in his decrepit age he had come tottering with difficulty, and accompanied by a lady, during a terribly wet night, to deliver a manuscript for insertion in the paper. He seemed then in weak health, but there still remained his leonine countenance with dyed long hair and beard. He seemed to be in reduced circumstances. We sat down and had a long conversation, on a comet which was announced to appear that year. His knowledge of the sky was more than marvelous. I was in perfect awe. The lady companion

was urging him to return home. They both disappeared out in the drenching rain in order to catch the Metro. Every night, they told me, he came himself to deliver his manuscript in the hands of the editor.

Arnold Bennett I met in a curious way in Paris. I was taken to a party given by a Russian Nihilist, M. C. Godelski—a charming fellow, when he was not talking politics. There was Arnold Bennett, together with a great number of well-known French writers, painters, and musicians. That was before the war. I have not met him since.

I have met a number of other revolutionaries, Russian, French, Italian, but I cannot say that I had any particular fancy for them. They seemed to me classifiable into two great divisions. One of exalted dreamers with one or more screws loose in the upper story; the others, and these were the majority, seemed to me hypocrites who availed themselves of the ignorance of the populace to amass fortunes for themselves.

I have seen Kerensky, a suspicious, neurasthenic individual, with shifty eyes and mediocre and quite vulgar oratorical qualities. What the Russian people could see in him I never could understand.

Then I have met nearly all the leading Communist and Socialist Italian deputies, Raimondo, Lazzeri, Bombacci, Nofri, Serrati and others. They were in London on their way to promote a revolution in Russia. Hearing that I was an explorer, they crowded round and pressed me to tell them what was the most powerful weapon one could use against an attacking mob. Did I, on such occasions, deliver—for instance among savages—a wonderful oration, or did I fire a pistol or rifle, or did I gesticulate wildly to scare them away?

"The greatest and only force one can use on such occasions, when you are alone, is absolute calm and silence," I replied.

"Silence? Calm? Silence?" they echoed in chorus, and in the greatest astonishment. Certainly for people of their type, who were men of plenty and empty words, the statement must have surprised them. They arrived in Petrograd when the Revolution began. One had his fur overcoat stolen, another in running for his life lost a much-valued razor case he had purchased in England.

They took the first ship back to England.

Among musicians, whose friendship I have always much valued, was Sir Alexander MacKenzie, the Chief of the Royal Academy of Music, an undoubted and most versatile genius. Unsurpassable at his work, he knew intimately almost every European language, his pronunciation, owing perhaps to his musical ear, being absolutely perfect. A keen observer and endowed with a fully developed sense of humor, I have seen Sir Alexander keep a room full of people interested and amused for hours with the marvelous anecdotes he had to tell. What was more remarkable was that although I have met him dozens and dozens of times, I have never once heard him repeat himself. When the two great Scotsmen, he and Professor Dewar, whose devoted friend he was, were together, is was quite as good as going to the play, their brilliant and often caustic wit being truly amusing and ever full of surprises.

During my life I have come in contact with many literary men and women. Burly Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, Hall Caine, Elinor Glyn, Haddon Chambers, Justin Huntly McCarthy and his delicious wife, Miss Cissie Loftus, whose imitations created such a sensation

all over the English-speaking world. They were truly wonderful. One day in New York I asked her to lunch. I heard my own voice, although I was not speaking. Miss Loftus was imitating not only my voice but my manner, with highly mischievous perfection. Under a cloak of infantile innocence, her sense of observation had surprising keenness. I have seen other professional imitators on the stage, but none better than Cissie Loftus.

Miss Marie Corelli I met frequently at a friend's house in Kensington Palace Gardens. The first time, she sat next to me at lunch, I took an intense dislike to her and to her step-brother, who accompanied her everywhere. She had fair fluffy hair and talked incessantly. She tried to be polite; in fact, the ruder I was the more polite she was to me. At last she asked me what was the matter, and I told her frankly that I did not like her. She was not a bit put out. She replied:

"If you do not like me now, you will like me presently, when I shall play the piano to you."

After lunch she played, and she did play so divinely that I really did like her. My first antipathy for her seemed to have vanished as by enchantment. I sincerely enjoyed my subsequent conversations with her. She was an artist to the tips of her fingers, and she could be quite fascinating when she chose.

Not only have I met many theatrical people, but I was once myself mistaken for a theatrical "star." The New Vagabonds' Club gave a dinner in honor of the Bishop of London. I was one of the guests of the evening. After dinner, a number of well-known actors and actresses were brought up to be introduced to the Bishop, who, in his anxiety to be popular, paid more or less appropriate compliments to all. Douglas Sladen, who was running the

show, dragged me by the hand to the Bishop's presence, and with a diction not quite as clear as crystal, mumbled:

"This is my old friend, Harry Landor!"

"Oh!" gasped the Bishop, in perfect enchantment, "Mr. Harry Lauder! Dear me! Dear me! I am so very, very glad to meet you. Every time I go down the Strand I see your name in big letters on posters outside the Tivoli . . . and I do wish I could come in to listen to your wonderful Scotch songs. They are simply excellent, they tell me . . . I am so glad to know you!" And he shook me warmly by the hand. "But you have not brought your world-famous stick with you, Mr. Lauder?"

I wish I had, I thought to myself!

I was pushed along while other "real" theatrical celebrities were being introduced to the ever-smiling Bishop.

Although not a theater-goer, I have in my lifetime known most celebrated actors and actresses all over the world. They could be quite pleasant when one could get them away from talking shop.

Heinemann took me once to see Henry Irving at his house in Grafton Street. I was struck by his strong personality, his almost superabundant dignity, and more than anything by the peculiar dreamy sadness of his face. His thoughts were far away while he was conversing with us. In fact, although he was most courteous, I do not think that he was paying the slightest attention to what Heinemann was saying. Irving acted all the time, even when he was off the stage.

I met Beerbohm Tree on many occasions. His talent, even great artistic talent for staging plays, was undoubted, but I never fully appreciated his acting, which was perhaps good of its kind. When scenes of English life were

represented, his staging was generally excellent, but when it came to foreign scenes, then he was occasionally unpardonably inaccurate. In an Egyptian play that Tree produced at His Majesty's Theater, for instance, the soldiers of the Egyptian Army—I forget how many centuries B. C.—reviewed by a high priest, marched past in the most approved modern style of Tommy Atkins, and presented arms holding the spears in the latest British military fashion. In Hall Caine's play, "The Eternal City," representing modern Rome, Tree, impersonating the prime minister, appeared in one scene in the uniform of a captain of an Italian crack cavalry regiment—smart, but incongruous. In other plays I have known Tree, at moments, to be quite excellent.

One evening I had an amusing experience. With a beautiful Russian lady and Lebaudy, brother of the "Emperor of the Saraha," we entered the stage-box at His Majesty's Theater. The play had already begun. The lady absolutely refused to remove her picture hat, which had been carefully arranged by a special *coiffeur,* so as to fit to perfection her luxuriant golden hair. Tree, on perceiving the offender, sent at once an attendant to our box to request the lady to conform to English theatrical stringent rules.

"But I am in nobody's way," argued the lady, "and I *will not* remove my hat." She stamped her foot to add force to her words.

The attendant went back and forth from our box to the stage, each time with a more threatening message from Tree, while the lady could not, with all the coaxing in the world, be persuaded to change her mind or leave the theater. She angrily stated that there she was and there she would remain; so would the hat!

I went round to Tree's dressing-room, where I found him in a perfect fury at his orders being disregarded. I explained things and I calmed him down. He became reasonable and even generous, for his manner off the stage was perfect. It all ended in a laugh. While the triumphant Russian lady remained in London she never let me forget the hat adventure. *L'Angleterre était un pays de sauvages et de barbares* . . . where women were asked to remove their hats in a theater! And such a gorgeous hat, too!

At one time I met Tree frequently at various parties in private houses, and also at theatrical suppers at the Garrick Club, where I had been invited. He was an excellent after-dinner speaker, graceful and agreeable in conversation and a splendid raconteur.

Charming, quite fascinating was also his wife, Lady Tree, an extraordinarily talented woman of abnormally artistic temperament, delightfully witty, if perhaps a little caustic occasionally. The daughter, Miss Viola Tree, combined the talent of both parents, and was a remarkable actress. Her imitations and skits, off the stage, were too wonderful for words, they were so realistic.

But perhaps one of the most attractive figures among actors, and with a wonderful personality of his own, was Forbes-Robertson. We met the first time in America many years ago, in Chicago. His acting was well studied, persuasive. In some ways he reminded me of Irving, only he was infinitely more realistic. Off the stage, he was simple, unaffected, and good-natured. We often went together for walks in Chicago, and I frequently met him again in London with his charming wife, Maxine Elliott's sister.

One of the finest English actors I have met was Henry

Ainley, a keen observer, a student, and a man who could put his entire soul into the part he was playing.

Then came dozen of others I have met at one time or another. Arthur Bourchier, Irene Vanbrugh, that wonderfully cheery fellow, Seymour Hicks, whose superabundance of vitality and versatility have rendered him one of London's idols: and his delightful wife, Ellaline Terriss; that beautiful and gifted actress, Nancy Price, and that sweet creature, on and off the stage, Edna May. In fact, at one time I believe I knew all the best English, American, and French actors and actresses.

George and Weedon Grossmith I have also met at many parties—especially Weedon, who was a good fellow, with a sense for the comic, acute in the extreme. He could be sublime when he wished. Off the stage he was almost as funny as on, and always up to some practical joke. He had a beautiful old house in Bedford Square, where I have spent many pleasant evenings at suppers he gave to professional friends. Mrs. Weedon, very handsome, was a capital hostess.

Miss Olga Nethersole, Marie Tempest, Sarah Brooks, Charles Hawtrey, George Alexander, the Japanese actress, Sada Yacco, of whom I painted a large picture, Evie Greene, Yvette Guilbert, Mistinguett, Madame Réjane, and a host of other stage stars, I have known well. I met Réjane at a lunch party with the Duke of Orleans, pretender to the French throne. Hearing that the great actress, whom he had not seen for some years, was in London, he wrote her a polite invitation which as became his position, he signed "Philippe." Madame Réjane, never for one moment dreaming who the writer could be, in accepting wrote back *"Cher Monsieur Philippe,"* instead of Monseigneur, and addressed the en-

velope to Monsieur Philippe. We had much merriment over it at the table.

A talented and amusing person, with a heart of gold, was the French actress Delysia. We lived for a time in the same hotel. I saw her frequently and met at her flat a swarm of French well-known actresses and actors, among them wild-looking Polaire, humoristic Morton, etc. Like all French bohemian artists, she always turned night into day. She made one forget the time, and one never thought of leaving. With the exception of Edna May, I do not know that I have ever met anybody so generous with sister artists as Delysia. At one time she had taken a huge house in South Kensington which she kept for months and months entirely full of French actresses who had not been quite so fortunate as herself and whom she was supporting. The tender care she took of them was admirable.

CHAPTER LIX

MISFORTUNES NEVER COME ALONE

I HAD worked hard all my life. Ten men could have hardly done so much in that space of time. I had never had one single dull moment in my existence, but I felt it was high time I should take a thorough recreation.

I made up my mind in 1914 that I would take a holiday for ten years so that I could enjoy a good time while I was still comparatively young and unmistakably strong. After ten years, if necessary, I might begin to work again.

Fate decided things differently. The years which I had devoted to rest and enjoyment turned out to be the saddest and most terrible years of my life. In 1915 my adored mother became dangerously ill and after some months of undescribable sufferings, which were heart-rending to watch, on the 14th of May died. Somehow or other it seemed impossible to me that such an angelic creature, such an exemplary wife and mother, could ever die. The blow was crushing beyond words. Her sweet caresses, her lovable voice, her thousand and one little attentions to make me happy—were all suddenly gone. Every morning when I was in Florence she came herself to wake me up and bring me a cup of marvelous coffee which she had made herself in order to be sure it was perfect. With the coffee a fond kiss on my forehead. A kiss which I treasured more than anything I possessed in the world. My mother was at no time fond of society.

She devoted her entire existence to father and to us three sons and daughter. A more wonderful couple than my father and mother could be found nowhere. Since the day of their marriage in 1860 they had never been separated even for half a day except once that my father came to England on some urgent business. She was ill and could not accompany him. If father went out for a walk, mother went, too: if one did not feel well, the other remained constantly by the bedside. Such devotion in human beings was truly beautiful to see. Without mother, the house seemed distressingly empty, all the more as father was getting very old—ninety. During mother's illness my sister and I tried, naturally, to keep father away from her room as much as we could, so as to spare him unnecessary tribulation, but when we saw the end was near, I had the painful duty of asking father to kiss mother his last good-bye. In its severe dignity, in its silent simplicity—no fuss, no words, no tears, it was the most tragic scene I have ever witnessed and which smashed my heart into a thousand pieces.

Mother was my protecting angel. From the day of her death I have had sorrow after sorrow, misfortune after misfortune, accidents of all kinds.

After her death my sister and I devoted all our time to our father. My father was a wonderful looking man. I do not know that I have ever seen nobler and more beautiful features, nor more artistically perfect hands than his. Every painter, sculptor, or photographer who saw him wanted to take his portrait. A few months before mother died and feeling that the old man couldn't last much longer, I painted a large canvas of him (at the age of ninety).

I put my entire soul into that picture which was painted

in one day and a half. It was life-like. When I laid down palette and brushes I was so exhausted that it took me several days to recover.

In the painting—life-size—he was represented sitting down, in his favorite armchair, a ray of sunlight striking the long white beard, the hair and the crimson velvet skull cap he always wore. The portrait was boldly and strongly painted, so that the figure appeared to come right out of the canvas. Later, I also did a life-size bust in bronze of him and also a smaller one in silver in the process called *cire perdue*. My father's house in Florence was full of pictures and drawings I had done of him in oils, in water-colors, in crayons, in silver and gold point. Most of them were good as it was impossible to do bad work with so splendid a model.

Two years later, on the 12th of February, 1917, father, too, passed away. His death was the most beautiful death imaginable. He had lived in uninterrupted peace and quiet: in sublime peace he passed away. Only five minutes before he expired he smoked a cigar and drank a cup of coffee, remarking on the excellent quality of both. He rested his head on the pillow, saying he would sleep for a while . . . and he never woke up.

While this pathetic scene was happening between five and six in the morning, a mad woman who lived on the floor above jumped out of the window, into our garden and was killed, adding an unnecessary tragic note to the scene for my poor sister. I was in England. Through the extreme kindness of the British, French, and Italian authorities, I was able to reach Florence in time for my father's funeral. But greatly due to the shock of seeing before me dead my father whom I loved so dearly, and partly owing to the intensely cold journey, I broke down

AN OIL PAINTING OF HIS FATHER, PAINTED BY THE AUTHOR.

at the funeral and became dangerously ill for several weeks.

After the Armistice Italy went through a period of unrest. Communism and socialism—in their most violent forms, took a rapid hold on the population. Russian Bolshevist money helped to no mean extent to hasten the outbreak of a revolution. Things were getting from bad to worse, shops were looted, and regular battles with revolvers and rifles took place in the streets. Red flags were paraded everywhere, working people seized factories, burning alive in the furnaces many innocent people, because they were not Communists. On one occasion in July, 1919, things had got to a point that in Florence artillery and machine-guns were spread along the Lungarno protecting the bridges and pointing towards troublesome quarters of the city. In our street, as there were barracks of carabineers which the revolutionaries wanted to seize, machine-guns had been placed in position, and constant firing was going on. My sister's husband, who had been ill for some months, was dying. For months and months my sister had looked after him with tender devotion. For months the poor girl had not slept one single hour so as to nurse him. Few wives could have done as much. But all was of no avail, the end was nearing fast.

All was terrible sadness in the house, the windows and shutters tightly closed to prevent as much as possible projectiles coming in from outside. The priest (my brother-in-law was a Roman Catholic) recited mournful prayers by the bedside, while outside the continuous rattle of the machine-guns and of rifles was going on. Every now and then, tubes of oxygen had to be sent for. All the pharmacies were closed and barricaded. An old servant of

ours and I had to go out, wait for a lull in the firing and make a dash for the hospital, then make another dash to bring back the oxygen tube.

The end came, but not the end of the battle. In the stifling heat of an Italian July, the body had to be kept in the house for five days before it was possible to arrange for a funeral . . . as no one could, for love or money, be induced to go out into the streets.

Shortly after, my best friend in Italy, Senator Mayor des Planches, former Ambassador and intimate friend of Bismarck and of Crispi, also died. He was one of the ablest diplomats I have known, to which was to be added a scientific, artistic, and literary culture such as few men possessed. He spoke and wrote most elegant and pure Italian, superior in many ways to that of d'Annunzio. It was a great treat to hear him narrate innumerable anecdotes on Bismarck.

Later, another great friend—General Giacinto Ferrero, a magnificent figure of a soldier—whom the reader has met in Albania—also passed away, suddenly and unexpectedly. He was the man who drove d'Annunzio out of Fiume.

As misfortunes never come alone, my house in the country was set on fire and was partly destroyed. Then a large wood of several hundred acres belonging to me was burnt down, the work of rascally enemies. I returned to London. The very first night at eleven o'clock on August 4, 1920, in alighting from an omnibus I was knocked down by a 50-h.p. automobile traveling at twenty miles an hour. I received an unforgettable blow on my left arm (the bone of which cracked) and chest, which at first I thought had smashed every bone in my body. The flashlights, rather low and far projecting, hit my

knees, which swelled to an enormous size. The hind wheel of the car against which I fell after an involuntary somersault over the front splashboard of the car came within the fraction of an inch of going over my head. As it was, my hat and some of my hair were torn away unpleasantly. My clothes were pitifully destroyed. A policeman who ran to my assistance wished to convey me on a stretcher to hospital. I refused. Although in perfect agony I insisted on walking back to my hotel so as to keep circulation going. There I boiled myself for some two hours in a steaming bath. It did me good. I was black and blue and yellow, and in intense pain all over for a couple of weeks. Then I recovered.

March 27, 1923, was a sad day for me. Professor Sir James Dewar, LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., M.R.I., etc., whom I considered my best friend in London, passed away, from heart failure, after a week's illness. Sarah Bernhardt's death was announced that same morning.

Dewar was perhaps the world's greatest chemist. For nearly forty-five years he had occupied the Fullerian Chair of Chemistry at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, his predecessors being such men as Michael Faraday, Tindall, and Humphry Davy. There was hardly a prominent scientific society in Europe or America which had not awarded the highest honors to Sir James for his magnificent contribution to science. Only one country—Great Britain—the country to which he belonged and to which he had rendered invaluable services, had treated him with shameful shabbiness. A mere knighthood was bestowed upon him in 1904, when even a peerage would have seemed but a meager reward for so great a man. In the list of honors, if I remember right, the name of the greatest scientist in the world and that of the manager of

the Hippodrome appeared as having received the identical reward.

I went to see Dewar that day. In his beautiful apartment, full of invaluable art treasures, were many people congratulating him.

"I cannot congratulate you," I said, "but instead offer you my deepest condolence at the ungrateful way in which you have been treated."

Dewar's face lighted up. He took me by the arm and led me into his study.

"It is all bunkum, anyhow," he said, "and don't you dare to call me 'Sir James.' Call me Dewar. That is good enough for anybody."

Dewar never courted honors. He was much too great for that. He knew his worth and little did he care for advertisement or being under a flashlight. But although he said little, I think he felt the injustice keenly.

Dewar was well known and admired in scientific circles all over the globe; but for a giant of his brain caliber he was really little appreciated by the public in general. I know that whenever I have mentioned his name in conversation the majority of people, to my perfect horror, always asked me whether he was the man of "Dewar's Whisky"! Then I had to explain that he was the greatest scientist in the world, that he had, among innumerable discoveries, found a process of liquefying gases, and that his investigations of the action of the properties of matter at the lowest temperatures had greatly enriched the scientific knowledge of the world. He also triumphantly demonstrated that by evaporating liquid hydrogen under diminished pressure a temperature of 470° Fahrenheit of frost was attained, which froze hydrogen and rendered

it a foamlike mass, while air became a rigid and inert solid. Only helium remained uncondensed.

It was Dewar who introduced into science the globular, silvered, vacuum vessels which, converted into suitable shapes by commercially-inclined friends, became in general use by tourists under the name of Thermos flasks. I well remember how disgusted Dewar was, when he first invented the vacuum vessels and found that he had to send to Germany to have them manufactured, as no one could make them in England. I believe Dewar never got a penny out of that invention, which brought large fortunes to others. Dewar did not mind that. Of a noble and generous nature and sufficiently wealthy to live in luxury, he never was bent on making money. On the contrary, the members of the Royal Institution knew only too well that his salary as a resident professor and large sums of his own besides were devoted by him to embellish the Institution and for scientific research.

It was Dewar who, in conjunction with Sir Frederick Abel, discovered cordite.

I met Dewar for the first time about the year 1892, one Friday night when Sir Douglas and Lady Galton brought me to the Royal Institution to a lecture. Afterwards we attended a reception given in his apartment upstairs. Lord Kelvin, Sir William Crookes, Lord Raleigh, Sir James Crichton-Browne were there, and nearly all the greatest men and women of the time.

It was, however, not until after my return from Tibet that I became better acquainted with the Dewars. When in England I saw them constantly, two or three times a week. Dewar, I always felt, knew that my intense admiration for his genius was sincere. Some of the most interesting hours of my life have been spent with him in

his laboratory where he showed me wonderful experiments. He had such a lucid way of imparting his knowledge to others and of explaining the most complicated things in simple language, that after a few minutes you felt you knew about the subject just as much as he did. Everything seemed surprisingly clear and simple when he told you—so surprising that many people in his presence doubted they were listening to a great scientific man.

I remember taking two very clever ladies of the French aristocracy to see him. They were trembling all over with fear at meeting so learned a man. He kindly prepared in the theater of the Institution a special lecture for us three and showed us some experiments. After spending some hours with him, the two ladies remarked to me in amazement:

"Mais nous avons tout compris!" (But we have understood all!)

And this was just what everybody felt with him. His resonant voice, his lucidity of ideas, his perfect diction, his precise selection of words in his wealthy vocabulary, his attractive way of laying his knowledge before you, fascinated you to such an extent that when he began to speak he held you captive until he chose to let you go. Hours slipped away in his company.

Dewar was a versatile man. He knew more about art —painting, sculpture, and music—than any art critic in London. He was a good musician himself, and played the violin well. He loved the opera and the drama. His knowledge of English literature would be difficult to surpass. It was sufficient to enter his apartment to judge of his artistic taste. Every chair, every piece of furniture, was a remarkable and priceless work of art. Bellows carved in wood by Benvenuto Cellini, magnificent tapes-

LIFE-SIZE BRONZE BUST OF HIS FATHER, SCULPTURED BY THE AUTHOR.

tries of untold value, pictures and engravings by the greatest masters, everything in perfect harmony and nowhere a discordant note. When distinguished foreigners of high rank came to London I generally took them to see Dewar, whom I considered the greatest pillar of scientific London.

Dewar, a typical Scotchman, had amazing vitality and an accurate way of looking at things. I shall not refer to the forcible way in which he expressed himself on any subject. His only small defect was his combativeness, which occasionally procured him unnecessary worry. He sometimes imagined things worse than they were in reality. He would fight to the last to have things go right, when there was really no necessity to fight at all. Being honest to a degree himself, he always expected all other people to be punctiliously honest. He was occasionally—even frequently—disappointed. He never took the slightest care to protect his inventions, and yet if friends of his took advantage of them he became involved in worrying lawsuits, which lasted years, on technical points, cost him thousands, and ended in nothing.

So it was that his ancient friendship with Sir William Crookes was one day smashed, and beyond mending, on a mere technicality. Dewar was undoubtedly right, but it seemed a pity that two such great men should waste their time and destroy an old and sincere friendship over a matter, after all, of trivial importance. I told Dewar that smaller animals frequently snatched a bone from under the lion's paws. The noble lion seldom took any notice . . . I wished him to follow the example. Dewar was not a man to be got round by flattery, but he certainly looked pleased at the simile. I put a little more pressure on Lady Dewar, who, being a sensible person, had

herself tried hard to prevent litigation. Dewar eventually dropped the law suit. But he never again spoke to Sir William Crookes, nor to the latter's son.

From that time whenever Dewar entered the room I always called out: "Here comes the roaring lion!" which seemed to please him much.

When the British Association met at Cambridge some years ago, Dewar asked me to his house in Scoope Terrace, where I remained a week. Ross, the able leader writer of the *Times,* was another guest. We had a delightful time. Dewar the scientist was a formidable lion, Dewar the friend a thoughtful, lovable host, as simple and as charming as a child.

Several ponderous German scientists attended the British Association that year. They were asked to dinner at Dewar's house. I shall never forget the astonished expression on their faces at Dewar's jolly and rather boisterous conversation at the table and his resonant laugh. For they—the Germans, mere mites by the side of Dewar —were too scientific to laugh. The climax came after dinner in the drawing-room, when Dewar, amused at their stiffness and with a wicked look in his eye, compelled me to show the Germans how to sit on one's heels on the floor in Japanese style. He invited the stolid foreigners to do the same. Dewar, to encourage them, proceeded to do it himself, with piercing shrieks when his rather rheumatic knees refused to bend to their maximum limit.

The Germans left early and quite disgusted at what, in their small minds, seemed lack of dignity. Dewar was delighted.

Another day he took me to a big tea party at the house of one of the shining lights of Cambridge. Locally those

men were celebrities and got to think themselves almost superior to God. But my impression of most of them was that between them and their wives and daughters they would talk more pompous rubbish in five minutes than most people could in a year. Their patronizing airs and those of their friends were irritating.

"This is too dull for words," said Dewar to me, as we entered. "These people are too proper. We must shock them . . . watch me, and do the same."

I was only too glad to take the hint, for I was pestered with silly questions, and would have done anything to upset them as much as they were upsetting me.

Tea was handed us. With it bread-and-butter and cake, which Dewar, in all seriousness, dipped into his cup. I did the same.

"What shocking manners!" some horrified person remarked.

Dewar, who overheard it, immediately poured the contents of the cup into the saucer, and after blowing powerfully on it, proceeded to sip the steaming beverage with the loudest noise he could produce, urging me to imitate him.

In a few minutes we had dropped down miles in everybody's estimation. What were Dewar's wonderful discoveries worth, if he could commit so grave a crime as drinking tea out of a saucer? and making such a noise, too?

They seemed to look at me with an air of forgiving pity, for perhaps I had acquired such evil manners in some horrid foreign country!

Dewar had absolute contempt for anything nonsensical.

I attended a few of the lectures of the British Association—very few, for most consisted of cranky subjects

delivered by cranky people, and discussed interminably by still greater cranks. So Ross and I and two charming young ladies, nieces of the famous scientist, Professor Parry, spent most of our time in a garden drinking iced beer. I had never drunk beer before, nor have I often since; but that was, I think, the most profitable way of employing our time during business hours of the British Association.

At Dewar's receptions in London after the Friday evening lectures he would never allow me to leave without having tasted a glass of his marvelous thirty-years-old whisky. When he asked me to lunch he ever made it a point to produce some bottles of exquisite old wine of famous vintages. He knew that I never drank wine unless it was excellent. He and I always had to finish the whole bottle, which was rather more than I wanted, but there was no arguing with him. He was a wonderful connoisseur of wines. In fact, in my experience, one of the few men in England who had a thorough and never mistaken knowledge of them—not from the label outside the bottle, but from actual taste.

In the last years of his life Dewar made some remarkable studies on soap bubbles. To many it seemed that so great a man could have employed himself in something more useful, and many laughed at his taking up so infantile a pastime. Yet it was wonderful how attractive and instructive Dewar could render so flimsy a subject. Wonderful were the effects of color which he obtained from the enormous bubbles—some as much as 17 inches in diameter, and which he kept for two months and longer in huge glass jars filled with pure air. He frequently took me down into his laboratory to show me with enthu-

siasm the new discoveries he had made about their peculiarities, which were undoubtedly curious.

One Friday night (March 16th), after a most tedious lecture on the novels and stories of J. Sheridan Le Fanu, I took Mrs. Benjamin Guinness to the reception held by Lady Dewar in her beautiful apartment.

Professor Dewar looked pale and not quite in his boisterous spirits, but still with more vitality than most people possessed. He would not let Mrs. Guinness and me depart until we had tasted his wonderful thirty-year-old whisky, and, notwithstanding the late hour of 11:30 p.m., insisted on taking us down into his laboratory in the basement of the Institution. Dewar brightened up and explained to us with experiments the effects of minute jets of air on flat horizontal soap films. Vortexes were produced on the surface with marvelous iridescent colors. I feared Dewar might catch cold and tried to persuade him to return upstairs to his warm apartment, but he became so enthusiastic explaining his work that he kept us there until well after midnight.

That was the last time I saw Dewar—March 16th. A day or two later he had a stroke and about ten days after, on March 27th, he passed away at the age of eighty-one.

It was with a sense of pain that I read a notice in the papers saying that none of his friends would be allowed to pay him a last mark of respect by taking part in his funeral. I went to the Golder's Green Crematorium to say my last good-bye to him. No ceremony took place. The coffin arrived and was at once shoved into the crematory oven. The only people present included the Duke of Northumberland, Sir Alexander MacKenzie, Sir James Crichton-Browne, Sir Arthur and Lady Keith, and myself.

On that same day—or rather the previous evening—another celebrity I knew well departed—Sarah Bernhardt.

I saw Sarah Bernhardt act for the first time in Florence, many years ago, in "L'Aiglon," and had slept soundly through most of the performance. Her voice was beautiful, but the typically French way of declaiming the interminable passages of that dull play had the potent effect of sending many people to doze. From that day I had always refused to go and hear her again.

Some years later I was asked to meet her at a supper-party given in her honor by Heinemann, the publisher. But I was only just introduced—my name meant nothing to her—and barring a conventional and tepid handshake while she was conversing with somebody else I did not have a single word with her. The leading actors and actresses of the time were present at that party, and were crowding around divine Sarah.

During supper an amusing scene happened which greatly upset our host and many of the people present. Sarah had a caustic tongue. When roused she could be nasty. She had evidently had some business friction with Beerbohm Tree, in whose theater, Her Majesty's, she was then appearing. Tree, whose tact was not always perfect, made some remarks which she took amiss. She turned round to him like a viper and in a loud voice, and with a demolishing sneer, replied:

"Vous un acteur? Mais non, mais non! Vou êtes un simple ramasseur de sous!"

Tableau and dead silence in the room for a few minutes. Tree was absolutely crushed. Heinemann, flurried as I had never seen him before, stammering painfully, tried to promote conversation again and turn every-

thing into a laugh, while Sarah Bernhardt, evidently proud of having annihilated her victim, and looking around defiantly as only she could, shortly after got up from the table and, pleading fatigue, left the party. The obsequiousness of all present was amusing to watch.

Sarah created a perfect rage in London. Everybody was at her feet; everybody wanted to show her hospitality. A few days later I was asked by T. P. and Mrs. O'Connor to meet her at a tea-party on the terrace of the House of Commons. A tragedy occurred. It was on the day of the Henley Regatta. Our host had gone with some American friends to see the Regatta, expecting to return in time for the tea-party. Unfortunately, in those pre-automobile days, he was a few minutes late. Sarah Bernhardt, who was notorious for her unpunctuality, was on that occasion exact to the minute. T. P. was not there. Sarah flew into a rage, left a nasty message with the attendants at the door, and disappeared. I believe she did not forgive T. P. for many years.

It was not until many years later—Sunday, April 18, 1916—that I really got to know Sarah Bernhardt well. She was then seventy-two years old, had lost one leg, and for a time refused to have a wooden one. She had to come to the Savoy Hotel, London, where she occupied a royal suite with her numberless following of relatives, secretaries, doctor, nurses, servants, three dogs, twenty canaries, and a number of other birds. Hearing that I was in the same hotel, she requested her doctor to bring me to lunch with her in her apartment.

Sarah was in private life quite a different person from the idolized figure on the stage. In domestic life, there was nothing of the tragedienne about her. She was a creature of irresistible merriment, most contagious to all

present. Her appearance was prodigious, with lots and lots of kinky hair—perhaps not of its natural color—and masses of multi-color clothes and frills, most inartistic—almost untidy—a curious contrast to her eminently artistic nature.

As soon as I appeared at the door, she wheeled her chair quickly towards me and grasped my hand in both hers, saying all sorts of charming things. I must at once sit near her and tell her all about my journeys. I—an unmanageable savage— was absolutely captivated by the irresistible charm of her voice and also of her manner. When she wished she could be as fascinating as she could be hateful if she preferred. To me, fortunately, she was only exquisitely polite and affectionate. Her voice was melodious and beautiful in tone, even at that age. All the people in the room—some twenty at least—ceased to converse when she spoke and all listened intently to Sarah. The attention she was ever able to command was to a great extent due to the superabundance of magnetism which she possessed and which enveloped everybody within a wide range of her presence. Her eyes were extraordinarily expressive, full of fire and intelligence.

Frightened as I had been at first by her truly awful appearance—all bundled up in silks of all tints—by her confused hair—my sight requires a share in my first impressions—in a few seconds and *malgré tout ça* I had become absolutely infatuated by her. Her face, old and not beautiful in reality—you could detect a certain Jewish look about her facile features—now seemed lovely to me. Her wit, the precision of her diction, and her rich vocabulary contributed to riveting one's attention to her conversation.

I sat on her right at the table and she devoted all her

time and conversation to me, which naturally pleased me much. She was keenly interested in travels—especially in mystic Tibet. Her granddaughter—in whose play Sarah was then acting at the Coliseum—was present, a charming girl, extremely bright and clever.

Sarah was constantly joking at the loss of her leg. She related to me how she had been condemned to remain in bed for several months during 1914 with her right leg in plaster of paris. It was only in February, 1915, that she could stand the inactivity no more, and insisted on having the leg amputated. Sarah Bernhardt was then a woman of seventy. No sooner was the troublesome limb removed than she was already making plans for the adaptation of plays to suit her new condition and for world tours. She told me she would never adopt a wooden limb. When she did not wheel herself about in her bath-chair, she was carried about by two faithful attendants who traveled everywhere with her.

She made me stay the greater part of the afternoon, until she had to leave after tea by motor to give a performance in the provinces.

Sarah Bernhardt had made such an impression upon me that for some days after she had left I could still hear her fascinating voice, and before me was plainly her wonderful face with her magnetic, expressive eyes.

Although with Jewish blood, Sarah Bernhardt had none of the characteristics of Jews about her. She was generous to a degree. She lived like a queen, and had no idea whatever of the value of money. When I left her I remarked that I hoped the long motor journey might not tire her. She immediately said she would inform me of her safe arrival. In fact, during the night I received a telegram of some five hundreds words, which she had

dictated in full to her secretary and without missing a single word, describing the entire journey, the beauty of the scenery, the mishaps on the road, and so on. I wired back in the morning—but not with such lavish profusion of words. Within a few hours I received another telegram of many hundred words.

Sarah Bernhardt made me promise to go and see her in Paris, but in her roving life—not to speak of mine—we never had an opportunity of meeting again.

* * * * *

With this chapter must end my memoirs up to December, 1923.

I have hardly said half I had to say, and I feel I have done in this world less than half I intended to do.

But, perhaps—"if it is God's will," as the Arabs say—I may be able to accomplish a trifle more before leaving this earth. Many of my acquaintances tell me that I have had a horrible life, others on the contrary claim that mine has been an ideal existence. It all depends, of course, on the way you look at things. When people ask me point blank:

"If you had to live over again, would you chose the identical life you have had?" I unhesitatingly reply:

"Yes, certainly."

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